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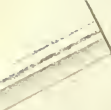
BOOK OF MY LADY.

A Melange.

BY A BACHELOR KNIGHT.

"Vultu subito."

BOSTON:
ALLEN & TICKNOR.
1833.



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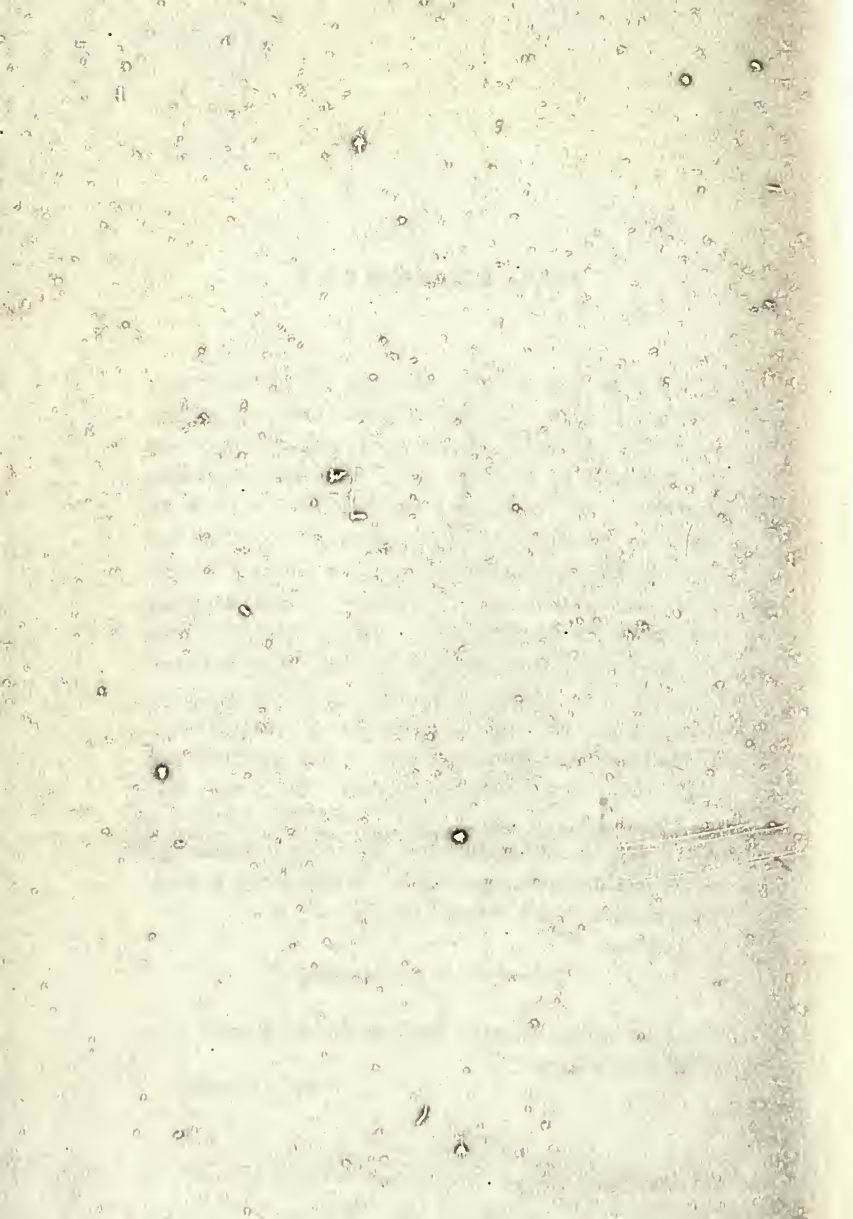
ADVERTISEMENT.

The following sketches are now, for the first time, collected in form. Several of them have, at various periods in a short life, found their way into print—in one magazine or another. They were written at long intervals—upon occasional suggestions—and will be found to indicate some of the warmth of a mind and habit, sometimes careless of restraint, and not always to be controlled by rule. In some of them, the fancy has been permitted free play, and a taste purely oriental has originated a form of expression and combination in the characters, which the reader, of Spitzbergen-like temperament, may hold as a madness beyond even that of Hamlet's, and wanting utterly in its mood and method. For these I have not written. It is only with the gentle and the glad—with those, who, while the winter fire blazes brightly, and the heart is contracted to the circle which surrounds it, are sufficiently rational to exclaim with the cheerful Grecian—

“ I will—I will be mad to night,”—

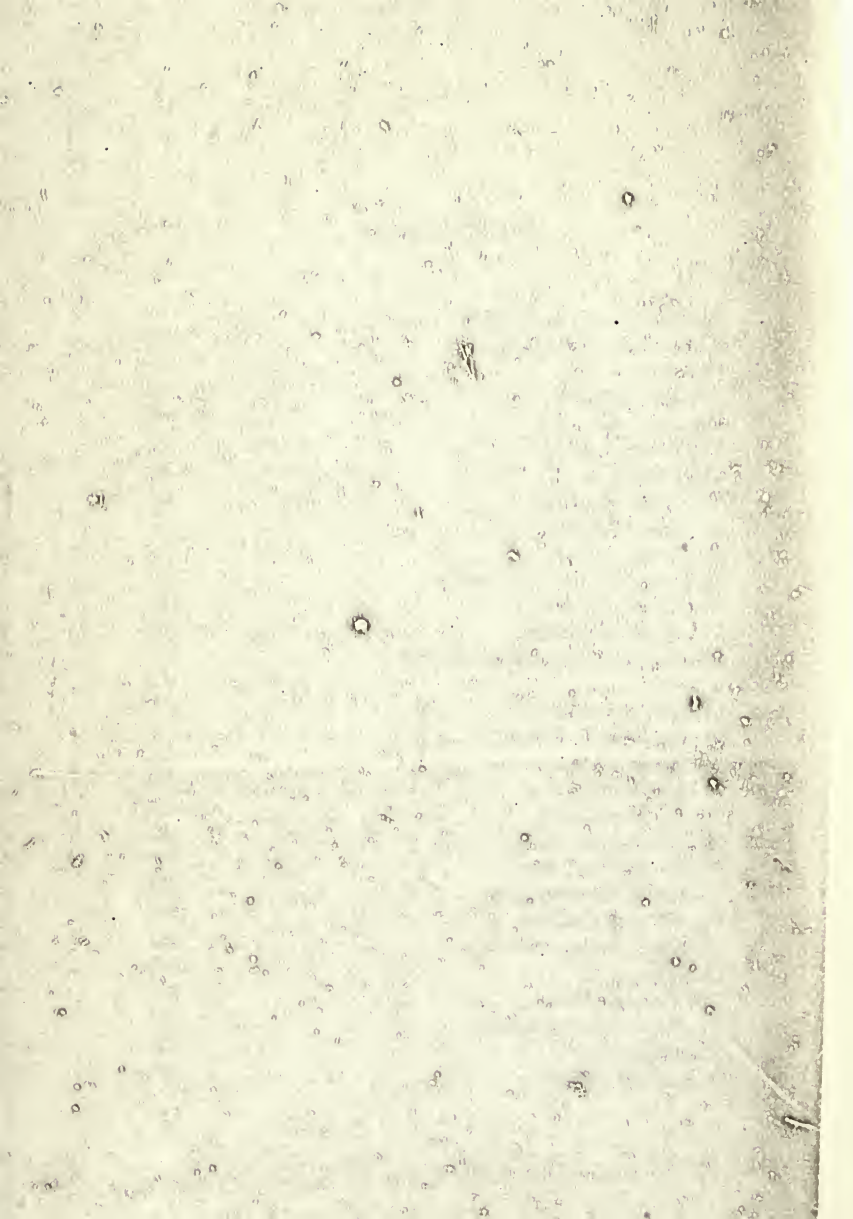
that I am willing to leave the little volume which I now place before them.

THE AUTHOR.



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EPISTLE PREFATORY TO MY LADY.

DEAR LADY,

Were these days of fiction, rather than of fact, and could the popular sense be persuaded to regard that period of exciting circumstance in past history, called the era of romance, in any other light than that of a pleasant dream about to be forgotten, your charms might once again bring into exercise, not merely the lay of the minstrel, but the valour of the knight. Instead of the goosequill, spear and sword might, with sufficient reason, be lifted in your service. Alas! however, for the time—it brings forth no such offering. As an especial rebuke to such glorious errandries as made the middle ages the prime period of romantic adventure; state prisons and penitentiaries frown upon us from every quarter—instead of the warlike and stirring blasts of the bugle, calling the watchful warder to the turret, and arousing the sleeping porter to the approach of the visiter, the tintinnabulary house-bell presents itself conveniently at the portals, and the liveried servitor opens the door at the first friendly summons. Romance knows none of these comforts, and well may

adventure sigh after a period which left something for achievement to do, in scaling walls and mounting windows. Had we, my lady, been born in such a period, doubt not that I should have done something worthy to be named along with the daring doings of the time. Doubt not that lance had been lifted, and bugle wound, and battle done gallantly, in your behalf and for your love. As the times are, however, this may not be the case ; and all that chivalry may now proffer to his lady-love, is some little tribute of romance like this,—its relic and remembrance—comprised in a tiny volume, quite unworthy of your genius, but all that I can yield from mine. Pardon me, then, dear lady, that these pages—many of which have been already uttered in your ears—have received a name, which, though not fairly identified with yourself or yours, must nevertheless, and necessarily, refer to you for that countenance and favour, which is more than popular applause to me. May they not prove altogether unworthy your acceptance, nor seem to be altogether ungracious in your sight.

A DREAM OF THE EARTH.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

My mood is somewhat German—that is to say, it inclines prodigiously to *diablerie*; and with a faculty, which, if not dangerous, is at least troublesome, at times, it conjures spirits from the vasty deeps of my imagination, whenever I please to call them up. I can have an assortment of them at, and for, my pleasure; and though not over pleasant as companions, nor over obedient as servants, I find them sufficiently docile for all temporary purposes. I have my sprightly elves, dancing for me of a summer night—my fairies of the evening on the pleasant hill side, and sometimes when the bell tolls at midnight, I turn suddenly in my elbow-chair to behold a very pleasant looking sort of Mephistopheles, peeping over my left shoulder. Of course, I wish not to be understood to say that I behold these images with a literal and *bona-fide* vision. God forbid. I only mean to give an idea of those things that sometimes come to the half-shut eye, at that peculiar moment, which is sometimes permitted to most men, when, without losing any of our individual and personal identity, we have a sort of dim consciousness of another state of existence, and of having other company than that to which we are usually accustomed. This condition of mental excitation, I am not unwilling to admit, may be

exaggerated by a coal fire—a bottle of London porter, and the silence—the whispering silence—of the midnight hour, in your old library in the northeast corner.

There is something delightful to me in a mood of this description. I may safely say, that, bating some solitary hours, my greatest pleasures have come to me at such a period, and while under such an influence. I know not how it is with other men. They answer for themselves. I would not pretend for a moment that my habits, frenzies, or whatsoever they merit to be called, shall go for a moment in illustration of theirs. But with me, what I say, I not only religiously and seriously say, but I most seriously and religiously believe. To me that state of dreamy existence, which is aptly and beautifully designated by the poet, that of the “half-shut eye,” is full of delights and delightful images. I have often thought it the kind of mental intoxication for which men frequently resort to opium, and the influence of which may be best ascertained in the torpid felicity which the Turks, as a nation, exhibit, and which they have already frequently acknowledged. The Confessions of an Opium Eater will better describe what I mean and what I would say; and, as the book is not only an instructive, but a truly pleasant one, I recommend it to the reader to supply any deficiencies at this stage of my narrative.

My arm-chair is, of itself, highly inspiriting. It, no doubt, contributes wonderfully to that state of general preparedness which adds to the force of any invocation. It is of the true oriental make. The reader will not suppose me luxurious when I describe it. It is of mahogany—of a most solid structure. The legs are capa-

cious, and like the seat, calculated for the contingency of any burden. Falstaff would not have filled, though he might have fitted it. A soft velvet flowered cushion of purple, inclines greatly to the sense of repose, which the whole fabric is calculated to instil into him who makes use of it. The arms are rendered inviting by the use of a like material, and the back receives any impression. Five degrees of the circle thrown under the feet, give, with the slightest effort, an undulatory motion to the whole, which contributes, like an orthodox sermon, or the opium already referred to, to a slumberous quietude, that, of a long summer afternoon, is wonderfully pleasant and becoming.

As evening wears, propped up in this "not at home," I laugh at the weather without, oschow visiters within, place my feet on the fender, and survey the panorama of creation through the crackling and half-burnt embers of an excellent sea-coal fire. Numberless are the images—various the pictures—wide the prospects—glorious the views—and delightful the companions, that rise to my view in that survey. I never use the poker ;—it is a horrible—an ungraceful engine—and destroys many a pleasant illusion. Coal after coal sinks from sight—others take their places, forming newer combinations ; and, as in a kaleidoscope, presenting infinite varieties of well-adjointed and corresponding objects and associations. If I behold in one huge mass of the black pile just smitten by the flame, a gloomy and turreted castle, manned with men in armour and ready for the fight—in another I perceive beneath its walls a hostile and invading array getting ready for the onset. The occasional hiss of the escaping air answers all the

purposes of a trumpet ; and as the masses respectively flame and fall, I behold the overthrow of this or that armament—the invading or invaded. This, every body will admit, is a very pleasant mode of passing away those hours, which, with most men go unemployed ; but this is not all. As I have already said, the world of spirits contributes also to my accommodation ; and at such a period, fancy becomes a recruiting officer, and my senses are all severally supplied with what they respectively require. Images from the natural and spiritual world alike await my bidding ; and without describing a circle, filling it with skulls and scorpions, making a contract with my blood in a manner most horribly German, and invoking his arch majesty, the devil, I command the creatures of the four elements, and they come when, and sometimes before, I call for them. The subtle Zephyr, the gloomy Gnome, the skipping Hamadryad, the old Cyclops, the dewy and plaintive Naiad, all throng about me, and manifold are the adventures which I glean from their several recitals. They make me the depository of their secrets and mysteries ; but, as they have no doubt told the same secrets to thousands besides, I shall perhaps do them but little injury, and betray a confidence without value, as it is so much divided, by occasionally whispering to others what they sometimes whisper to me. As I have made no contracts with the creatures, I am not much concerned about offending them, and if they play me no pranks in mid-summer, by moonlight, I shall not fear other inconveniences at their hands.

I remember a conversation, which, while under a mood and in a situation like that described, I once

had with our great original—under the Deity—the Earth. “’Twas on a summer evening,” in my chair, as aforesaid—dinner being over, and the bottle under, that had once been on, the table—that I was favoured with the presence of this terrestrial personage. Of his make, person, feature, and so forth, I say nothing. Let him speak for himself. So, taking a seat comfortably in the corner opposite, with a grave countenance and paternally solemn accent, in reply to some of my obliquitous enquiries, he went on as follows. If the reader thinks it likely he will find the old one as tedious as I did, he will be wise and go no farther.

“You are right,” said he, “in coming to me for information on the subject of my history. Nobody so well as one’s self can tell one’s story; so that now, having fairly entrusted yourself to me, you will be so good as to forget every thing which you have previously heard on this matter, and believe only that which I shall tell you. I know you will think me rather vain and self-complacent when I say this. I know that among the miserable mass which make up your species, it is quite a common belief that you are *au fait* on all topics, and that it is quite common for each of you to know more of his neighbour’s business than he can possibly know of it himself. Still, I look upon you as grievously in the dark on all that concerns me. Of me and mine you know nothing; it will depend upon the patience and propriety which you may now exhibit, whether I make you any wiser. The good opinion which you generally entertain of your own capacities has, in most cases, shot infinitely beyond your compass; and you are neither able to teach

yourselves nor others on some points, on which it is, nevertheless, necessary you should be taught. All your accounts, therefore—those in particular which relate to me—are mere absurdities, wild and erroneous. Disposed to speculate and analyse, from the atom of the immortal principle within him, man is yet, however, but too little regulated in his conclusions by the foresight and knowledge which should belong to and describe it, to benefit himself very greatly by its possession. He ate too little of the apple to be wise, too much of it to be happy: enough for presumption, too little for that fine taste and perception which, having brought wisdom, teaches humility.

“You will yourself have perceived, if I have not greatly mistaken your character, that the process of life in those portions of my body which have come more immediately under your observation, is not dissimilar to the same process, as it is carried on in your own animal condition. We are not seriously unlike in all *vital* matters, and though you may think it in no wise complimentary on my part to say so, our wants and necessities, our qualities and our feelings, do not perceptibly differ. We depend for life, and health, and vigour, upon the same influences. We need alike the same generous sunshine, the same refreshing showers, the same grateful dews, the same cold and heat, and we alike live and laugh under a common Providence. Our moral resemblances are also striking. Have we not our revolutions, our ups and downs? and have we not both of us permitted our several *poles* to be flattened? There is, certainly, but little difference between us; and whether we look at the one state or

the other, we must feel assured that the many varieties of fortune and condition which make up our existence, tend greatly to its comfort and the excellent working of the contrivance. Nor is our healthful state the only object in this variety. The sense of enjoyment, nearly the same with both of us, where our ignorance and discontent do not blind us wholly to its perception, appears in this to have been most graciously consulted. The two grand seasons of the year, from which the lesser and more minute and uncertain divisions arise, winter and summer, are made admirably to relieve the duties and neutralise the influences of one another. As the warmth of summer departs, the cool, sharp, and bracing winds of October strengthen and invigorate; and when winter, in turn, grows troublesome and fretful, its snows are agreeably broken in upon and dissipated by its noisy departure in March; while April and May, genially, by the balmy blossoms which they bring, and the fresh zephyrs and showers which attend on them, atone, like the gentle children of an ungentle sire, for the severities of their rugged predecessor, and cheer the languid spirits of man and of myself. Is there not, in this, strong sympathy between us? Do we not even clothe ourselves, with a reference to feelings shared in common, under the prevailing influences of these changing seasons? Your winter woollens are not more thick and warm than the snows which in the same seasons I wrap about me; and do I not, in the pleasant spring-time, dress myself in the very same variety of leafy flowers, which garland the beautiful girl whom I beheld you emb—"

Here I put my hand upon the old fellow's mouth.

What a tell-tale! He promised to say nothing further about that, and I suffered him to proceed.

"Still further," said he, "and the analogy here is of the most striking description. The decay of the plants, the flowers, leaves, and trees, stores my bosom with a rich, renewed, and second principle of life; as with you the death of the animal man gives freedom and full exercise to the hitherto confined principle of immortality, which makes all that is worthy or valuable in his original formation.

"To say that I am supported in a pure and healthy habit by the employment of the same or similar means with yourself, would be, perhaps, only to remind you of some among your early studies. Your researches, allowing you to have been an industrious student, may have taught you that, as in your own system, I must become impure and diseased were there not a free and general circulation of blood through my system. To know that the blood lives, there is no necessity to refer to Dr. Charles Bell, who has gone to considerable pains to establish the fact; while Dr. John Bell, with desperate silliness, labours to prove a doctrine directly the reverse. These are discordant *bells*, and you will give no heed to them. The blood has life, and having it, I live. I have veins and arteries, the streams of which intersect each other, and perpetually supply my overgrown frame with the same animating principle, and strengthen and invigorate me in much the same manner as, in your smaller and microscopic formation and structure, the attenuated ducts and channels provide your life with the sustaining fluids. To your eye, it is true, the material possesses not precisely the

same external appearance; but the difference is of indifferent note, when we know that the effect of both is the same; that, deprived of the one, you perish; and, like myself, bereft of the other, are resolved to dust, and dispersed in the fine and subtile element. This difference between your blood and mine is, therefore, purely nominal, and beneath the consideration of a sober intellect. That I am not similarly constructed with yourself, mere bodily outline considered, is perhaps true; though you, perhaps, are but little calculated, from your native capacities, to determine on this particular. It is not pretended that we resemble each other in shape, nor would it have been a wise arrangement to have had us do so. How should I have been enabled to carry my huge body with your legs? I might, it is true, have had a much better standing; but, like most people cursed with being lifted out of their proper element, I certainly should have lost more in ease and repose than I had acquired in pride of place and elevated station. As it is, my structure is by no means deficient in grace and symmetrical arrangement. Beneath your eyes I am but a heavy and elaborate mass—a great beast—without any of those nicer adaptation of parts to that fineness of proportion, which are your modelling standards, and to which you are in the habit of cutting, carving, and squaring every thing—virtue, truth, religion, faith, and probity, being all regulated, as I am informed, by a pert, froward, selfish, calculating, conceited, and most wofully ignorant and ill-advised creature, called Fashion. If I have a protuberance or depression, you term it mountain or valley, with a *sang froid*, not less

ungracious than peculiar, without for a moment reflecting that you speak of a living, moving, and feeling creation. Should I not have life, who bring it forth? Is not the hidden spring of all vitality in me? Do not my waters, (to employ your own phraseology, that I may be the better understood) leap within me; my hills tremble; my flowers and plants and trees bud, blossom, bear, and prove their claim to every peculiarity in your life, by perishing at last? Do they spring at your command, and do I not bring them forth? In what, then, so far as vitality is concerned, will we be found to differ? In our shape, you will say; but are you able to determine upon the proportions of that which you cannot see?

“Could you, in a glance, and but for a moment, survey my gigantic frame to its utmost extremities—could I be extended before your vision as a perfect whole, laid out by an omniscient and particular eye—could you behold and determine upon my vast and various undulations—my hills swelling into grace—my vales, the delicate retreatings of a frame, each part accommodated to its fellow, and chiselled into gentle featurings—all parts beneath your glance, and the symmetry of the whole beheld as you need never expect to behold it—then would you at once discover and readily admit, that mere bulk is not alone the characteristic of my person, and that I am in no wise deficient in those features of evenness and grace, and that delicacy of proportion, which your miserable vanity will seldom permit you to recognise in the make of any but your own species. I have my deformities, it is true, for which I shall account hereafter;

but it will be quite time enough, when you have removed your own 'warts and tumours,' to trouble yourself about mine.

"Of my birth, like all other children, I know little or nothing. I believe—further to establish and confirm the analogy between us—that, before reaching my present elaborated, though even now incomplete and still increasing bulk, I passed through several stages of being and condition. There was an ordeal term of infancy and imbecility—of childhood, youth, age, with all their faculties of wind and vapour, as known to yourself, through which I had to pass—pain, and labour, and sweat, not forgotten—before reaching my present advanced, though still immature condition. I believe, like yourself, I was called up in distinct atoms from the boundlessness of space, the darkness and the confusion of chaos—that I gathered, and continuo to gather newer additions from the same source, momentarily—not as your philosophy presumes to suppose, from the natural determination to the centre, but from the operation and influence of the mighty will—the destiny—the great spirit which had gone forth, the propelling energies of whose cloudy wings drove them onwards to the vast work of my creation. Created thus, I swung blackly and heavily in the eternal sphere—blind, confused, wandering and imbecile; until that period of time, when, all things having been prepared, the immortal Spirit covered me with his wings, and life, animation, feeling, was the consequence; and I leaped, with a blind and impulsive determination, into the place which I now occupy. Still all was darkness, and vacancy, and solitude, about

me—in proportion to what I knew and felt, was my desire to know and feel yet more; and I writhed in ungovernable anguish for that light which I knew not as yet how to have or comprehend. Like angels and men, I too struggled against the mandate that made and fixed me in the sphere I occupied. I, too, rebelled with a stiff-necked determination, arising from my ignorance of the power I dared to defy. I leaped, and struggled, and strove, but was bound down at last to my office.

“I was not, however, long condemned to remain rolling in my huge sphere without companionship. The heavy and solid darkness that weighed upon and pressed me down with a presence, felt but unseen, gradually began to dissipate. Sounds came swelling mysteriously and faintly in the distance. Music, the most ravishing and exquisite, came breathing and wrapping itself about me. I became fixed—chained into stillness: a spell was upon me—a languid delight—every tumult was hushed—every rebellious discontent quieted, and every thing forgotten in that first song of the spheres, as they hailed and ushered in the new-born light. How can you hope to understand, or I detail, the character, or give you any idea of that choice harmony which mingled with and made up the sublime mysteries attending upon the creation of the dependent elements, now first starting into life and sound? How gradually and sweetly arose that melody—swelling on its nearer approach into a mighty and ear-piercing burst—a diapason of heavenly and myriad voices; then, falling into a fine depression of faint murmurings, giving forth sounds, such as might be

supposed to arise when immortal hands were wheeling the throne of the Eternal over the golden floors of heaven. In a moment every thing was hushed into a deep silence—the very breathings of the infant Time were unheard. But other sounds—other melodies succeeded—musical and melodious, and yet not music. You have heard such strains—fine, spiritual, and commanding—in the winds by night—on the wild waters—in the forests. The tempest and the calm—day and night—even I, with my plants, and flowers, and streams—have all conveyed them to your several senses. It was the Spirit—itself a voice and a music—that bespoke the presence of the awful I AM—and we trembled and shrunk into nothing and quietude before it. It had—not to compare it with any thing of or in human life—just such an effect upon me, as a deep-toned bell would have upon you in the stillness and solitude of the desert. It was thunder, and majesty, and power—but how sweet, how finely attenuated. A pause, and then arose once again the delicious melodies which had preceded it; and, in obedience to the spell, the arches of heaven were unfolded, and huge volumes of light, that mysterious agent of the Deity, poured forth upon and around me. I grew dim and blinded with excessive bright—I luxuriated—I leaped, and was maddened. Light was born, and for the first time I beheld myself—I beheld the world of which I was a portion. Vacancy was no longer the occasion of my dread and doubt. I could now look up, no longer crowded in upon and by the darkness, and survey the unveiled heavens—the mysterious sanctuary, glorious yet awful, thrown open, while the pure

streams of new-born light came rushing forth in solid bodies upon each other. What a vision—it flew to my embrace—I grasped, I hid it in all my recesses—it was mine, all mine, and I leaped and bounded with a delirious transport! How grateful was its presence! I surveyed myself as in a mirror, and grew in love with myself and with every thing around me. Then could I see glorious and innumerable agencies directing their flight upon their appointed offices—wheeling away, within the vestments of a golden light, and a plumage borrowed from the land of Paradise, far upon the verge of my horizon—others in immediate attendance upon the eternal throne—for

‘They also serve, who only stand and wait’—

all employed, all happy. Bright wings rushed perpetually over and around me, cleaving, with uncumbered ease, the successive floods of transparent light, which still continued to pour forth from on high; while trooping bands, as they whirled in groups through the mid-air, kept up a choral song of rejoicing, of worship and of praise, to that supreme majesty from whom came all their greatness and winning glory.

“Voices were all about me—voices of power! Images of beauty—figures of light and glory descended upon me, while, insensible as regards my own capacity of motion, they performed a multitude of offices which I could not comprehend. But all things were commanded by a voice whose authority I felt and beheld. It was about, above, around, and within me, at the same moment, and at each utterance I thrilled and trembled in every portion of my huge frame. Then rose a song of

gladness and of triumph ; of thanksgiving, rejoicing, and praise ; so rich, so mellow, that, bound down, as it were, in a charm, I lay wrapt, unconscious of all things beside, till the melody had passed again into the azure gates, from which it seemed to descend. The excess of light and splendour—the glory, late almost oppressive, was now mellowed down into softer hues and more delicate featherings. The skies, no longer flaming with gorgeous radiance, now became tinged only here and there with the richer gleams—through which the sweet cerulean flashed gently at frequent intervals ; and though the appearance of the world about me became at this period more truly beautiful, I perceived, with deep anxiety and fear, that my enjoyment was unstable, and the rich floods of living light were evidently, though gradually, departing. Not so rapidly, indeed, as when it had bounded forth and enveloped me, but in a procession of slow and sweetly mournful bodies, seeming to regret, as they re-entered their rich abodes, the fair freedom to which they had lately fallen inheritors. I struggled to grasp and to retain the still fleeting deceptions, but in vain. Column after column gathered and disappeared, till at length all had departed, leaving me to the horrible vacancy of condition, almost enhanced in misery by my knowledge of a sense of enjoyment, rather productive of pain than pleasure, since it had proved so fleeting and evanescent. I shuddered in terror, when I recollected the chilling blackness which had before enveloped me in its embrace. I grew convulsed—I was maddened by my excessive emotion. Coldness and vacancy came rapidly over me, and I trembled at my own wide, extensive, and unprotected

bulk. Unknown evils seemed to threaten me in the coming time, the more terrible as they were unknown. I dreaded the doubtful but fearful dangers, and shuddered and shrunk and writhed in a thousand contortions. Then, on a sudden, I heard a rushing and fearful noise, as of two mighty hosts of wings and weapons in battle. Roaring and foaming, it approached with an increasing fury, to which I could liken nothing that I had yet been conscious of. This confirmed my worst apprehension—I knew not what to dread, and dreaded every thing. Now bellowing, now clashing and fretting, then moaning with a melancholy terror, as of evil spirits in mortal agonies, I did not long remain in doubt as to the character of my new danger. It was not long before I felt my extremities covered completely by an immense body of rushing waters—momentarily mounting higher, and threatening, by increasing power and violence, my very existence. I now, for the first time, was taught to know my deadly enemy, the ocean. In vain did I seek to rid myself of the assailant—vain were all my struggles and contortions—vainly did I shrink from the deluging power. I was covered and pressed down by the pitiless masses, that all the while kept up their infernal ravings and plungings above me, yelling throughout their gambols, with a savage triumph, and mocking the efforts which I made to escape them. Finding all exertion fruitless, I gave up my short dream of delightful enjoyment, with a sort of resignation to that fate, which I apprehended to be close at hand. I felt myself almost enveloped by the wild and interminable waters; and though still a creature of perception, I had now none of those hopes of a long and happy

life which I had promised myself on commencing my existence. I now discovered that there was no eternity in pleasure—no truth in hope; and that being, with myself as well as man, was liable to fearful vicissitudes. Yet why should I moralise? You are all sufficiently ready in the inculcation of truth—it might be better for you, were all as ready to receive it.

“Still, I survived—I did not then perish—my time had not yet come. Many were the hours—how long and weary did they seem to me—that I lay in this condition. At length, however, I began to feel a larger relaxation in the burden upon me. The weight appeared to diminish—my joints were released, in great part, from the power which had cramped and stiffened them; and how inexpressible was my delight, when, by these and other signs, I was assured that I was once more about to regain my liberty. The departure of my enemy was yet protracted. The waters rolled from me gradually, and with little, if any, of that noise and turbulence which had accompanied their first appearance. Several hours had elapsed, ere they had left me to the perception and enjoyment of the glorious day that succeeded a night so sorrowful and dismal. But they went at last, and again, to my remotest members, I felt, as on the day before, the floods of refreshing light and heat, rolling over me in their place. With a mellowed influence at first they gathered around me, till, entirely descended from the gates of heaven, they concentrated themselves into a full orbéd splendour, the glow and glory of which I felt, but dared not look upon. What a life was that one day to me! My whole frame was awakened—erkindled. I was all one per-

ception—every member, every muscle and vein, leapt with enjoyment ; and flowers, and fruits, and trees, and shrubs, generated by that first embrace with the vital principle, sprung forth from my bosom, shielding me from the consuming heat which had called them into existence. How richly beautiful—how winning was then my appearance ! With what a grace, admitted into the dances of the spheres, did I ascend the whirling axle, and become a member of that all-perfect system, which, in its harmonious and unvarying revolutions, at once indicates the nature, while it offers a true homage to the handiworks, of God ! All this day was one of wonder and delirium. How did I spread myself forth beneath the heavens, to catch every gracious smile and odour and breeze, that came therefrom ; while the blaze, that, like living waters, gushed from its bosom, filled and enwreathed me with the richest splendour ! With delight I could now behold myself in my remotest regions. I could see and luxuriate in the fine though gigantic symmetry of my proportions—the graceful undulation of muscle and matter here—the fine and speaking elevation of feature there. Nor did I confine, with undue vanity, my attention solely to my own person. I looked long and delightedly to the many choice images of wonder—the unique creations floating gracefully in gold and vermillion, and azure orbs, about, around, and above me. Beautiful images descended upon me ; troops of spiritual forms leapt playfully into the skies ; pursuing each other with songs and sport, and mingling together with a habit of joy, that savoured of a frenzied and most unlimited delight. All things were under a spell—a sun—a glory—a high life of

beautiful images, and gentle and winning endearments. —But yet another change was at hand. The images began to fade and depart. The forms of light and fairy grew less frequent. The wings darted upward—the glow and the glory became mellowed into hues and beauties, not less brilliant and captivating, but less warm and bright—and, as at length I beheld the burning globe descend and heard it hiss in the dark waters, which, now, as if recovering a withheld spirit, began again to roar and ramp and rise above my extremities ; and as my own body began to grow less and less each moment in my sight, all my fears and apprehensions returned—all my emotions of rapture took their departure. The night I had already spent was too well remembered, and too sullenly endured, not to occasion many terrible misgivings as to its return ; and with a shuddering horror, which neither the past pleasures of the day, nor the hope, now strong within me, of its return, could dissipate, I resigned myself to that destiny from which I had no prospect of escape. But with what a pleasurable disappointment did I find, after some hours of dreadful apprehension, that my limbs were yet free from the waters—that the darkness and coldness of the preceding night had failed to return ; and while deploring, however, the absence of that strong blaze, which was now my chief privation, how was I gladdened to behold, of a sudden, a broad and beautiful stream of splendour, like a transparent pillar from the heavens, equally bright, far more beautiful, though without the heat, which marked and came with the day, looking down immediately upon me. It grew as it approached, in power and expansion, sending its pale and

silvery glances in every direction, illuminating all, and resting with a smile of beautiful attraction, even upon the billows of my mortal enemy. Shall I tell you that this was the moon—making her first maiden ascent into the blue world, of which she is so beautiful and well-beloved a tenant—alone, and proud in her unapproachable brightness. No songs of triumph ushered in her approach. Her attendants were Silence and Quiet, and they, like herself, and the Night to which they minister, were born dumb. With what a feeling of delighted awe, aided by her light, and emboldened by the placidity of all around me, did I look upon the fierce waters I had so much dreaded. There, in grim repose, stretched out like myself in a slumbering quiet, did they rest beneath her spells. Not a billow stirred—not a breath came from them; and, but for the perpetual heavings of their breasts, I should now have regarded them, and all the terrors they had made me undergo, as a mere dream, a delusion. But she—that gentle spirit—towards morning began also to decay. She looked no longer down with an eye all brightness and beauty; slumber seemed to fall upon her, a film passed over her brows; and now, I discovered, for the first time, the numerous lesser lights that came in her train, the brightness and beauty of which had been hitherto merged entirely in her own. What a fairy picture of sweetness and sublimity! There was not a shadow upon me—there was not a cloud in the firmament; and even the waters that howled fitfully in their sleep at intervals, were wrapt in a garment of thin and fretted silver. But when this Queen of Faery, scared by the approaching day, had veiled her face in a dun mantle,

and the stars, following her example, to avoid the absorption of the greater splendour, had done likewise, what new wonders were before me! There was yet another change, and newer inconveniences. Sounds unheard and unconceived before, were in my ears—the only strong feature of which was their utter discordance one with the other. As far as I could see, my whole body had been taken possession of by a troop of as disagreeably incongruous creatures as you might by any stretch of imagination conceive. Some were horned and unhorned, tailed and untailed, winged and unwinged, four-footed, two-footed, and no footed—beast, bird, and reptile, flesh and fowl; the whole variety as you know them now: all were there, making as perfectly free with my system, as if it were purely and entirely their own. Some were nipping the plants and grass—some reposing their limbs upon my own; and, not a few inconsiderately burrowing into my body with their sharp horns, and taking other troublesome and indecent liberties with the body they had so audaciously invaded. I was indignant, as well I might be; and strove, with a degree of vigour and violence which merited to have been much more successful, to extricate myself from their impertinence, but in vain. Some, indeed, I did succeed in shuffling into the embraces of my neighbour, the sea; but though I tumbled and twisted in every possible direction, I failed to dislodge the great mass, or persuade them into any civilities. While, as if in punishment of my discontent, my limbs were chained and fixed into the several positions in which I had thrown them—lumps and depressions were the consequence; and a body, otherwise superbly and sym-

metrically beautiful, was now shaped to distortion. These undulations in my animal make, your sages have denominated valleys and mountains, and have spoken of, and acted towards them, as if they had been in reality the insensate masses, the names thus given them are used to signify. I am thus suffering perpetual injuries, bruises, and beatings from your people, in resentment of which, I sometimes, (for I am slow to anger,) with a contraction of a knee, overthrow a territory, and with the upheaving of my chest or side, swallow up a city or an empire, and perform other feats of a like irregularity. One ambitious fool among you, did, in cutting through what he called a mountain, disfigure terribly my left nostril, but I revenged myself upon him in a corresponding style. I destroyed his fleet by a breath, and sent him to his own dominions, a fugitive, as he had left them, a fool. Others again, before and since, not liking, it would seem, such elevations, though in the formation of my frame actually essential to symmetry, have levelled various of my members, to an insipid evenness, and elevated, in turn, many of my depressions, into positive deformities. Some, not content with working their own advantage at my expense, have allied themselves to my ancient enemy, the sea—with whom I am continually at war, and from whom I daily wrest and rescue some of my members—cutting trenches in my very bosom to admit his billows; and endeavouring, in this wanton manner, not merely to disencumber me of my component parts, but, with a species of cruelty, purely Turkish, actually to disembowel me. There are other incursions, equally barbarous, which your people are in the habit of making

into my person ; which, as I have already told, I sometimes revenge in lifting or relaxing a leg or an arm, by which I have lodged a city or a state under the water. It is by these changes (when fatigued in one position) which I sometimes make, that your travellers have met with new continents--thus, too, may you account for the rising and falling of a lake or an island in the progress of a single night. In stating my many wrongs at your hands, I may charge you with numerous robberies. Not content with what I place on my surface for your good and at your free disposal, you penetrate with pick-axe and spear, into my very entrails, to pilfer my possessions. Spoils which your fathers knew not of, or, if they did, which they did not venture to touch, you now grope into my treasures for, lay violent hands on, and pocket without acknowledgment, and without scruple.

"I have little else to say, but should not omit, though it does not very greatly enter into the materials of my own history, to speak of some things which more immediately concern yourself. I will return. I had scarcely become familiar with the presence of beast and bird, as already spoken of, when I was made conscious of other objects. Two fair creatures were before, and dwelling above me. They dwelt in the bosom of a rich star, that hung at a small distance above my horizon. Beauty, and youth, and innocence were about, and enveloped and was a part of them—and from the moment I beheld, I loved—I worshipped them. Their looks were love—their words were music—their smiles were peace. Nor was I alone in my adoration. The most savage of the wild tribes that were about me bowed and humbled themselves

before them. They walked unharmed by the tiger—the serpent crawled into his cavern as they went by, and the doves met in their pathway, in amorous discourse. Scarcely less beautiful—not less perfectly made—though less perfect as it would seem from subsequent events—than the glorious forms and images which came down from heaven, walking and conversing with them, how could we refuse our homage? These were your parents, boy. Alas! how very unlike their children, then, though made to resemble them, at last, as well in feature as in fortune—driven from that habitation of delight—a flaming sword set behind and waving over them—unknown dangers assailing and threatening, and the first proof of their fall from that high estate, and of their present deformity, the relaxed homage of the brute—the increased insolence of the snake—the timid fluttering of the dove—the one growling and the other hissing, the third flying before them in terror, as they passed to their new abode. But it is time to pause.

“If I have not confined myself in this narrative entirely to the circumstances of my own creation, I have not, at least, extended my account to that of objects not relevant thereto. Of the subsequent revolutions in my life I need say nothing. The history might be troublesome for me to relate, and somewhat fatiguing, certainly, for you to hear. Still it might instruct you. It consists, and in this respect differs not from your own, of many vicissitudes, changes, shadows and sunshine, hopes and apprehensions. Not the least of my annoyances is the knowledge that I am at the mercy of your race, the victim of all your caprice and extra-

vagance. The destiny which makes me your victim, now, however, with a spirit of retributive justice, which marks all heaven's judgments, revenges me on you hereafter. You will all, your great and low, lofty and despised, alike, come and lie down in my bosom, restoring me at last that which had been taken from me at your formation. Of this you may not complain, if, like me, you have been taught to know how many are the trials of life, and how sweet is the slumber that its close brings with it. You have other hopes, than myself, and in this respect our destinies part company. You dream of a high ascent into other spheres—you put on a new life—you re-ascend that pure and perfect star, from which your ancestors so haplessly descended. This hope is not for me—yet shall I be satisfied, if once again permitted to behold that glory—their glory and my own, of which I so freely partook—in which I so joyously luxuriated, when the stars first sung their pæans, and the ponderous spheres, in compliance with their high destiny, uttered their full concerted harmonies, in token of their common existence.”

The spirit had departed. I had been listening to our common Parent. I had heard a story, such as one may gather from the leaves and the plants, in the city and in the forest, if disposed to listen to those messengers of the eternal Providence, sent wisely for his solace and instruction—illuminating his pathway, and directing his feet.

CHATELARD.

The account which history gives us of this daring and unhappy adventurer, is of as much interest and quite as sadly romantic as that of Rizzio—who, with far less pretension, suffered martyrdom for a like error. The first notice we have of Chatelard places him on board the vessel which bore Mary of Scotland to her unstable empire. The events of that voyage need here no recital. We are told by the historians, who have dwelt upon this particular in the fortunes of Mary with far more precision than distinguishes their narrative throughout, that, with a measure of grief, which, to most persons, would appear highly exaggerated and artificial, “*La Reine Blanche*,”—as, from her white mourning, the French had at that time designated her—took her departure from the shores of that fair country, in which her education had been acquired, and which her heart could never, at any period in her life, entirely leave. Nor was this feeling at all abated by the other circumstances attending her departure. Various and striking were the omens of ill which marked her sailing, and filled her melancholy spirit with apprehensions not unwarranted by the result; and when advised of the English fleet sent by her bitter enemy and rival, Elizabeth, to intercept her, not even the pledges of true faith from her gallant but small retinue, could materially diminish

or alter the countenance of despair, with which, uttering a thousand exclamations of "farewell!" she kept looking back upon the land which her eyes were so rapidly losing. The strains of the young Chatelard, served up to her senses with a spirit of corresponding tone with hers, soothed, however, the gloomy temper of the princess, and possibly prevented those wild and violent paroxysms, which usually mark the more extravagant sorrows of the sex. In nature's exhaustion at last, weeping herself to slumber, she sunk down upon the couch prepared for her upon the deck of her vessel; while, with a spirit more and more enamoured from the subject of his contemplation, the daring boy who sung above her, filled with hopes as delightful as they were illusory, fell into dreams not less cheering than those of his mistress were sorrowful.

The dawn of the morning found them in the most perilous situation. They were surrounded by the English fleet, and no possible chances appeared for their escape. In that hour the devotion of those about the beleaguered princess was finely tried; and none were more ready in their willingness to die in her defence, than the young and accomplished poet. Indeed, as the nephew of the celebrated Bayard, the knight, *sans peur, sans reproche*—educated in France, skilled in arts, arms, and the required duties of a court the most refined of Europe—less than devotion to death, and firmness amidst torture, could not have been expected from the youth. His eyes flashed defiance as the tall masts of the approaching and overwhelming force loomed out upon the horizon; and, throwing aside the harp, to the strains of which through the night his fine voice

had formed at intervals a fitting accompaniment, he drew his sword, and bending on his knee to his queen, proffered it in gallant language, and begged to use it in her service. Mary smiled through her tears upon the boy, and, with a compliment which came with added sweetness from her lips, gave him permission—a permission which made him happy—to die in her defence. But the watchful Providence had them in charge, and at the moment of their discovery, a thick fog overspread the seas. A bold hand was upon the helm, and guided unwavering and silently on their course, they escaped, by passing through the gathering prows of their enemy.

Chatelard was a favourite, and had the power of maintaining that ground in the estimation of the queen which his many accomplishments and warm devotion to her service had long before won. Amidst opposing claims he suffered nothing from rivalry, and while other courtiers were exposed to the alternations of a cloudy day, all was sunshine and smiles for him. A poetess herself, Mary delighted in all those professing the gay science; and though we have no remains of Chatelard by which his pretensions might be estimated, it appears, from her regard, that his claims were at once agreeable and peculiar. He wrote in all living languages. He read with a voice and manner that improved what he read. He was ready and fluent in composition, and her smiles so encouraged him, that, at length, she herself became his muse, and he learned in a little time to forget all others. Nor was his daring unsanctioned by the circumstances attending it. She seemed, perhaps unconsciously, to encourage his madness. She replied to his verses in a strain equally

amatory ; and the rapt bard forgot entirely his poetical existence in the feelings of the man. Accustomed to every species of adulation, the tender verses of Chatelard did not offend the young princess ; and she smiled at his more extravagant flights, as at the flatteries peculiar to, and pardonable in, the poet. But her condescension was fatal to the lover. “ Her smiles tempted him,” says Brantôme, “ to aspire, like Phaeton, at ascending the chariot of the sun.” He grew mad in his hope, and thinking of little beside, and caring for nothing else, the youth had no life but in the wild love which he entertained for his sovereign.

It was at the close of one of those evenings which Mary, freeing herself from the council and the counselors alike, usually reserved to herself, her “four Maries,” and such other of her household, as were classed with her especial favourites—that Chatelard, while performing to the queen, had drunk in his richest draughts of delicious enjoyment. Though always gentle and indulgent, she had been to the young poet, on this occasion, particularly so ; and there was that in his heart which could not and would not be controlled. He had just sung the words of a new poem, in which, as usual, her praises had been embodied ; the conceits of which, borrowed in part from the Italian, had won largely of her admiration. The “four Maries,” not so fond as their mistress of the divine art, had, one by one, fallen into that species of torpor, which, if not sleep, is wonderfully like it, and which is not unusual to those kept long in attendance upon a superior. The queen had not ceased in her admiration, when the fertile genius of the poet suggested a still richer conceit which his lips had

carried into song, and which at once called for another acknowledgement from the gratified and royal listener. She, at length, roused by his inspiration, catching a portion of its influence, struck the harp which she bade him place beside her, and sung, with great tenderness and much effect, a little response to his strains, in which, with a like conceit, she requited him.

The words were those of love, of deep feeling, and though most probably they were dictated only in that spirit of compliment and gallantry which distinguished the age, in that country in which both of them had been educated, the adventurous poet regarded them as reciprocating in every essential the mad passion of his own spirit. Falling upon his knee, therefore, he seized her hand, and fervently carrying it to his lips, perceived with renewed delight that she did not rebuke him—that she allowed him to retain it for a second, and only did not permit a repetition of his offence. He spoke to her with a soul which infused itself into every syllable which gathered upon his lips. What he said, he, himself, knew not. His heart was wild, and all his senses in rebellion against his reason. He breathed forth the adoration which he felt, and only offended when, in the simplicity of his spirit, he dared to hope.

The queen rose, and for a moment she spoke not. There was something of a sweet confusion in her eye, which gave a moment's encouragement to the rash and enamoured minstrel. It is not impossible, indeed, that young, ardent, gentle, highly intellectual, having a spirit attuned like his who addressed her, to the high converse of the muse, and warmed to corresponding sympathies, the pretension of the bard had been far

less heinous in her eye than, under other circumstances, it might have appeared. Her manner was not stern, though grave; and her accents, though not encouraging, were neither severe nor frigid. Looking around upon her attendants, who had, without much difficulty, worked themselves into the profoundest sleep—with resumed calmness she spoke to the still kneeling and still entreating youth. His fine and graceful figure—his wild, penetrating, and impassioned eye—the free and bold gesture of his action—the eloquence of his language—the warmth of his love—were all so many advocates, not merely for forgiveness, but for a corresponding love. That, in a less elevated station, Mary of Scotland might have nourished the flame she had enkindled, may not so well be denied, and is far from improbable. But she was a woman of strong good sense—a moment's reflection convinced her of the madness of any thought on the subject, and pitying the youth, with a gentleness of spirit not unwarmed by a due estimate, and a proper admiration of his pretensions, she found it necessary to silence them.

“This must not be, Chatelard—this must not be. You forget yourself—you forget me, and presume upon that favour, already a subject of complaint in my court, which I have been fain, and it seems foolish, to bestow upon you. What take you me for, young man? Think you I am a child, and would you teach me to forget the vast difference and distance between us, as you yourself have forgotten it? Be advised in time, ere the lesson comes too harshly and from ano-

ther tutor than I, who have been, and am, quite too indulgent to you now."

"There can be no sterner tutor to my heart, sweet sovereign," was the unhesitating response of the poet, "than your own brow thus frowning upon me; and the only death which I dare not encounter is that which comes with your anger. Say then, that you forgive me—that you grow not again wroth with me, or I care not to leave this spot, though now so gloomy with your frown. I am ready to perish here, and now—now, at your feet."

"The vain flattery of your speech does not blind me, Chatelard, to the presumption of your spirit; but I forgive and pity your delusion, believing as I do, that you do not feign, and seek not dishonestly to practise upon me. Still, this kind of language must be forborne. You must not be permitted to indulge in thoughts so far above your condition, and so injurious to mine. You should remember that I am the sovereign, to whom your allegiance is due, not the fellow subject, with whose fortunes your own might couple, and suffer neither rebuke nor contamination.

"And, are you less my sovereign, sweet princess, because I love as well as obey? Does the passion which now speaks in my spirit, and warms it into devotion for thine, make me lose sight of the homage which it thus doubly secures to thee? I know you for my queen—one graciously forgiving for my faults—one too indulgent to my merits. But not merely as my sovereign do I know you. It is not as the painted authority alone, whom the voice of a people, or the rights of inheritance, have invested with power, that

the soul of Chatelard regards the person of Mary Stuart. It is not the bauble of sovereignty and vain sway which I have adored—it is not these which have dazzled my eyes and misled my spirit. I have not been won away from my homage by such as these ; and I regarded you, my princess, as too far above the sex to which you by nature belong, to have much regarded them yourself. I know that you esteem not royalty as the silly crowd who gather in its blaze. I have not watched and lingered when all were gone, and loved devotedly when all were hollow and insincere, to doubt that your soul was as much above the vain trappings of your state, as mine that dared, and still dares, to despise them. And how shall we regard those toys of human arrangement which make the free spirit a reined and fettered thing, and would enslave and bind affections and high passions, according to chartered limits ? I have not cared—I shall not care for such restraints, and well I am assured that you are beyond their dictation and control. If you are not—if, with that frailty, which the familiar speech of old time, hath laid to your sex, you have deceived me in this,—I have, indeed, and deeply, offended. But I will not thus imagine, I dare not think, my princess, that a spirit, so finely wrought as yours, can find a difference in the state with which human laws hedge around authority, giving it superiority over a mind and affections, having no consciousness of aught by which it might suffer in a comparison with authority of the highest.”

“ And granting, young man, that I thought as you suppose. Granting, that in my mind, there was no-

thing in the state itself which should prevent a queen from bestowing herself on the meanest of her subjects who had found favour in her sight—by what art come you to know that such an one are you? What divination provides you with this goodly assurance? Why hast thou taken it for true, that, having such a free doctrine as that thou hast so plainly imagined, I have chosen to illustrate it to my subjects, with your aid in especial?”

The mortification of the poet he did not seek to suppress. As the queen spoke, the colour came and went on his cheeks, and as his words were uttered in reply, they fell from his lips tremulously and only with great effort.

“Sharply, my sovereign, have you rebuked my folly, but my pride in this suffers far less than the poor heart in which it abides. It has been my thought, that there were some spirits as sovereign by nature as they were so by human creation; and my further thought has been, that such a spirit was thine. Nor can I yet think otherwise, though thou hast chosen to reprove me for my wild love, not as it offends thy own nature, but as it ill accords with the wonted usage of that vain state with which the pageantry of ancient folly has girt thee in. I love thee not less, however, even now, hopeless as thou hast declared my passion to be, and all humbled as thou hast endeavoured to make that pride, which, till this hour—assured as it has been of no semblance of aught that was not high and honourable—was never humbled before man—nor, whatever be my fate, can I cease to make the same bold, and, as it appears to thee, most audacious and

offensive avowal. I cannot school the nature which I have from heaven, to its own violation, because of any earthly dictation. If it be criminal to love thee, I am thus criminal; and fear me, if I know myself rightly, that each future hour of my life, will somewhat increase the crime for which the heavy penalty of your stern frown and bitter speech is now gathering in its reproof."

"You are bold, Chatelard—over bold, to your queen, and, but that I deem you the honest subject that you have always appeared, and now avow yourself, I should be something more than offended. I forgive you this boldness, and think not when I warn you to greater prudence, and chide you for the forwardness of present speech, that I overlook and am insensible to those gifts of nature and of art which so present themselves in you, and make you, as I have often said and thought, one of the fairest gentlemen of my court. I am well delighted with your skill in the divine art of poetry, and would be loth to lose that sweet minstrelsy which hath soothed so many of my saddest hours, and which thy skill so cunningly awakens. But thou must be chary of thy speech and thoughts in this foolish matter of which thou hast permitted thy lips to prattle something too freely. Thou hast marked the jealous scrutiny of those, who, calling themselves my subjects, are yet my sovereigns, and whom I dare not offend. Thou hast seen for thyself the malignant spirit with which this gross zealot, whom they call Knox, inveterately watches over and vapours at all that concerns me. Pursue not, therefore, this madness, for, whatever my woman heart

might teach, my calm reason assures me it is nothing less,—and be as thou hast heretofore been, and I have been glad to see thee, the noble friend rather than subject, and make me not less, by thy future bearing, than thine, as I would be.”

The manner of the queen was even more gentle than her words, but the parental character of both was thrown away upon the infatuated youth. He was mad enough to conceive this speech a full sanction for, rather than rebuke of, his passion ; and under an impulse, the consequence of that unregulated play of the passions which had him for some time before in mastery, he dared to embrace the now terrified and retreating Mary, while imprinting a fervent kiss upon her lips. The maids of honour, awakened at her cries, came to her rescue. The queen retired to her chamber, and Chatelard was about to leave the little ante-room in which this scene had taken place, when a strong arm was laid upon his shoulder, and the Regent Murray stood before him. The poet was as fearless in strife as he was daring in love, but resistance was hopeless. A score of serving men were at the back of the earl, by whom he was immediately taken into custody, and that very night committed to a close prison.

The trial of Chatelard, by the proper legal authorities, followed in due and rapid course, under the direction of the regal council. The great favour which the poet had enjoyed, had procured for him not a few enemies ; and the jealous hate of Murray, against all and every thing that stood for an instant between himself and the supreme rule, which he always desired,

and at that time almost affected, furnished a spur, on this occasion, to the active measures which were adopted. The trial was had, and the misguided youth was condemned to death. The gentle spirit of Mary revolted when this sentence was delivered. She laboured, though vainly, for its commutation; and the stern temper of that stern people, or many among them, over whom she reigned, set down that interest and sympathy, which she now exhibited, to the worst of all criminal attachments. As, with tears in her eyes, and an eloquence not often surpassed even among men, she rose in the council, if possible, to affect the decision by her own entreaties, and the unhesitating forgiveness which she offered to the captive, the rigid reformer, Knox, throwing aside all sense of propriety, presumed to insinuate a guilty interest in her prayer which did not exist, and never had existed. It was then, that—as the queen, disdaining all reply, sunk back pained and exhausted upon the cushions from which she had risen—the victim, for the first time, rose to address the council.

“I do not speak,” said he, “that I may not perish. I am guilty of all that you allege, and, since I may not dare to *live*, why should I scruple to die? I have no fears of death, and, at this moment, but little love of life. But for that malignant slanderer, who, not daring to speak out his malice, yet meanly leaves it to the sense of conjecture,—I would speak to his shame. It is false as he affirms it. I am the criminal in this—the only criminal—if it be a crime to love, and with adoration, not less warmly, though perhaps less acceptably offered, than that which I have entertained for

heaven. Let me," said he, turning to the queen, "let me, oh, most beautiful and well beloved princess, do this poor atonement for my offence to you. It is but meagre justice to your heavenly innocence, that I say to this people who now sit over me in justice, that my rash passion was no less ungracious in your eyes than it has proved criminal in theirs. This, indeed, is my sorrow—since the chains with which they have loaded these once free and undishonoured limbs, and the insolent speech and suspicion which they have poured within these ears that had hitherto refused to hearken to any sounds that were not noble and sweet—and the ignominious death which is in reserve for me—would have all been as nothing—ay, would have been sought for earnestly and anxiously, as a rich boon and blessing, so that thou hadst felt some of that wild passion in thy breast which thou hast so fatally awakened in mine."

With a refinement of cruelty, which seems to have attended Mary through life, she was compelled to sit in a latticed chamber overlooking the place of the poet's execution. This measure was deemed necessary, in order the more fully to exonerate her from the suspicion urged by her enemies, that, having first tempted, she had afterwards betrayed, the criminal. It was thought necessary that she should seem to rejoice in his just punishment. The unfortunate youth was brought to execution on the 22d February, 1653. His conduct on the altar of death and degradation, was marked by the most enthusiastic bravery. He rejected the aid of the confessor; and, having first read aloud Ronsard's celebrated hymn on death, he

turned to the chamber, through the lattice of which the outline of the queen's form might be seen imperfectly, and after a moment's pause exclaiming, "Farewell, loveliest and most cruel princess that the world contains"—knelt firmly and gracefully down before the block. A single shriek from the window announced the moment of execution; and the queen fell into a swooning fit, as the dismembered head rolled from the gory trunk along the scaffold.

THE FOREST MAIDEN.

The subject of this little sketch is familiar enough to all American readers, and consequently needs nothing by way of preface. As some additions, however, have been made to the history of the event, as given by our historians, it may be as well to say, that the personal feeling, which, in the poem, is made to prompt the sanguinary passion of Powhatan, is purely gratuitous; and for which there is no authority in the fact. Smith's life was attempted, after he was in custody, by an Indian whose son he had wounded or slain; and he was preserved with difficulty. Powhatan had two sons, at the period referred to, both of whom were unharmed in this adventure. The addition here made, was intended to place in a stronger light the amiable spirit of Pocahontas, and the great sacrifice, by her father, of his personal feeling and native impulse, in his compliance with her entreaties. The description of the chief incident in the narration is, in all substantial particulars, historically correct.

Oh, lightly beamed the maiden's smile
In careless mood, in regal bower,
Ere yet the stranger's step of guile
Brush'd one soft beauty from the flower.
A wild girl of an Indian vale,
With deer-like pace, that would not tire—
And if her cheek be less than pale,
The sun had warmed it all with fire—
And sweet the light that filled her eye,
And in the woods, or on the water,
In frail canoe when darting by,
All knew her—Powhatan's young daughter.

He, Prince of many a mighty race,
Beloved and of unbounded power;
And she—the nation could not trace
A brighter or a gentler flower.
Among a savage people still,
She stood, from all their moods apart,
For dream of crime, and thought of ill,
Had never swayed her gentle heart.
A milder tutor had been there,
And 'midst wild deeds and wilder men,
Her spirit, as her form, was fair,
And gracious was its guidance then.
A Christian soul, though by its creed,
Untaught, amid her native wild,
Free from all taint of thought or deed,
A spotless and a gentle child.
Such, in her youth, and ere the blight
Of failing fortunes touched her race,
Was Pocahontas to the sight,
A form of love—a thing of grace.
Beloved by all—her father's pride,
Nor less his pride, than, all apart,
The pledge for which he would have died,
The very life-blood of his heart.
The king has sought the chase to-day,
And mighty is the proud array,
A nation gather'd there—
A bison herd—so comes the tale—
Is trampling down the quiet vale,
And none who love the land must fail,
To gather when they hear.
He went—the father from his child,
To meet the monster of the wild,
But, in his fond embraces caught,
Ere yet he went, he hears her thought,
And, in his pliant mood, reveals,
The love his inward spirit feels.

And hours are gone, since thus he went,
By her, in wayward impulse spent,
When, hark ! the war-whoop shrilly sounding,
" 'Tis my father," said the maid,
And like sprightly gazelle bounding
She has left the long arcade,
Where, from many a forest brought,
Blossoms wild, and leaf, and flower,
She with hand of taste had wrought
To a wild fantastic bower.
" 'Tis my father," said the maid,
As the chaplet down she laid,
" But why should war-whoop's accent sound,
When the hatchet's under ground—
Sure, the Oncida, from afar,
Wakes no vengeful voice of war,
When they laid the hatchet low,
Scarcely is gone three moons ago—
The leaf was burnt—the calumet
Wasted fumes that gladly met,
And the spirit from above
Bless'd the sacred sign of love."

Powhatan gathers his warriors around—
A rock is his throne,
And his footstool, a stone,
And the coronet plumes his broad temples have bound,—
No courtier's servile brow is there,
But every head is raised in air,
And each strong chief, a warrior true,
A circle round the monarch drew.
The king, in conscious majesty,
Rolled around his fiery eye,
As the meteor hung on high,
To all it sees, and it can see,
Speaks of fearful things to be.
At his feet, upon the stone,
Sat the sylph-like girl alone—

The dark tresses streaming down,
Fell upon her shoulders brown,
While, with fires unwonted burned,
The deep glances, upward turned—
She, alone, at that dark hour,
Ventured nigh the man of power.

With soothing, but with doubting smile,
That fixed the monarch's gaze awhile,
But could not turn away the mood,
That even chilled the maiden's blood—
And with a trembling tone, that broke,
Strangely the stillness round, she spoke—
"My father breaks no word with me,
Yet is he come, and has not brought
The spotted fawn, I fain would see,
By tender hands, unharmed, caught.
The task to him I know were light,
To rouse the silver foot, and take,
Even in its weeping mother's sight,
The bleating captive from the brake.
Yet comes he not, to mark his toil,
And tell his full success, to me,
With one poor token of his spoil—
Not even the bison's head I see.
In vain, I ask—I ask it now,
My father, nor rebuke thy child—
Why is thy accent stern and wild,
And why the red spot on thy brow.
What may this mean?—No bison chase,
Nor failing sport, not often vain—
Ere roused that symbol on your face,
Or—must not bring it there again.
Nor in your look—where'er I turn,
In every eye that lowers around,
I mark a dreadful fury burn,
That wants not speech or sound.
Where is my brother.—"

"Let him speak,"

Said the old monarch—"I am weak."

They brought a dead boy from the ring,

And placed him near the king.

Dumb was the maiden, as she fell,

Before the dead—smit as by sudden spell,

And motionless, save that her fingers strayed,

And took from out a deep gash on his breast,

That, thence she vainly but still fondly press'd,

A hacked and broken blade.

More darkly grows the monarch's brow—

"Ay, girl, you have no brother now,

And I, no son—the glorious race,

That with the day-god kept its place,

Ere many moons, shall cease to shine,

A broken and a blasted line.

And you may shed the infant's tear,

Ye cannot move the silent there,

Whose spirit all impatient stands,

And waves us with its bloody hands,

Asks for the shade of him who slew,

The sacrifice—a warrior true,

And shall he ask in vain?

Smoothing the path of shadows, heaven

A just and sweet revenge has given,

To recompense the slain."

Impatient turn'd the warrior chief,

And bade a gloomy warrior nigh,

And utter'd a command, which grief

Had made imperfect—"Let him die,

At once and meet his settled fate;

And, if he feel his torture great—

If one suppress'd or sudden shriek,

His terror or his anguish speak,

Then shall my soul perchance deny,

The wretch, the blessed boon to die,

Since I were woman to provide,
For my brave son a coward guide."

The block is prepared, the weapon is bared,
And the chiefs are all nigh with their tomahawks rear'd,
The prisoner they bring, in the midst of the ring,
And the king bids the circle around him be cleared.

Unmoved, though in a hostile land,
And girded by a savage band,
Unknown to yielding mood—
His limbs, but not his spirit, bound,
How looks that gallant stranger round,
With high and fearless blood.
The block before him they display—
He shrunk not from the dread array,
But with a tone as high,
As their own song of death, he boasts,
Made by his arm, the thousand ghosts,
That wait to see him die.
Yet once, as o'er his mind there came,
The memory of a foreign name,
Perchance, a heart long tried—
And, as his memory active grew,
And to his thoughtful spirit drew
The wandering band, the brave, the few,
That late were at his side,—
His eye could scarce conceal the tear
That struggled, swelled and trembled there;—
Which, as the savage saw—
Dishonouring all his former fame,
And emblem of the deepest shame,
He spoke their fearful law.

"Be quick, nor long delay his death,
For fear, that, in his latest breath,
He taint my native land—

I would not have the warrior die,
Nor sound his glorious battle cry,
Nor keep the fight-fire in his eye,
Nor boast his matchless brand.
But he—I pity, while I scorn
The tribe in which the wretch was born,
And, as I look around,
I glad me that I can descry,
Amid the brave men gathering nigh,
Not one who dreads the battle's sound,
Not one who fears to die!

They cast the prisoner on the ground,
With gyves from neighbouring vines they bound,
And on a jagged rock they laid,
His destined head, with fell parade!
His eye is full of stern despair,
The club is raised aloft in air—
Alas! he reads no pity there!
The warriors round, though taught to see
Such dreadful doom for aye impending,
Yet seem, with one accord to be,
In awful silence hush'd—
The arm that wields the mace is bending—
The instrument of death descending—
No mercy in the faces by,
Betokeneth humanity—
When forth that maiden rush'd,
From the low stone, where still affrighted,
She sat, her mental sense benighted,
And stayed the club in its descent,
Whilst on her fairy knee she bent,
Pass'd one arm o'er the prisoner's brow,
Laid her head on his own, and now—
As to the monarch's wond'ring eye,
Her own was turn'd appealingly,—
Bade the stern warrior strike the blow.

How could that dark old king forbear,
Though writhing with his own despair,
To still her plaint—to grant her pray'r!
How could he check the angel grace,
That gave such beauty to her face,—
How stay the more than sweet control,

That, to the savage could impart,
Tho' all untaught, the Christian soul,

The woman's mood, the human heart!

Oh, true the pray'r, and short the strife,
She wins the captive's forfeit-life—
She breaks his chain, she bids him go,
Her idol, but her country's foe,
And dreams not, in their parting hour,
The bonds from him she tears apart,
Are nought in pang and fearful power,
To those he leaves around her heart.

PONCE DE LEON.

" Would you then hear a story of true love ?
Sit down and listen."

The lover of Spanish story must remember Ponce de Leon ; nor is he likely very soon to be forgotten by the American reader. His history, the renown of his achievements, as well in old as in new Spain, have wrought for him the magic of a name in both countries, and made him too familiar to all memories at all conversant with the stirring and busy period in which he lived, to permit of that oblivion, in his case, which has obscured so many of his contemporaries. Washington Irving in his " Companions," &c. has given a very pleasant and interesting sketch of his life, the perusal of which, will compensate the idle hour which it employs. As a knight of romance, we find him fulfilling, to the card, all the dues and duties of the code and court of chivalry, in its most elevated era ; a service, for which indeed, we are free to acknowledge, he was peculiarly fitted. He was brave and daring to a proverb, strong in person, fiery in spirit, true to his affections, earnest in his devotions, a lover of valorous deeds, for valour's sake, and fond of the sex as became a disciple of the school of gallantry in the time of black-letter romance. It may not be important to dwell

longer upon this head, for, I take it, these things are quite as well known to other people as to myself.

The wars of Grenada had now for some time been over—the Moors expelled for ever the delicious country in which their elysium had, perhaps, been quite too much placed, and but for the strife and wild adventure which followed the unveiling of the new world to European eyes, the whole kingdom of Spain had fallen into a most unseemly, and at that period, unnatural and unbecoming quiet. The hum and hurry of war had ceased to keep awake the cities ; and the spirit-stirring blast of the trumpet gave way at nightfall to the gentle and more delicate and seductive notes of the guitar—

“ At evening, by some melancholy maid,
To silver waters.”

Knighthood, if not positively unfashionable, began to be somewhat cumbersome, at least ; and if the coat of mail did here and there continue to be worn by the warrior, more solicitous of former than of present times, it was not unfrequently concealed by the vestment of gorgeous and embroidered silk. In fact, the entire nation, even at the moment of its greatest glory and true regeneration, had begun to adopt that peculiar languor of habit, the consequence of a sudden flood of prosperous enterprise, which, in after times, when a superabundant wealth provided them with the means of a boundless and luxurious indulgence, has made them a very by-word and a mockery among the nations. This condition of the national character was not then perceptible, however ; certainly not to themselves, and perhaps not to the surrounding powers ; and the repose

in which the nation lay, had become particularly irksome to those brave adventurers who looked to carve out their fortunes with their weapons. "The world was their oyster," and with them the speech of ancient Pistol must have been of favourite and frequent application. Peace was not only inglorious but unprofitable; and the discovery of America was a godsend quite as necessary to the kingdom of old Spain, in ridding it of the excess and idle population, made by the sudden termination of its protracted warfare, as in extending its dominions and enriching its treasures.

Though fully as renowned as any of the brave spirits of his age and country, for every accomplishment of arms, and every requisite of adventure, Ponce de Leon did not, however, at this time, take part in the new crusade, for the conquest of the Indian regions. There were, indeed, sundry good and sufficient reasons why such a step should be unnecessary, and might have been imprudent. Ponce was now getting rather old—he had been fighting the good fight for his king and his faith, from boyhood up, against the infidels, and quite long enough to render unquestionable his loyalty to both. Beyond all this, however—and although we shame to say it of so brave a knight, yet the truth had better than not be known—Ponce had of late suffered some strange sensations of weakness, in regard to a certain capricious damsel, the daughter and only heir of a neighbouring Castellan—or, as it now runs, Castilian—a knight of the noblest stock, who could, without any interregnum, trace his genealogical tree, in all its branches, beyond the flood. Some may find, also, a sufficiently good reason for the supineness of our

hero, in the fact of his being now well to do in the world. He had been any thing but a loser in the wars ; had been at the sacking of not a few among the Moorish towns ; and the spoils thus acquired had been well employed, and with no sparing hand, to enrich and adorn a couple of fine castles on the marches, which the liberality and favour of the queen had committed to his keeping. These perhaps, were each and all of them strong enough, as reasons why he should not any more adventure his life for gain or glory. But his amour, his new passion, the rod which swallowed up all others, had got completely the better of the knight's understanding ; and he did nothing but think, talk, and dream, from morning till night, and night till morning, of the beautiful but capricious Leonora D'Alvarado. It was a " gone caso " with Don Ponce ; and he now had more barbers and friseurs in his pay than he ever knew in his young days, or should have known in his old. But all in vain—the loves of our knight were unfortunate—the course of true love did not run smoothly with him. Leonora was quite too young, beautiful, and wealthy, not to be most fashionable, and most fashionably capricious and coquettish. She laughed at the old knight—made merry with his awkwardnesses, ridiculed his gallantries, which, indeed, did not sit over well upon him ; and with much hardness of heart, denied him her attention whenever he sought to be very manifest with his. She was a gay and wild creature ; and with so much grace and winningness did she play the despot, that, while the old knight absolutely shrunk and trembled beneath her tyranny, he loved still more the despot, and became still more deeply the victim of the

despotism. It was, as we have already remarked, a gone, and we regret to add, a hopeless case, with our hero. Nor was it with him alone, we do her the justice to say, that the wanton baggage so toyed and trifled. She had a thousand admirers, all of whom she treated and trampled upon in like manner—feeling, and never hesitating to make use of her power, without pause or mercy, till some cut their own throats, or the throats of one another, while she, who made all the mischief, cut each of them in turn. No sooner, however, did one array leave the field, than another came into it : such were her attractions—destined, however, to experience like treatment, and be driven away in turn by other victims. She was indifferent to the fate so hourly experienced ; and many are the epithets of indignation and despairing love which they bestowed upon her ; song, sonnet, sigh, and serenade, alike failed to find in her bosom a single accessible or pregnable point, and knight after knight came and saw, and went away in his chains.

Don Ponce was not one of those who so readily despair. He had sat down too often before the Moorish castles, from one year's end to the other, not to have acquired certain valuable lessons of patience, which stood him in stead in the present strait ; and, looking upon the conquest of the lady in question, and with much correctness of analogy, as not unlike those to which, in the Moorish wars, he had been so well accustomed, he concluded that though he might be able to do nothing by sudden storm, he certainly could not altogether fail of success in the course of a regular blockade. The indefatigable patience and perseve-

rance of the besieger, he well knew, not unfrequently wore out both these qualities in the besieged ; so he sat down before the fair fortress, and regularly commenced his approaches. Never kept besieging army so excellent a watch. Ponce was, and had been at all times, an excellent general ; the Moors had taught him the nature of strategy, and he taught his retainers. They knew their duty, and did it. Not a messenger entered the castle of the beleaguered damsel that was not overhauled. He permitted no succour to be thrown into the walls, and the unfortunate waving of a handkerchief from any of the lattices, did not fail to bring out the whole array of the beleaguering force, ready to put to death any auxiliar, or arrest any supplies that might have been going to the succour of the besieged. At length all his outworks having been completed, his own courage roused to the sticking point, the preparations for a final attack made perfect, and believing that his antagonist would now be willing to listen to reason, our knight sounded a parley, and the fair defender of the fair fortress readily, and without pause or seeming apprehension of any kind, gave him the desired interview. Nothing, of course, could have been more delightfully pleasant or pacific. The knight, as had been his wont, on all great and trying occasions, appeared in full armour ; and the damsel, conscious of her true strength and the legitimate weapons of her sex, wore, Venus-like, her own graces, set off, and exquisitely developed, by the voluptuous freedom of the Moorish habit. As there was now no necessity for any further delay, the preliminaries having been well passed on both sides, our hero began. Half dignity, half des-

pair, he made a desperate exposition of his case. He described his love, its inveteracy and great irritability, in moving language ; now in prose, now in verse, and all in the spirit of that artificial period when love wore wings and worshipped sunbeams, and chivalry carried a lyre in one hand and a lance in the other, ready, in the event of a failure on the part of either, to supply its place with a more faithful auxiliar—and it was not unfrequently the case, that the fair but sickle damsel, having bidden defiance to the persuasive melodies of the former, was borne away triumphantly by the discords and terrors of the last. Don Ponce was terribly eloquent on the present occasion. Never amorous knight more so. He narrated all his endeavours at her attainment ; his labours more numerous and magnificent than those of Hercules ; he detailed at length, and with no little glow in the way of colouring, his various visitations by day, long watchings by night in the perilous weather ; described the curious presents, procured at infinite trouble and expense, solely for her gratification ; the thousand and one new songs made purposely in her honour, and at his instance, by the most celebrated minstrels, several dozen of whom he kept in pay solely for the purpose. He then proceeded to describe the honours of his state, his great wealth, substance, dignity, and so forth ; and, with all due modesty, he referred to the noise and notoriety of his deeds of arms, and the fame, name, and glory which he had thereby acquired. He dwelt with peculiar force and emphasis upon the nature of the establishment, which, upon marriage, he designed her ; and, with much, and in the eye of the maiden, tedious minuteness,

entered upon an enumeration at large of the manifold sources of delight and comfort which such an event would necessarily occasion. Having, by this time, exhausted all his *materiel* of speechification, he wisely determined upon coming to the point, and in a fine string of verse, prepared for the occasion, and rounding off his speech admirably, as the distich is made to do the scene in the old English drama, he concluded by making her the offer of his hand, heart, and substance, little expecting that, after all said and done, such a young maiden should still have the hardihood to refuse. But so she did ; looking archly in his face for a few seconds, she placed her slender and beautiful fingers upon the few small specks of grisly hair that still condescended to adorn his temples, and laughingly exclaimed—

“ Why, bless me, Don Ponce, at your years ! how can you talk of such a thing ! You are quite bald, and so wrinkled, that it’s wonderful to me how you can possibly think of any thing but your prayers.”

This was answer enough, a’ God’s name ; and boiling with indignation, yet baking with undiminished ardour and love, the worthy knight hurried home to his castle, immersed and buried in the utmost despair and tribulation.

The indifference, not to say ill treatment of Donna Leonora, was not enough however to efface from the mind of our hero the many and deep impressions which it had imbibed in favour of that capricious beauty. The very sportiveness of her rejection, while it necessarily increased, could not fail, by the seductiveness of her peculiar manner, in lightening, its severity ; at least it

gave an added charm to her loveliness in the grace of its expression. He now thought more of the coquettish creature than ever ; and the apprehensions, indeed, the now seeming certainty, of her loss, threw him into a fever, which was, of course, duly and professionally heightened by the great number of his attending physicians.

The Sangrado principle was at work upon him, and, but that the fates had determined he should be preserved for better things, he had ceased to join in the good cheer of his table, and gone, not to eat, but to be eaten ! It was on the fourth or fifth day of his malady, history is doubtful which, that in a moment of interval from pain, his lacquey brought intelligence of one below, in the guise of a mariner, who desired sight of his highness, and the royal representative in those parts, the most mighty, and valorous, and wise, Don Ponce de Leon, chief of unnumbered titles, and doer of unnumbered deeds, &c. &c. Though not surprised by the application, for Don Ponce was an officer of the king, the knight felt some strange anxieties to see the stranger, for which he could not precisely account, and did not hesitate, accordingly, to command his appearance. The new comer was a Portuguese mariner, seeking permission from the knight as the king's *sub* in that section, to make recruits for properly manning his caraval, from the dominions of the knight. He proposed, as was greatly the fashion at that time, to make certain new discoveries on the western continent—the new world which Columbus a little while before, with unexampled generosity, “gave to Castile and Leon,” and which, with still greater generosity, they accepted

at his hands. In addition, however, to the lands, and savages, and gold, the articles commonly enumerated among the promises of these adventurers, our Portuguese, reviving an old tradition of his people, pledged himself to the discovery of the far-famed fountain, to the waters of which was ascribed the faculty of conferring perpetual youth upon those who drank of them. It had long been a prime article in the fancies of the Portuguese, that such a fountain existed somewhere in the Indian seas, and the singular success attending the enterprise of Columbus, at its time of conception regarded as so visionary, now inspired a large degree of credence in every story, however monstrous or extravagant. Our mariner spoke with singular confidence as to the localities of this fountain, and so very accurately did he describe the features of the spot in which it was to be found, with such a lavish degree of poetical illustration, not to say poetical justice, that, on a sudden, Don Ponce, to the surprise of all about him, who before thought him on his last legs, found himself perfectly restored. He leaped from his couch, embraced the tarry Portuguese with most unqualified affection ; and three or four of his attending physicians happening, most unfortunately for them, at that moment to make their appearance, he gave orders to trundle them from the walls of his castle, in company with all the pills, potions, and purges, by which they were usually accompanied ; an order, we need not add, almost as soon executed as given. Congratulating himself, with unalloyed pleasure, upon his new acquisition, our hero, to the surprise of every body, determined upon

a voyage of discovery, in proper person, to the newly-found continent.

"I will find these glorious waters, this fountain of youth ; I will surprise, I will win this proud lady ; I will get rid of this ill-favoured complexion, these trenches, this miserable apology for hair."

Such were the broken exclamations of Don Ponce.

"Where's Don Ponce going ?" asked the impertinent.

"What's that to you ?" said the knight ; and having made a visit, to take leave, he left the sight of the sneering beauty, entered his vessel, and the sails, under a favouring breeze, loomed out gloriously and auspiciously in a balmy atmosphere, as they bore the old veteran, but young lover, in search of the heretofore hidden fountain of perpetual youth.

Years had now rolled away, and the world very well knows, or it ought to know, how Don Ponce do Leon, after many mishaps, disasters, and delays, discovered the object of his want and search somewhere in the fertile wildernesses of Florida. It answered all his expectations, and had the desired effect upon his person. He grew, upon drinking from it, straightway comely and strong in person and buoyant in mind : and, though tolerably well supplied with the latter characteristic, already excessively warm and ardent in his temper and affections, his joints grew more supple than ever, and he could feel his blood articulating in his veins perpetually, the then new and popular, but now old and unpopular *areyto* of "Oh, 'tis love, 'tis love," &c. The stream, however which caused all this change in the moral and animal man, was quite a

small one; and its virtues, having soon made themselves manifest, it only served to supply the first comers, and was dry to all succeeding. A single draught was quite enough for all his purposes; and perfectly satisfied with the measure of success which attended his adventure, Don Ponce began again to direct his attention to his native country. He thought of his broad, bright fields, and of his vineyards, and his retainers, and his castles, and then he thought of Donna Leonora, and her fields, and her retainers, and her castles, and all her other charms, personal and contingent; and so thinking, he commenced his return. But this was no easy matter. He had to fight his way through troops of naked Indians, and wild woods, and wicked briars, and swamps that left him half naked; now losing his way, and almost despairing to find it again; now exposed to perils from savage men, and to temptations from savage women; such, indeed, as frequently led his chivalry into singular adventures, and nameless and paralysing difficulties. But he surmounted them all; as how, in reference to his new acquisitions, could he do less? He had taken, as it were, a bond of fate for life. The gray hairs had fallen from his brow, and been succeeded by others of a less equivocal complexion, and in less limited quantity. The wrinkles had left his cheek, the dimness his eye; his step was no longer enfeebled and uncertain, he felt himself quite as young as when, in the vigour of his boyhood, he had wrestled with a romping maid of Andalusia, and was not overthrown.

He stood once more, after an interval of many years, upon the deck of his caraval; and, as he proceeded

over the mighty waste of waters that lay between him and the land of his nativity, his thoughts grew more than ever active and lively ; his spirit more anxiously aroused as to the condition in which he should find all things upon his return. His chief apprehension, however grew out of his affair of the heart. Should the fair Leonora have become the bride of another—and was all his personal beauty to be left upon his hands? This was a damning difficulty, and all in vain did he seek to wrestle with and avoid the reflection. It grew but the stronger as he approached the shore ; and when, at his castle's entrance, he put the question to an old retainer, and hastily demanded to know that which his heart yet trembled to receive, how was he rejoiced to learn that all was safe, all as when he left, and the capricious damsel quite as accessible as ever. He paused at his castle, such was his impatience, but to arrange his habit before intruding upon her.

“If,” said he, “my gray hairs, my wrinkled face, my infirm gait, were really her objections before, she can no longer entertain them. I will wed her on the spot—she cannot, she dare not, she will not resist me!”

Surely not, Don Ponce, surely not ; we always think well of the man who thinks well of himself. Caesar never struck into a path so perfectly sublime, as when he said, “*Veni, vidi, vici* ;” say so too, Don, and the thing's settled.

Thus manfully determined, our hero appeared in the halls of his neighbour Castellan, the father of the lady, and, with a view of present prospects, so likely to be that of the knight. Their meeting was hearty,

though it took the old gentleman some time to understand how Don Ponce could get young while he himself got old. The grateful mystery of his transformation once explained, however, and matters were all well. He did not waste more time upon the father, than a proper courtesy actually called for; but, after the first proprieties, hurried, with all a lover's agony of impatience, to the bower in which he had been taught to believe his mistress awaited him. What a moment of delightful anticipation—what funds of love in store—what raptures and felicitations at hand! He was on the threshold—he was in the presence. There she stood—the same sylphlike form, the same figure of consummated symmetry. But why veiled? He rushed valiantly forward, fell upon one knee before her, and, oh, unlooked for condescension, she sunk into his arms? He did not hesitate for a moment, but tearing away the thick folds of the envious veil, he proceeded to impress upon her lips, the kiss, so long treasured with a perfect fidelity—when he beheld, not the Leonora he had left—not the beauty of her girlhood—not the creature of exquisite delicacy and youthful fragrance, that queened it over a thousand hearts—but a superannuated and withered damsel, of wrinkled face, starched features, and lips to which kisses of any kind appeared to have been strangers for a marvellously long season. Don Ponce had never remembered that the term of years employed by him in gaining, was spent by her in losing, both youth and beauty. Nor, in this error was our knight alone. To all of us, no changes are so surprising, none, certainly, so ungracious and painful, as those of the young, and delicate,

and gentle, under the hand of time and human circumstances. Fifteen years had done much for our hero, but much more for our heroine. He could not believe his eyes.

"Nay, lady, there is some mistake here, surely," said he, releasing himself partly from his burden. "I came to see the beautiful Donna Leonora D'Alvarado."

"And I am she, most noble knight—the same Donna Leonora to whom your heart was so perfectly devoted," simpered out the now gracious coquette.

"I must see Don Guzman," said he, "I must learn the facts in this matter;" and flying out of the presence of his goddess with even more rapidity than he had flown into it, he appeared before the sire of the ancient beauty.

"Don Ponce, where are you going?" said the old man.

"Home, Don Guzman," said the young one.

"Why this hurry—does my daughter refuse? If she does, Don Ponce, be assured that in your favour I shall constrain her inclinations," warmly urged Don Guzman.

"Not for the world!" was the reply of our hero, "not for the world; and hark ye Don Guzman, the truth may as well be said now as ever. I no longer find your daughter as I left her. I am quite too young for her, I perceive. Pray permit me to send for her use and your own, a bottle of water, which I took from a certain fountain in India. I can assure you that it will do you great good—you both stand very much in need of it."

Tradition does not say, whether the water thus fur-

nished had any effect upon the fair Leonora. One old chronicle insinuates that she brought her action for a breach of promise against the young knight, but failed to recover. This point is apocryphal, however. He, we know, returned to America, and, after losing an eye, in a fight with the Indians, and experiencing many other vicissitudes, died of chagrin, from many disappointments, as well in concerns of ambition as in those of love ; " without," says the legend, from which we borrow our narrative, " losing a single beauty of that youth, so marvellously vouchsafed him, by Providence, in the discovery of that wondrous fountain in the wildernesses of Florida."

THE VENETIAN BRIDAL.

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

It was a glad day in Venice. The eve of the feast of the purification had arrived, and all those maidens of the republic whose names were written in the Book of Gold, assembled, with their lovers, parents, relatives, and friends, and in the ornamented gondolas repaired—a beautiful and joyous crowd—to the church of San Pietro de Castella, the residence of the patriarch, at Olivolo. This was on the extreme verge of the city—its neighbourhood almost without inhabitants, and only occupied by a few priests, whose grave habits and secluded lives had imparted an additional sombreness to the naturally gloomy characteristics of the spot. But it was not gloomy now. The day of St. Mary's eve had come, and all was life and joy in the sea-republic. The marriages of a goodly company of the high-born, the young and beautiful, were to be celebrated, as was the custom, in public. Headed by the doge, Pietro Candiano, the city sent forth its thousands, and every form of life was in motion to be present at the festivities. Many hearts were throbbing with anticipated joys; and the emotions of many a young bosom might almost have been counted in the strong pulsation evident through the close pressure of the virgin zone.

But there were at that spectacle—some hearts inte-

rested in the progress of the festival, who felt any thing but gladness ; and when girded in by thousands of the goodly and the brave—by golden images, and flaunting banners, and proud symbols—some there were untasteful enough to desire escape from their overpowering associations. As the fair procession moved on and up through the gorgeous archways of the cathedral to the altar, where stood the patriarch ready for their reception and the performance of the solemn rites, marked you not one face more pallid, more tearful than the rest ? Is hers the emotion of joy ? Is that tremulous, that indecisive, that unconscious step, the indication of a heart at ease—a fancy full and flowing with imaginings of delight ? Is the tear now gathering in her eye significant of gladness or of grief ? It needs no second look to determine. Francesca Ziani was going to the sacrifice. A single glance over her shoulder, as she passed along through the crowded assembly, fell upon a noble cavalier, standing in an attitude of utter *abandon* at the entrance. There were volumes in that glance, and Giovanni Gradenigo could not fail to understand it. There he stood, hopeless, helpless, in utter despair, leaning upon the arm of his relative, Nicolo Malipieri. He saw his own heart's grief in that one glance of the unhappy maiden. They had loved—they still loved ; but she was the victim of parental authority. Giovanni was not the favourite of her father, and, in an evil hour, the poor girl was destined for sacrifice to the weak and wealthy heir of Ulric Earberigo. The hour was at hand, and with a feeling little short of desperation, Giovanni Gradenigo still looked and lingered, even after all hope had departed.

"I will not bear this, Nicolo," he exclaimed, at length. "I will make one effort more. They shall not so lord it over true affections. Francesca was mine—she is mine even now in the sight of Heaven. How often have we vowed it. How often have our vows been heard. Shall they not be blessed?—Shall they be thus defeated by that mercenary monster, mis-called her father? No! stand by me, Nicolo. I will speak in this matter."

"What would you do, Giovanni?" exclaimed his friend, interrupting his advance. "How can you now effect your object? Their names have been long since written in the Book of Gold, and the doge himself may not change the destiny. Let us go, my Giovanni, and seek consolation in other charms—in more attainable affections."

But he urged in vain. The impatient and passionate youth heard or heeded not the advice, and put aside the obstruction. Resolutely he advanced amidst the crowd, gathered round to observe the ceremony which had not yet begun. He made his way to the spot where stood his Francesca, and a more deadly paleness came over her countenance as he approached her. The crowd gave way from before him, for he was beloved in Venice; and as many knew in what course set his affections, a tearful interest grew apparent in many an eye at the fate of the young lovers. He stood before the small circle of the parents and relatives of Francesca and Barberigo, who, on his approach, had encompassed her about. Gently but firmly he put them aside, and approached the maiden. He took her almost lifeless

hand, which her mother would have withheld, into his own, and his words were of a touching sorrow.

“And is it thus, my Francesca, that I must look upon thee? Is it thus that I am to behold thee forgetting thy virgin vows to Gradenigo, and yielding them willingly, with thyself, to another?”

“Not willingly—not willingly, as I live, Giovanni, not willingly. I have not forgotten—I cannot forget—but would that you should forget, as I pray you to forgive. My sin, believe me, is involuntary. I shall love no other than you.”

Falteringly—almost faintingly, she thus articulated, while a deeper interest grew up in the countenances of all those around who could catch any portion of the half-whispered dialogue. The parents would have interfered, but it was not a moment in which they could exhibit a stern heart, such as was too natural with them; and there was that in the deep grief of the defrauded and defeated lovers which commanded respect even in those bosoms most concerned in bringing about this defeat. Calmly, therefore, almost sternly, Giovanni spoke to the mother of Francesca, as she continued at intervals to interfere.

“Have you not enough, lady, in thus bringing about your purposes? Is it not enough that you would have her sacrifice herself and me: must she also be denied the privilege of parting with one she must hold a part of herself? For shame, lady, this is scarcely becoming.”—And as he spoke, the more gentle spirits around looked upon the stern mother with faces expressive of a like rebuke. The youth continued, now addressing the maiden:—

“ And if you did not love this man, my Francesca, why is it that you have so soon yielded to his solicitations and their commands ? Had you not my affections in keeping, and what right had you to sacrifice them ? Thought you not of me in that hour when you consented to this sacrifice of us both ? ”

“ Hear me, and pity, if you cannot forgive,”—was the sadly impassioned response of the maiden to the severe speech of her lover. “ Hear me, Giovanni, and blame me for my weakness, if you will, but doubt not that I loved and must still love you—— ”

“ What is this you would say, Francesca?—beware ! ” and the mother held up her hand in warning ; and the poor girl, as if terrified by some fearful association of ideas, shrunk back, trembling and terrified.

The youth looked sternly upon the obtrusive and stern parent, dropping at the same moment the hand of the maiden, which till then he had retained. With a melancholy, which promised to be not less lasting than fatal, upon his countenance, he took a last look at the unhappy victim of a like fate with himself, and slowly turning from her, exclaimed : “ Well, Francesca ! it is then all over, and the hope for both of us is gone for ever. Yet this I had not looked for. It had been my hope that we should have been happy—but now—— ”

She rushed towards him as he moved away. Her hands were uplifted, and but a single and broken sentence escaped her lips, as she sank fainting upon the floor. “ Forgive—Oh ! forgive ! ”

He had gone.

“ Let us go,” he exclaimed to his friend, as they left the body of the crowd. “ I can stay here no longer—

yet feel it hard to tear myself from the fascination of her presence. God ! I cannot breathe—I am choking, Nicolo—undo my collar.”

Thus incoherently exclaimed the noble youth, as a sudden burst of music from the body of the church, announced the ceremony begun.

But the people had assembled for pleasure and a spectacle, and though sympathising with the sufferings of the lovers as largely as it is possible for the people to do, they could not permit of any protracted interruption with any thing like patience. Sympathies are very good, but must not be suffered to take up too much time. So thought the Venetians, and accordingly the little episode just narrated had scarcely been over before they insisted, by every means common to the populace, upon the performance of those very ceremonies, the prospect of which had made so miserable these two, in whose fortunes they were so largely interested. The ceremonies were begun. The doge led the way in the procession, first, on behalf of the republic, assigning portions to twelve young maidens, chosen for this purpose from amidst the mass of those not sufficiently opulent to secure husbands without. After this, advanced the several couples, and tie after tie, and pledge after pledge, was entered upon, while all the spectators grew as deeply absorbed in the scene they witnessed, as if they themselves were parties to each engagement. At length, in turn, came the almost expiring Francesca Ziani, and the wealthy but weak and worthless Barberigo. Their approach again aroused the interest of all who had beheld the previous scene between the discarded lover and herself. The bridegroom led the half

unconscious victim to the altar. The bishop began the ceremonies, and called upon her to speak in response. But she was spared the necessity of reply. The doors of the church were burst open with a tremendous crash, and Barbaro, the pirate of Istria, and his six brothers, heading a formidable band, who had long fixed upon this ceremonial a rapacious eye, chiefly on account of the great wealth accompanying it, now rushed forward, with drawn swords, among the affrighted array. They had no scruples of conscience, and soon dismantled the church of all its splendour. They loaded themselves with the booty which the richly clad dresses of the company afforded, the nuptial presents, and the church ornaments ; and, not content with this, a greater sacrilege yet, they seized upon the trembling persons of the young brides themselves. There could be no resistance, for no weapons were permitted to those engaged in the ceremonial ; and in spite of the tears of the maidens, and the vain struggles of their lovers, the former were borne away at the sword's point, by these ruthless men, and, hurried on board their vessels, were soon out of sight of the almost heart-broken relatives and friends, from whom they had been taken.

The cry reached the city, and soon all was in commotion there.

"What are these clamours," exclaimed the despairing and gloomy Giovanni Gradenigo, as he rushed to the lattice. "These cries come from Olivolo, and tell of something terrible." A gondola rushed down the canal, and he called aloud to the gondolier.

"Have you not heard," said the gondolier ; and he

soon told the story. Giovanni cried out to his friend, and rushed down to the harbour. There stood the citizens, unknowing what to do, and hopeless of every thing.

“Why stand ye here?” exclaimed Giovanni—why stand ye here? Come with me, gallant gentlemen—come on, brave cavaliers—ye who would strike for Venice—” and he led the way to the galleys in the harbour. Promptly taking command in the general confusion, he pointed out the course, and having made due enquiries, he gave the direction to steer “for the Lagune of Caorlo.”

His whole appearance had been changed by this event, and those who, heretofore, had only known him as the despairing lover, the inanimate and inactive dreamer of an ideal hope and home, now wondered at the strong spirit, and firm and fearless audacity of the confident man who had undertaken to lead them. Though having greatly the start in the race, yet, stimulated as were the pursuers, by the strongest human incentives, and led on by such a spirit as Giovanni, the pirates could not but be overtaken. They are at length, when they had begun to be hopeless of success, cheered with the appearance of the hitherto unseen robbers. First one bark, and then another, came in sight, until the whole corsair fleet was before them, urging an embarrassed way through the intricacies of the *Lagune*.

“Courage, bold hearts,” cried the youth, “we shall soon be upon them. The pirates, in their haste, have got entangled in the *lagunes*, and cannot easily escape us. We shall soon be upon them.”

The confident tone employed by their leader had an

electrical effect upon the sinews of his men. The sturdy oarsmen grew cheered in their labour, with the strong prospect of success attending it; and the knights prepared their arms, and got themselves ready for the conflict. And it came. They gained upon—they hailed—they came up with the enemy. There was little parley, and that was in tones of the fiercest fury.

“Yield thee to the mercy of St. Mark!” was the shout of Giovanni to the pirate chief, Barbaro of Istriote.

“St. Mark must strike well, before Barbaro shall yield him tribute!”

There was no other speech between them, and the galleys grappled. The Venetians leaped on board of the pirates, and their fury was little short of madness. Their wrath was terrible, and they smote with an unforgiving vengeance. The Istriotes fought bravely as they had been accustomed, but every soul of them fell. Their blood discoloured the sea in which they perished.

The victors came back with their spoil, unharmed and in triumph, and preparations were made, the same evening, to conclude the bridal ceremonies, so inopportunately interrupted in the morning. The original distribution of brides was persevered in, with but a single exception; for the Doge Pietro Candiano, with that high exercise of authority, which at all times, in its palmy days, distinguished the Venetian sway—but with a sentiment of justice which found its sanction in almost every bosom, now determined to bestow the hand of Francesca upon Giovanni, as the only equivalent reward for his gallantry and conduct in her rescue, and

his great service to the republic. But where was Giovanni? The maid, blessed beyond her hope, awaited him at the altar. But he answered not to his name, and a herald was despatched in pursuit of him. At the final moment, when, in the struggle with the pirates, victory had crowned his enterprise, he had received a severe wound from the axe of one of the brothers of Barbaro, just as he had sent that much dreaded chieftain to his last account. He had strength barely to behold and to shout his victory, when he sunk fainting upon the deck of his vessel, and was borne out of sight by his friend, Nicolo. He was now, at the summons of the herald, borne, grievously wounded, into the assembly, for each member of which he had done and suffered so much. The Doge declared his purpose, and with fond heart, and eyes streaming with joy, his own Francesca bent over him to confirm the glad intelligence. But, with the consciousness of the sweet fortune that awaited him, the ear was conscious no longer. The lips were dumb for ever—the young Giovanni lay lifeless in the arms of the scarcely less lifeless Francesca. It was a sad day after all, since its triumph came with so great a loss; but the maidens of Venice still think, that there was more happiness for the youth thus perishing, than would have come to either of the surviving, if separated, lovers.

VASCO NUNEZ.

For the interesting adventures of this truly great warrior, the reader is referred to that pleasant volume of Washington Irving, "The Companions of Columbus," where the chief features of this sketch will be found narrated. The writer owes little of it to his own imagination.

Triumphant, on a peak of Darien,
Perch'd on the narrow isthmus, there, he stood
A moment, ere he cast his eyes below,
And trembled in his awe. Beneath him roll'd
The broad Pacific, never yet before
Unveiled to European. What were then
The feelings of Balboa? Who shall tell
The struggling, deep, emotions of the soul,
So high aspiring, when—to crown at last
The hope so fruitful in great enterprise,
And noble consummation—on his eyes
Burst forth that mighty prospect—that deep sea,
In the virginity of its pure waves,
Unruffled of a charm, for the first time
Won to a mortal's arms—or, who conceive,
When on the summit of that isthmus throned,
Higher than sovereign, and on either hand
Ranged the two sister seas, for the first time
Given to each other; he, that gallant chief,
Most noble and most valiant of the sons
Spain sent on this great service, stood alone,
And look'd upon his conquest? Who shall tell
The melancholy pride of his great soul,

When the achievement, long withheld, and won
Only by toil at last—the fearless toil
Of true adventure and achievement great,
That greater grew from trial—was his own;
And, to a spirit as aspiring, he
Added a name and triumph, scarce below
That of the "Admiral," who led the way,
First, in this path of glory. With glad eye,
And soaring sense, and spirit almost drunk,
In its excess of rapture, dumb he stood,
And gazed upon the waters. Were these, then,
The billows of that Indian sea, which clasps
In its capacious bosom, those broad isles
Of boundless, unimaginable wealth,
In gold and gems o'erflowing, locking in
The spices and the perfumes of the east,
The world of spoil, the field of enterprise,
Meet for that ocean chivalry, to whom
The sea and land, the wild, and wilder yet
The savages that sway them, have no bar!
Was this that glorious sea—or, prouder still,
Had fortune yielded to his daring aim
Some lonely, lock'd-up ocean of the wild,
Some savage realm of water, undisturb'd,
Save by the Indian's bark, when, at the dawn,
He plunges through its silvery depths, unscared,
For the pearl oyster, and at eve returns,
Laden and glutt'd with his precious spoils,
To his lone wigwam by the reedy shore.

Such were the conqueror's dreams, yet not forgot
In his own triumph, was the God who gave
That sea, before a waste, untrod, unknown:
Bent knees, glad hearts, spoke audible the prayer,
Of that true band of warriors, as the cross,
Hewn in the tallest tree, was lifted up,
And stationed o'er their heads, whilst every eye

Grew pregnant with its tears—some upward turn'd,
To heaven, in thanks and gladness; many more
To the deep quiet waters at their feet.

'Twas midnight, and the stars were in the heavens,
Each in his brightness. Not a single cloud
Dimmed their profusion, and upon that sea,
Curl'd into gentle billows, with a swell
Like the voluptuous heavings of the breast,
Of some fair princess of the burning east,
They show'd their countless and repeated lights,
With a most emulous glory. From the south,
Where it had wander'd the protracted day,
Amidst the profuse gardens of the wild,
And with their odours laden, whence it came—
The gentle breeze, skimming the azure waves,
Rippled them into life, and bore them on,
With an incessant murmur, to the shore.
The reeds bent down to meet them, and gave forth
The tones of their united music—meet,
In its unmeasured beatings, to the sense,
For that broad wilderness of sea and land.
Whilst each, from its ascent, gradual but high,
From hill to hill extending, meeting oft,
Above, and arching o'er the vales between,
The tall and spiry pines, through the still hours
Kept up their solemn chorus, chiming in,
Monotonous but meet, with the deep seas,
And the soft zephyrs floating o'er their breasts.

'Twas midnight—but the chieftain did not sleep—
How could he sleep! The creature of his sleep—
The dreams that so had wrought him for long hours,
And kept him wakeful many a night before—
The vague conceit, the rich expectancy,
Of boundless conquest and unrivalled name,
'That wrought his soul's ambition from the time
He first had dream'd of glory, were his own—
The hope of a long life was realised!

He was no more the creature he had been,
When boyhood was a season of delight,
And hope had many a semblance. When amid
The festive throng, for mirth and music bent,
At evening by the waters, or attuned
To a more fell employment, he was found
Rashly adventurous, daring still the first,
Where all were daring—in the tented field,
Join'd in close combat with the tawny Moor,
A kingdom on his arm. The ruthless mood,
Indifferent to aught but valorous deed
And bloody retribution—all were gone!
And in their stead a loftier spirit came,
Keeping him watchful. His advent'rous mind
Felt its own wing, and knew its strength at last
And soared into the heavens; and, eagle-like,
He brooded 'mong those mountains through the night,
And meditated with the matin chime,
His flight across the waters, where to lead
He knew not; but his dreams, his waking dreams,
Peopled the wilds beyond, with glorious forms
And empires of the sun. He too would give
To Castile and to Leon a new world,
And more than he, the mighty Genoese,
Another ocean with its tribute wealth,
And uncomplaining waters.

Thus the chief,

As with his sword upon the grass, he made
Unmeaning strokes, unconscious, mused alone—
Not long alone, for on his shoulder fell
The weight of a strong hand, yet not in wrath.
He started from his trance. Beside him stood
One of the wise men of that soaring time—
A spirit which, through abstinence and toil,
Long study, reachings vast and infinite,
And grievous penance, in its age had grown
Familiar with the stars. To him they were

Not less than spirits, for they did reveal
 The future with the past. Unveil'd to him
 They were all present; and in rocky cells,
 In ruin'd castles, and secluded caves,
 And from the crowd remote, he conn'd the page,
 Nightly, of human story; and could read
 All fortunes, and could conjure them at will
 Into the seeker's presence. Such was he,
 Who, on the morning watch of that calm night,
 Stood by the musing Spaniard on that peak,
 The peak of Darien, and looked, with him,
 Sad, on the new-found sea that lay below.

To him the chief, who paused awhile, thus spake:
 'Triumph, at last, old Cicer! All in vain,
 The rocks, the woods, the mountain streams, and worse,
 The drooping spirits of our wearied host,
 And our own fears opposed us on our way.
 These have we overcome, and Balboa now
 May vaunt his conquests on the kindred page,
 That shines with Colon's glory. Have I not
 Given a new ocean to our monarch's crown,
 A tributary world, a countless race,
 And an unbounded, vast and nameless wealth,
 Not to be number'd. Have I not outspread,
 Even to the embraces of this foreign breeze,
 That blossoms in its odour, come afar,
 Doubtless, from gardens of the orient realm,
 Hard by to Ophir—his unconquer'd flag;
 And on this rock, beheld from either sea,
 Planted the sacred standard of our faith,
 The hallowed cross; in token that the wild
 Is now the care of Christ, henceforth to be
 The creature of his people?—and yet more,
 For his true honour, have we not outborne
 The glory of the Spanish name and arms,
 In perilous adventure, crowned at last,
 Through heaven's sweet mercy, with complete success?

These, Ciccr, cannot, shall not be forgot ;
And Balboa's name, when he shall be no more,
Shall have its chronicler, and spell the ear,
And on the lips of story sound as well,
As any in his record. How will 't read,
With "Vasco Nunez de Balboa," to write
"Colon the Admiral"—"world-finders both !"

The Magian paused a space, and in his eye,
Where brightness, strangely mingled up with gloom,
Wore an appalling lustre, not unlike
Such as our dreams for spirit forms provide—
A darker shade, a deeper, sadder hue,
And, it might be, a large but single tear,
Unbidden gather'd. Calmly then he spoke.

"My son, at Palos, by the convent walls
Of La Rabida, your old mother dwells :
I saw her, when we last departed thence,
On this adventure. Not to me unknown,
The future, as you found it. You were then,
Already, known to glory—so men call,
Words from their fellow-men—and 'twas her pride
'To speak of you as all the country spoke.
I could not check the current of her speech,
Nor were it kind to do so ; but aroused,
And ravished with the subject, when she grew
Wild with imagined triumphs and great spoils,
And all the gauds of fortune, in my heart
I sorrow'd for her strange simplicity.
I did not tell her that her eyes in vain
Would, till the sunset, o'er the waves look out
For her son's caravel. I did not say,
What, well persuaded, I might well have said,
That all your triumphs were to end at last
In a wild dungeon, and a bloody grave,
And ignominious scaffold—"

"Nay, start not—

It is my grief, as 'tis thy destiny,
That I should mourn for that I must foresee,

And thou escape not. Hearken, then, awhile.
 Thou wilt remember, on our voyage out
 I traced thy fortune. Thou did'st seek of me,
 Its features, but thy quest I still withstood,
 As aiding not thy service to be known,
 And, haply, moving thy too soaring thought,
 Too much to dwell upon it. But with me
 It grew a settled study. From my art—
 Of which in praise I speak not, when I say
 It has not fail'd me oft—I linger'd o'er
 Thy varying fortunes. Every step thou took'st,
 Whether in peace or war, in court or camp,
 In ease or peril, I beheld at large.
 I saw thee trace thy journey to the wild—
 Thy each reverse—thy final, full success,
 Until the mighty waters, which now roll
 Incessant to our feet, proclaim'd thy fame;
 And to the daring soldier gave the praise
 Of calm forethought, deliberation wise,
 And an intelligent sense, that all confirms
 In this thy conquest. Here then are we now—
 So far, the fortune I have traced is true!"

"What more, what more?" impatient, then, the chief,
 Asked of the aged man. "Let me know all—
 I do esteem thy art, and well believe
 Thou lovest me as thy son. Thou wilt not speak
 What 'twere not well to hear; and, well I know,
 Thy wisdom, if ill fortune do betide,
 May guide my wilder'd bark, and bring it safe.
 Speak then at once, nor think that at thy speech,
 Though fearful be its form, my soul shall quake,
 Or my knees tremble. Let me know it all,
 That I may battle boldly with my fate,
 However vain the struggle, as becomes
 A son of Spain, a warrior of the wild,
 A spirit prone to combat with the seas,
 And brave them at their wildest. Speak, old man;

Give thy thought words, and let my fortune stand
Before me on the instant."

The magian spoke :

"When in the gather'd stars thy fate I read,
In one remote and solitary light,
I saw its bane and baleful influence.
A single star thus quartered in the heavens
Teem'd with malicious auguries, and shook
All fires malign upon thee. It was then
I sought its secret power, and early read,
That, while afar, in the extremest east,
It kept its foreign station, thou wert safe ;
But when with daring wing it took its way,
And where the evening hangs her golden lamp
O'er the sun's chambers, shook its lurid fires,
That hour to thee was perilously dark,
And death, a bloody, ignominious death,
Was gather'd in its verge. That hour's at hand—
Look forth into the west. Behold, apart,
From all communion with its fellow lights,
Where, with audacious blaze and angry beam,
That fate casts forth its fires. Redly it burns,
And, as exulting in the near approach
To the destruction of its victim, takes
A subtle halo round it. There are stars,
That to the eye of mortals seem but stars,
Yet are they evil spirits. Such is this.
They are not of the class with which they roam,
Their lights are not like those which burn around,
Nor have they the like genial influence.
They hold a fearful power o'er earthly things,
Man, and the worlds about him. O'er the earth,
And on the waters, they do exercise ;
They have their moods, and bitterly at war
With all God's works, they seek for their annoy ;
Impede their fortunes, or attend them on,
Even to success, as, with thee, this hath done,
That, when they hurl them down to the abyss,

The height shall be a perilous one they leave.
 The gentler lights of heavenly providence
 Shrink from their foul contagion, till they stand
 Apart, and from the rest all separate.
 Some they precipitate from their high spheres,
 Leaping into their place ; while the dethroned,
 Extinguish'd in the deeps of all their light,
 Find there a dwelling-place, to their new case
 More apt and fitting. Such pow'rs have these
 O'er men and stars, as these do err and shoot,
 Out from their proper places. Over thee
 Yon planet hangs its spell, and thou art mark'd
 Its victim, surely—all thy triumph nought ;
 Thy spoils for other spoilers, and thy deeds
 Nought valued, nothing doing for thy life,
 But all against thee. Jesu be thy shield."

Ere many days, and he, who at that hour
 Beheld himself—by all the world beheld,
 The hero born for conquest and renown,
 Died on the block. The crown had passed away—
 The moral was complete, and in the vast,
 The utmost height of his unbounded sway,
 And glorious triumph, far beyond compare,
 Among his human fellows, Balboa died—
 A hero's glory and a felon's fate,
 Closing a perilous life of many toils
 And true adventure. The magician's dream
 Was sooth—and he, whom worlds could not contain,
 So vast his spirit—whose far-darting soul
 Saw from its skyey pinnacle, the new
 And boundless shores he conquer'd—he, the brave,
 The gallant in renown, where all were brave,
 Perish'd, unheard, unheeded—not an eye
 To weep his fortunes ; not a single arm
 To do his nature justice, and redress
 The wrongs of men and nations. Thus he died—
 The world he conquered yielding him—a grave !

THE DEATH OF A FAIRY.

With one, prone at any time to their encouragement and acquaintance, nothing contributes more, while enfeebling and prostrating all the other faculties, than a warm fever, to the growth and strength of fancy and imagination. An attack of this description, arising from cold, taken in a recent indiscreet exposure, kept me awake all last night, and rendered particularly active and acute an imagination not apt to slumber very considerably at any time. The night was one of clouds and gloom, and fatiguing silence. I heard not even a dog bark in the streets, and the ticking of the clock was the only sound that for several hours came audibly to my senses. At length, however, I should say about one o'clock in the morning, I could plainly distinguish something like a humming but suppressed whisper, as of many voices confusedly but cautiously employed in dispute, which seemed to arise at the extreme corner of the chamber in which I lay. Then my eye was attracted to a small glimmering which flashed out at intervals, I had almost said and certainly thought at the time, from the top of my spermaceti candle, which stood centrally upon the mantel. From the emission of light, however at periods, marked by the usual unsteadiness of its pale and delicate sparklè, I judged and judged rightly, after a moment's reflec-

tion, that the gleam was that of a glow-worm, which, by some means or other, had begun

“To pale its ineffectual fires,”

in the place of the more certain aid of my candle ; illuminating its own little sphere with a splendour, which, though it could afford but little aid to my observation at any other time, served fully on this occasion to give me a perfect insight into the matters then going on. Through its medium I could distinctly see, that I was not, as I had been at retiring, the sole occupant of my chamber ; but that hundreds of little creatures, formed like human beings, though on a scale of the most diminutive insignificance, were busily employed in a variety of offices, within its precincts, making every thing around them their own, and behaving with as much familiarity and freedom in the four walls, as if they, and not I, were the owner and proprietor. Their tiny forms, clothed in gay green vestments, were tinged and tinctured here and there with spots of the richest gold and crimson, while the light and gossamer wings, which depended with an air of the most perfect spirituality from their shoulders, approved them those gay creatures of the element,

“That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' the plighted clouds.”

Gradually the whole scene became developed to my survey, and I could see that they were employed in some great procession, at once of attraction and solemnity. They formed a double circle, and performed

a variety of fantastic evolutions, which might be dances for aught I knew of their habits and indulgences—chanting all the while, in a low but highly musical accent, the following song, which, to my ear, savoured of a most pleasing melancholy.

SONG OF THE FAIRIES.

Come in thy robes of quiet night,
With each attending spell around,
And let the wanton zephyr's flight,
Be pinioned to our fairy ground;
The stars shall bring each gracious light,
And music in the reeds shall sound.

Think'st thou that earth, alone for thee,
Poor jealous mortal, Heaven has made—
Thou hast its rule and so have we,
With both our wills alike obeyed—
Your sovereign sway by day you see,
For us hath night her charms arrayed.

Her maiden charms of stainless sky,
And odour'd breath, and wooing air,
And many a countless luxury,
Denied to bless your humbler sphere—
Sweet spirits, too, when moons are high,
Descend from heaven to revel here.

Take thou the day, but to us leave,
The gentler hours of evening still—
Your sterner spirits may not heave,
At wanton beam or rippling rill—
Yet for each flower that dies, we grieve,
And dread its fate and mourn its ill.

Was this song intended for my ear? I thought so, and did not think it improper, however imprudent it might be, to look and listen. They did not dance long, but dividing themselves into two nearly equal bodies, they assembled directly in front, but yet at a small distance from each other, drawn up in battle array, and seemingly for the purposes of war. Some were armed with the thorns of the orange-tree and rose-bush, while the more common instruments of warfare seemed to be the scented flowers of the one and the buds and blossoms of the other. A solitary cricket had been impressed into the service as a trumpeter by the one side, who sounded his little bugle at intervals; while on the other hand a parcel of cherry stones, enclosed within the outer rind of the walnut, answered the purposes of the drum for the other, being rattled by a dwarfish but giant-looking member of their own lilliputian tribe. Thus prepared and directed, they approached each other with a degree of fury more characteristic of a fierce combat, and more determined affray; and the conflict was waged with a degree of ardour more like a *mêlée à outrance*, than one of sport or courtesy.

Various were the results of the strife. Here a feeble warrior, overpowered with innumerable rosebuds, concentrating at the same moment on his person, would sink down on the field, and the fight would be renewed with aggravated fury above his body, as well with the view of securing it from captivity on the one side, as to bear it away as a trophy on the other. If the one party was successful, the body of the unfortunate combatant was borne from the field on a litter, woven together of vines

and leaves ; and on the other, if the enemy proved triumphant, chains made of blossoms of the pride of India were put upon his hands, his wings were sprinkled with dews, and sometimes clipped, and he was borne away to a dungeon, made of a huge calabash, the entrance to which was barred with spokes of cane and cedar. For a long time was the battle continued, without any apparent advantage on either side. New fairies were perpetually arriving, joining themselves to one or the other party, and, by this means, protracting the combat, which, among those originally engaged, would otherwise have been settled completely. Mingled as they were, by this time, together ; having lost all the original ardour in which they had begun, the fight had at length settled down into an affair of so many individuals, terminating, finally, in so many single combats, which seemed to be waged with a more particular fury than before. The feeling was now personal and less general. Passions became concentrated and at work, and the combatants chose those for their encounter against whom they appeared to entertain some especial enmity. I could plainly see that there were several of this description on foot ; where such innocuous weapons as rosebuds and orange blossoms, were made to give way to the more formidable influence of pointed spears of cane, or sharp thorns of various kinds ; and some were armed with lath whips or bludgeons, with which they sought as well to disfigure as to maim their opponents. Among these combats, my eye singled out one of a nature purely personal. The parties seemed to entertain for each other a more than common degree of hatred and dislike. The utmost malignity shot out from their

eyes, and was distinguishable in their actions ; and, disregarding the rest of the combat, and all the scene beside, saving and excepting the portions in which they were necessarily engaged, they seemed to recognise no other object than their entire destruction ; nor did this fury and singleness of purpose appear only to operate upon and to affect the two. Whether it was that there was a feud existing between them, known to their nation, and which, like those of Scotland, had to be sought out ; or whether the novelty of their desperate fight threw an air of ridicule and rebuke upon all others less severe, I know not ; but it was evident, that in a little while they were the sole combatants on the ground, and every interest of a more general nature was suspended in the survey of the sharp controversy which they contrived to carry on. Nothing could exceed the skill, seemingly, with which they pursued the combat.

So far as bodily prowess was concerned, they appeared pretty equally matched, and it was left to their respective knowledge of the *science* to determine the affray. Their skill seemed perfect ; and from the ease which characterised their actual style of fight, it was difficult to guess, how, unless some unpropitious circumstance should throw its weight into the scale, it could be decided. The helm, the shield, the curved shoulders, and closed wings, alternately shrunk beneath the severity of their several blows, which, though they seemed to stagger the party receiving them, exhibited no wounds and drew no blood. This might be owing in part to their defence, and partly to the excellence of their guard. Sometimes, suddenly unclosing their silky wings, they would whirl away into the air, to

alight only the more unexpectedly before the antagonist, changing the ground, and in hope to take him upon advantage by the surprise. But their efforts did not seem productive always of the proposed results; for, to speak in just terms of their cunning in the art of fence, if one did exhibit a surprising degree of activity and skill in this flight, the other seemed not the less well prepared to encounter and to foil him. But the parties grew sensibly weaker, more irritable, and less guarded than before; and at length, when I least expected the affair to terminate, or terminate in this way, the larger and more robust of the two, in a moment's inattention, and by a sudden backstroke of his enemy's bludgeon, received a severe blow on the arm, and with a slight shriek from the excessive pain, let fall his weapon, and stood at the mercy of his opponent. This condition of things now brought the whole array once more to loggerheads; particularly as the more successful champion, following up his advantage, brought his wounded opponent to the ground by a second stroke, even more severe than that which had disarmed him. The fight was just about to recommence, when I thought it high time for other parties to interfere, and recollecting that it was an old faith among the vulgar, that water was an effectual barrier against the passage of fay or fairy, I resolutely and somewhat desperately, stretched my hands forth from the bedside, to where stood my wash-stand, and seizing upon the ewer, conveniently filled with water, I took deliberate aim at the two combatants, who stood apart from the rest. At the first hiss of the water one of them took to flight, but the wounded champion, unable to move, was cer-

tainly and suddenly soused all over, and a complete stream thrown around him, preventing access from any of his companions. I had no sooner achieved this feat, than I was forcibly impressed with all its fearful consequences. There is no class of spirits, "of the earth, earthy," so revengeful, so troublesomely revengeful, according to the faith which recognises their existence, as the fairy. They are renowned for their tricks upon travellers, housekeepers, particularly old maids and bachelors, and spinsters of a certain age. They tease old coquettes, and worry young ones. They pinch the sleeping wife, newly married, and rouse her and her young lord up, more frequently o' the long nights than is altogether consistent with their health and quiet. But, why enumerate? Every body has read that fine fancy of Mercutio,

"Oh, then I see Queen Mab hath been with you,
She is the Fancy's midwife, and she comes,
In shape no bigger," &c.

If every body has not read it, every body ought to read it, and they lose who do not. But, as I expected, the toil and turmoil was now only about to begin. Certain it is, the whole fairy tribe were in the utmost tremor and tribulation for the fate of their companion thus taken in the toils. The rival armies forgot all further contention, and united their forces for his extrication—all but the champion by whom the prisoner had been overthrown. His malignity seemed more particularly to have been marked and specific, from his conduct on this occasion. He paused but a moment to survey the condition of the prisoner, and I thought I could dis-

cover something like a grin of delight on his sharp and speculative features ; then taking wing, he passed out of my sight, but in what manner or direction, I could not at the moment discover.

There was now a tremendous buzzing and shuffling in my chamber ; all was doubt and deliberation among the petty people. In their whisperings I thought I could make out, every now and then, the hundred half-formed plans proposed for the liberation of their comrade, all proving ineffectual, however, for they did nothing towards it. Now the chairs would creak and rattle beneath the weight of half a dozen of them, endeavouring, in this way, to behold the predicament of their companion, which otherwise, through the dense mass collected around him, they could not have seen. In the mean time, what with his leaguer and his bruises, the captive himself uttered at intervals a low complaining murmur, like the sighing of the winds through some decaying crevice in your shutter. A sad, zephyr-like sigh, the dreamy faintness of which was quite as touching as the grief in which it might be supposed to have its origin. But to their plans for his extrication. First they collected all their roses, and endeavoured to bridge a way for him over the water, by which he might escape without touch or taint from it ; but the leaves became penetrated with a strange susceptibility, and the poor gladiator appeared to suffer so greatly from his wounds, that assistance was necessary to bring him out of the difficulty by a force independent of his own. In the effort to pass to him, it was discovered that those making the effort stood no small chance of incurring a life forfeiture ; the heavy liquid, penetrating with its

dank influence the silky and gauze-like texture of their wings, and leaving them also at the mercy of the cold and cruel creatures of the earth. It would be impossible for me to describe the many efforts, the indefatigable energy, and determined adherence to their purpose, exhibited by the little creatures on this occasion. Unwavering, however, as they were, it was soon discovered that their efforts must be vain, unless the party whom they sought to free could co-operate with their labours. This, from the severity of his injuries, he could not do, and their purpose was not now so much his release, as their revenge upon him who was *particeps criminis*, in thus placing him *hors du combat*. I soon perceived, from sundry demonstrations, that my turn was at hand, and I prepared for it accordingly. Unfortunately, in my previous hurry in making my prisoner, I had squandered away more water than was necessary, and had put it entirely out of my power to fence myself in from attack, by a wall of it around me, which I might have done. With some of it in reserve, at least, I might have kept them in salutary check from the awe which it would have necessarily inspired. But they came to the attack, unobstructed, and in fearful array. A sort of chiming howl, which, though not louder than the chirping of a cricket, excited a considerable degree of nervousness, preceded their advance, and led me to many disagreeable anticipations of what was to come. At length their batteries were fairly opened, and siege commenced in regular form. Heaven only knows, I cannot remember, and certainly would not pretend to describe, the many terrors which they employed for my punishment. At one moment

my ears were assailed with the hummings as of ten thousand musketoes, gaunt wretches, whom the winter had exhausted of blood, and who now came with their accursed bugles and suckers to my veins for their replenishment. Then their fangs, darted resolutely into my cheeks and nose, rendered it imperatively necessary that I should thrust myself entirely beneath the coverlid and trust to it for protection ; but in covering my head rather too hastily, I left my feet bare, and the invading army only transferred themselves from one extremity to the other. Having secured these members also by a familiar contraction of the knees, I conceived myself perfectly secure, when to my utter astonishment and horror, I heard them taking the screws out of my bedstead, one by one, with a fearful rapidity ; and found the old posts, originally none of the surest, tottering as well under their additional weight as from my tremors, and promising a speedy dissolution. In the mean time another strong body had seized upon the bedclothes, and by concerted arrangement, was drawing them entirely from my person. This was quite too much. I made a desperate effort, leapt out of the bed, and seizing my clothes, endeavoured to put them on. But here again the mischievous urchins had been at work, and had performed, with singular ingenuity and haste, that peculiar operation upon them, which is known among swimmers as a trick practised upon the clothes of those who are in the water, by those who are out of it. My linen was in fifty knots, my drawers in no less ; and when I attempted to put on my pantaloons, I discovered the legs filled with stockings, vest, neck-cloth, and slippers, in such hostile confusion as to create

an awkward question in my mind, whether or not I might ever calculate on their extrication. I was at this stage of the conflict, and in this perilous condition, when, all on a sudden, a shriek burst upon my ears, so piercing yet not loud, shrill yet not unmusical, so pleasingly delicate, and yet conveying an idea of so much agony, that I felt the blood curdle in my veins, and the hair stood upright and bristling from my cold and clammy temples. I recovered my position in bed, and resumed my covering. The enemy had left me, and all further attack seemed given over. They had a new object of interest, and of far deeper consideration. The shriek we had heard was from my captive, and they now surrounded him in his death agony. They recognised the peculiar cry of pain and of approaching dissolution; and, by some effort, whether of him or of themselves, he had been removed from the prison, within which I had placed him. Supported on a layer of young leaves, they busied themselves in finding either restoratives or sedatives of some kind, and in their own way, but seemingly in vain; for, with a gentle sigh, that seemed like the faint echo of distant music, he breathed his last in the arms of those immediately attending him. The glow-worm dropped from the place from whence, through all the time, he had directed their revels with his light, and was seen no more; but the faint tramp of their footsteps, as if they were marching in order, and a low strain, that rose at intervals like a dirge upon my ear, told me of the great loss they had suffered, and of the grief that attended even upon the death of a fairy.

A STORY OF THE SEA.

"This is a mystery of the deep sea,
 Please you to hear it? You will marvel much,
 For he that made it hath a mighty power,
 Calling up wond'rous forms and images
 Art cannot compass."

It was on a pleasant day in the month of September, that I received a notification from the captain of a small vessel, in which my passage for a distant port had been engaged, apprising me of his intention to sail immediately. I had been already delayed for some days, the wind being in our teeth; and, though still loth, as all young travellers usually are, to leave home for the first time, the suspense and impatience from waiting had been such, that the hurrying call had the effect of something like a pleasurable reprieve upon my mind, and I instantly obeyed it. A few moments sufficed to complete my preparations, and in two hours all hands were on board; and the little swallow-like packet, under outspread wings, and a clear and beautiful sky, was rapidly leaving the land. We had but two passengers beside myself, both equally young, and equally new to the perils and mysteries of the sea; and, for a moderately long voyage, the prospects of enjoyment were rather more limited than was desirable. We were soon conscious of our mutual depend-

ence, and accordingly we entered into a determination, each of us, to do our little for the common comfort and gratification. What with striding the narrow deck, half the time in the way of one another—watching the land of our birth-place and homes fast receding from our eyes, and calculating, with many doubts, the various chances of our voyage—we contrived, as may be supposed, to get through the first day very amicably, and with tolerable satisfaction. We were now fairly at sea. The plane of ocean became rapidly undulated and more buoyant. Broad swells of water bore our bark like a shell sportively upon their bosoms, then sinking with equal suddenness from beneath, left it to plunge and struggle in the deep hollows, until borne up by other and succeeding billows. Space and density, in glorious contrast and comparison, were all at once before us, in the blue world of vacuity hanging and stretching above, and the immense, seldom quiet and murmuring mass spread out below it. The land no longer met our eyes, though strained and stretched to the utmost. The clouds came down, and hung about us, narrowing the horizon to a span, and mingling gloomily with the surges that kept howling perpetually around us, growing at each moment more and more threatening and restless. Not a speck besides our own little vessel was to be seen amidst that wild infinity, that, admirably consorted, was at once beneath, above, around, and about us. Two days went by in this manner, with scarcely any alteration in the monotonous character of the prospect. Still the weather was fine—the clouds that gathered between, formed a shelter from the intensity of the tropical sun, and, in

that warm time and region, were a positive luxury. But, towards the evening of the third day, there was a hazy red crown about the sun as he sunk behind the swell in our front—a curling and increasing motion of the black waters rushing impetuously forward to the wild cavern into which he descended—the wind freshened, and took to itself a melancholy and threatening tone, as it sung at intervals among the spars and cordage; and, while it continued of itself, momentarily, to change its burden, appeared, with a fine mystery, to warn us of a yet greater change in the aspect and temper of the dread elements, all clustering around us. The old seamen looked grave and weather-wise, and shook their heads sagaciously, when questioned about the prospect. The captain strode the deck impatiently and anxiously, giving his orders in a tone that left little doubt on my mind, of a perfect familiarity, on the part of the ancient *voyageur*, with the undeceptive and boding countenance of sea and sky. Night came on, travelling hurriedly, and cloaked up in impenetrable gloom. The winds continued to freshen and increase; and, but a single star, hanging out like hope, shot a glance of promise and encouragement through the pitchy and threatening atmosphere. The prospect was quite too uncheering to permit of much love, or many looks on the part of fresh-water seamen. By common consent, we went below, and, ransacking our trunks, were enabled to conjure up a pack of cards, with which, to the no small inconvenience of our captain, we sought to shut out from thought any association with the dim and dismal prospect we had just been contemplating. He did not, it is true, request us to

lay aside our amusement, but he annoyed us excessively by his mutterings on the subject. He bade us beware, for that we were certainly bringing on a storm. He had seen it tried, very often, he assured us, to produce such an effect, and he had never known it fail. His terrors brought us the very amusement for which he was unwilling we should look to such devilish enginery as a pack of cards. We had not needed this, to convince us that the seaman was rather more given to superstition than well comported with the spirit of the age. He was a Connecticut man, thoroughly imbued with blue laws, Cotton Mather, &c. and all the tales of demonology and witchcraft, ever conceived or hatched in that most productive of all countries in the way of notions. He lectured us freely and frequently upon his favourite topic, on which much familiarity had even made him eloquent. We encouraged him in his failings, and derived our sport from its indulgence. Believing fervently himself every syllable he uttered, he could not understand our presumption in doubting, as we sometimes did, many of the veracious and marvellous legends of New England and the "Sound," which he volunteered for our edification; and when at length, convinced of the utter impossibility of overthrowing what, no doubt, he conceived the heresy of our scepticism, he appeared to resign himself to the worst of fates. He evidently regarded each of us as a Jonah, not less worthy of the water and whale than his prototype of old; and, I make not the slightest question, would have tumbled us all overboard, without a solitary scruple, should the helm refuse to obey, or the masts go by the board. His stories, however, I am

free to confess for myself, and I may say for my companions also, however our philosophy might be supposed to laugh at the matter, had a greater influence upon all of us than we were willing to admit to one another. Upon me, in particular, the impression produced was peculiar in its character. Not that, for a single moment, I could persuade myself, or be persuaded by others, that the mere playing of any game whatever could bring down upon us the wrath of heaven, or "hatch a fiendish form upon the deep," but naturally disposed to live and breathe only in an "element of fiction and fantastic change," I drank in every thing savouring of the marvellous with an earnest and yielding spirit. He seemed to have been born and to have lived all his life in a "witch element." He had stories, filled and worked by this principle, of every section of the world in which he had sojourned or travelled. Had seen the old boy himself, in the shape of a black pigeon, in a squall off the capes of Delaware; and once, on the night of the twenty-seventh June, had himself counted the phantom ships of the British fleet, under Sir Peter Parker, as they were towed over the bar of Charleston, in South Carolina, to the attack of Fort Moultrie. What seemed to vex him most of these things was, that the Carolinians, whom he pronounced a most obstinate and unteachable race, refused to believe a word of the matter.

But his favourite legend, and that which he believed as honestly as the best authenticated passage in Scripture, was that of the flying Dutchman, who was driven out of the German ocean; and in process of time, and for some such offence, was doomed to a like travail

with the wandering Jew. This identical visionary he had seen more than once, and on one occasion had nearly suffered by speaking him. It was only by dint of good fortune and bad weather that he escaped unseen by that dreadful voyageur, to be noticed by whom is peril of storm, and wreck, and utter destruction. It was of this dangerous sail he had now to warn us. We were told that this sea, and almost the very portion which we now travelled, was that in which the Dutchman, at this season, usually sojourned for the exercise, with more perfect freedom, of his manifold vagaries—a power being given to him, according to our worthy captain, for the due and proper punishment of those who, when his spirit was abroad upon the waters, dared to palter and trifle in idle games, sport and buffoonery. The voyager evidently apprehended much; and, as the gale freshened, his countenance grew more gloomy, and his words more importunate in reference to those levities and sports which we had fallen into. To pacify him we forbore, and were compelled to refer to other resources for the recreation we required at such a time. There were three of us, and we told our several stories. The youngest of our trio was young indeed. He was tall, slender, graceful; eminently beautiful, a highly intelligent mind, and a finely wrought and susceptible spirit. He was deeply in love, truly devoted to the young maiden; and the short time contemplated to elapse before they should again meet, was one of great and bitter privation. Becoming intimate from the circumstances of our situation, and probably from certain innate sympathies, we learned all these particulars from his own lips. He described the charms of his mistress,

gave us the entire history of his connection, his hopes, and fears, and prospects; and, in turn, we were equally communicative. His name was Herbert.

The storm increased, and with so much violence, that we were fain to go upon the deck, impatient of our restraint below, though by no means secure, even with ropes and bulwarks, and a tenacious grasp above. I shall never forget the awful splendour, the fearful, the gorgeous magnificence of that prospect. In the previous ten minutes the gale had increased to a degree of violence that would not permit us to hang out a rag of sail, and the vessel, under her bare poles, was driving down upon and through the black and boiling waters. Nothing was now to be seen but the great deeps, the vast and ponderous bulk and body of which groaned with its own huge and ungovernable labours. Horrible abysses opened before us, monstrous and ravenous billows rushed after us in awful gambols. Mountains gathering upon mountains, clustering and clashing together, threw up from the dreadful collision tall and spiry columns of white foam, that keeping their position for a few seconds would rush down towards us, like some god of the sea, bestriding the billows, and directing their furies for our destruction. Under such impulses we drove on, with a recklessness fully according with the dread spirit that presided over the scene; now darting through the waters, occasionally rushing beneath them, then emerging and throwing off the spray, that shone upon the black and terrific picture, in a contrast as grotesque as the tinsel ornaments upon the robe of a tyrant, in the thick of a battle, or at the execution of thousands. On a sudden our course was arrested by a mountain of

water, under which our vessel laboured. She broke through the impediment, however, with a fearful energy. Another sea came on, which we shipped, and the bark reeled without power beneath the stroke. I was thrown from my feet, and seized with difficulty by the side, the water rushing in volumes over me. Again she sprung up and righted, but with a shock that again lost me the possession of my hold. At that moment a shriek of agony rushed through my senses ; and immediately beside me a passenger, one of my companions, torn from his hold, was swept over the side, into the unreturning ocean. He passed but a foot from me, in his progress to the deep. How terrible was his cry of death—it will never pass out of my memory. He grasped desperately at my arm as he approached me. He would have dragged me with him to death, but I shrunk back ; and his look—the gleam of his eye—its vacantly horrible expression will never leave me. The vessel rushed on, unheeding ; and I saw him borne by the waves buoyantly for many yards in her wake before he sunk. He called upon Heaven, and the winds howled in his ears, and the waters mocked his supplications. Down he went, with one husky cry that the seas stifled ; and the agony was over. That cry brought a chilling presentiment to my heart. Despair was in it to all. Though I seemed to live under a like influence, there was a degree of strange recklessness even in our scrupulous captain, for which I could not, and indeed did not seek to account. I felt assured we could not long survive. Our vessel groaned and laboured fearfully ; her seams opened, and the waters came bubbling and hissing in, as if impatient of their prey. Still

she went on, the violence of the storm contributing to the buoyancy of the billows, and aiding her in keeping afloat. But, amidst all this rage and tumult, this strife of warring and vexed elements, there was yet one moment in which they were under an universal calm; one awful moment afforded, seemingly by the demon who had roused the tempest, that we might be enabled adequately to comprehend our situation. The feeling in this extremest moment was the same with all on board, with no exception; and one unanimous prayer went up to heaven.

It was but a moment. The winds and the waves went forth with redoubled violence and power. There seemed an impelling tempest from every point of the compass. Suddenly, a broad and vivid flash of lightning illuminated the black and boiling surges; lingering upon them sufficiently long to give us a full glance of the scene. Immediately in our course, came on a large and majestic vessel. She had no sails, but pursued a path directly in the teeth of the tempest. She came down upon us with the swiftness of an eagle. Her decks were bare, as if swept by a thousand seas—we were right in her path—there was no veering, no change of course—no hope. The voice of the captain rose above the tempest—it had a horror which the storm itself lacked. It spoke of the utter despair which was the feeling with all of us alike. “The flying Dutchman,” was all he could say, ere the supposed phantom was over us. I felt the shock—a single crash—and crew, cargo, vessel, all—were down, crushed and writhing beneath its superior weight, struggling with and finally sinking beneath the exulting waters.

But where was she, the mysterious bark that had destroyed us—gone, gone ! no trace of her progress, except our broken fragments—our sinking hopes.

There had been no time for preparation or for prayer. The fatal stranger had gone clean over, or, indeed through us ; and, though sinking myself, it appeared to me that I could see her keel, with a singular facility of optical penetration, cutting the green mountains behind me, with the velocity of an arrow. Around me, scattered and sinking with myself, I beheld the fragments of our vessel, together with the struggling atoms of our crew and company. Among these, floating near me, on a spar, I recognised the fair and melancholy features of young Herbert, the passenger, whose love affair I have already glanced at. I felt myself sinking, and seized upon him convulsively. The spar upon which he rested veered round, and, grasping it firmly, I raised my body to the surface. He felt conscious of its inadequacy to the task of supporting both of us, and strove to divert its direction from me. But in vain. Neither of us could prove capable of much, if any generosity on such an occasion, and at such a time. Our grasp became more firm ; and, while death and desolation and a nameless horror enveloped every thing in which we were the sole surviving occupants, we were enemies, deadly and avowed enemies—we, who had exchanged vows of the warmest friendship—to whom our several hopes and prospects had been unfolded with a confidence the most pure and unqualified—we sought each other's destruction, as the only hope in which our own lives could repose. He appealed to me with tears—spoke of the young girl who awaited

him—the joys that were promised—the possibility of both surviving, if I would swim off to a neighbouring spar which he strove to point out to me. But I saw no spar ; I felt that he strove to deceive me, and I became indignant with his hypocrisy. What was his love to me ? I laughed with a fierce fury in his face. I too had loves and hopes, and a wild ambition, and I swore that I would not risk further a life so precious in so many ways.

The waters seemed to comprehend our situation—a swell threw us together, and our grasp was mutual. My hand was upon his throat with the gripe and energy of despair ; his arms, in turn, wound about my body. I strangled him. I held on, till all his gaspings, all his struggles, and every pulsation, had entirely ceased. My strength, as if in close correspondence and sympathy with the spirit that prompted me, seemed that of a demon. In vain did he struggle. Could he hope to contend with the fiend of self, that nerved and corded every vein and muscle of my body ? Fool that he was, but such was not his thought. He uttered but a single name—but a brief word—through all our contest. That name was the young girl's, who had his pledges and his soul—that word was one of prayer for her and her happiness ; and I smiled scornfully even in our grapple of death, at the pusillanimity of his boyish heart. I had aspirations, too, and I mocked him with the utterance of ambitious hopes. I told him of my anticipated triumphs ; I predicted my own fame and future glory, and asked him the value of his worthless life, in comparison with mine. He had but one answer to all this, and that consisted in the repetition of

the beloved one's name. This but deepened my frenzy and invigorated my hate. Had he uttered but one ambitious desire—had he been stimulated by one single dream of glory or of greatness, I had spared his life. But there was something of insolence in the humility of his aim that provoked my deepest malignity. I grappled him more firmly than ever, and withdrew not my grasp, until, by a flash of lightning, I beheld him blacker than the wild waters dashing around us. I felt the warm blood gush forth upon my hands and arms from his mouth and nostrils, and he hung heavily upon me. Would the deed had not been done. Would I might have restored him ; but the good spirit came too late for his hope and for my peace. I shrunk from my victim. I withdrew my grasp—not so he. The paroxysm of death had confirmed the spasmodic hold, which, in the struggle, he had taken of my body. My victory was something worse than defeat. It was not merely death—it was the grave and its foul associations—its spectres and its worms, and they haunt me for ever.

We were supported by the buoyancy of the ocean alone, while under the violence of its dread excitements ; and I felt assured that the relaxation to repose of the elements, would carry us both down together. Vainly did I struggle to detach myself from his grasp. Freed from one hand, the other would suddenly clasp itself about my neck, with a tenacity only increased by every removal. His face was thrust close into mine—the eyes lit up by supernatural fires glaring in my own ; while the teeth, chattering in the furious winds, kept up a perpetual cry of death—death—death—until I was

mad—wild as the waters about me, and shrieking almost as loudly in concert with the storm. Fortunately, however, I had but little time for the contemplation of these terrors. The agony of long suspense was spared me. The storm was over. The spar on which I floated, no longer sustained by the continuous swell, settled, at length, heavily down in its pause, and without an effort, I sunk beneath the waters, the corpse of my companion changing its position, and riding rigidly upon my shoulders. Ten thousand ships had not sustained me under such a pressure. The waters went over me with a roar of triumph, and I felt, with Clarence, how “horrid ’twas to drown.” Even at that moment of dread and death, the memory of that vivid picture of the dramatist came to my senses, as I realised all its intensely fearful features in my own fate. What was that fate? The question was indeed difficult of solution, for I did not perish. I was not deprived of sense or feeling, though shut in from the blessed air, and pressed upon and surrounded by the rolling and yet turbulent waters. For leagues, apparently, could I behold the new domain in which I was now, perforce, a resident; the cold corpse still hanging loosely but firmly about my shoulders. I settled at length upon a rock of a broad surface, which in turn rested upon a fine gravelly bed of white sand. Shrinking and sheltering themselves in innumerable crevices of the rocks around me, from the violence of the storm that had raged above, I was enabled in a little time to behold the numberless varieties of the finny tribe that dwelt in the mighty seas. Many were the ferocious monsters by which I was sur-

rounded ; and from which I was only safe through the influence of their own terrors. There were huge serpents, lions, and tigers of the ocean. There roved the angry and ever hungry shark—his white teeth, showing like the finest saws, promising little pause in the banquet on his prey. There leapt the lively porpoise—there swam the sword-fish, and galloped the sea-horse. They were not long in their advances. I saw the sea-wolf prepare to spring—the shark darted like an arrow on my path, and, with a horror too deep for expression, I struck forth into the billows, and strove once more for the upper air. A blow, from what quarter I know not, struck the corpse from my shoulders, and was spent upon my head. My body was seized by a power, in whose grasp all vigour was gone, and every muscle relaxed.

On a sudden, the entire character of the scene was altered. My enemies assumed a new guiso and appearance, and in place of fish, and beast, and reptile, I perceived myself closely surrounded by a crowd of old and young ladies, busily employed with a dozen smelling bottles, which they vigorously and most industriously employed in application to my nostrils. Where was I ? Instead of a billowy dwelling in the sea, I was in possession of the large double family pew in the well-known meeting-house. I had never been to sea—had not killed my companion—was not drowned, and hope never to be ; but the whole affair was a vast effort of *diablerie*—a horrible phantasm of the *incubi*, got up by the foul fiend himself, and none other, for my especial exposure and mortification. The old ladies told me I had been

trying to swim in the pew ; the young ladies spoke of an endeavour to embrace the prettiest among them ; the gauntlike, however, most charitably, put it down to a spiritual influence ; as (*entre nous*) doubtless it was. So much for taking late dinners with a friend, drinking my two bottles of Madeira, and going to a night meeting, when I should have gone to bed.

THE BROKEN ARROW.

The execution of the brave but unfortunate, and perhaps deluded, Indian chief, Mackintosh, by his infuriated countrymen, is perhaps within the familiar recollection of most readers. The term "Broken Arrow," is here, in their own figurative modes of expression, made to apply to that warrior, from the fact, that a portion of his adherents came from the section of country, principally under his control, and which was generally known by the name of the Broken Arrow country. Mackintosh was the victim of a popular commotion. His influence with the people was beyond comparison or rivalry, and he presumed upon it to enter into a treaty disposing of the lands of his nation without the concurrent votes of his colleagues in power. A party of two or three hundred, led by Menawé, Mad Wolf, and other leading warriors, took the work of retribution summarily into their hands. They sought him out at his own residence in the neighbourhood of Coweta. The first intimation which he had of their attack, was their summons to surrender. Mackintosh was as fearless in battle as he was politic in council, and scorning any idea of flight, throwing on his hunting-shirt and weapons, he, at once, though with a perfect knowledge of his danger, made his appearance, and was about to address them. But his enemies knew the danger of such a permission too well

not to arrest it at the outset. His eloquence was prodigious, and its effect upon the people—upon a people of savages too, who are, more than any others, subject to its influence—was, of course, matter of apprehension and fear to the rival leaders, whose great object was his destruction. Before he could utter a sentence, therefore, he was shot through the head by Mad Wolf, a fierce warrior of considerable talent, who had called Mackintosh forth, and who, as he fired, told him to prepare to die by the law he had himself made and himself violated. The followers of Mackintosh, a considerable part of the nation, compelled to emigrate after this event to the west, are supposed to have joined in the dirge which follows.

A voice—a voice of wail. The forest rung
With a strange cry of sadness, and a song
Of sorrow mixt with triumph. There they come,
A thousand warriors of the uncultured wild,
Chiefs of the old domain—the solemn waste,
Deep woods and waters drear. They gather now,
To the performance of a solemn rite,
The parting from their homes—their fathers' homes,
The graves of the past ages. Yet, no tear,
Swells in that sad assemblage—sad, but stern—
'Twere vain and weak to mourn the destiny
That tears may not avail, nor plaints avert,
Nor moaning lighten. Yet a cause of woe,
Not deeper than their parting, yet most deep,
Rests in the midst before them. The brave chief,
The warrior, and the arrow of their tribe,
Swift, strong and terrible, to whom their hearts
Were given in homage, and whose eyes had been
Their guides and watchers, now, among them lies,
Cold and insensible. He will lead no more,

Their arms to battle. He will teach no more
Their thoughts in council. He will be no more
The father he has been. Well may they wail,
For broken is the arrow from their bow,
The mighty overthrown, that still o'erthrew,
And had no fear of the struggle. All is o'er,
And the last song of burial they must yield,
The song of death and glory to the brave.

Ye warriors who gather, the brave to deplore,
And repine for the chief ye shall witness no more,
Let the hatchet of fight still unburied remain,
Whilst we joy in the glory of him that is slain.

Unbounded in soul, as unfearing in fight,
Yet mild as the dove when untempted to smite—
In battle the tiger, in peace the young fawn,
Whose footstep scarce brushes the dew from the lawn.

Stood he not in the thick of the battle's array,
When their warm blood like rain o'er the smoking grass lay,
And the Seminole chiefs from his tomahawk fled,
While the best of their warriors before him lay dead?

And long did their women in deep sorrow mourn,
Looking forth for the braves who could never return—
For their scalps the full swell of his legs had embraced,
And his women had woven their teeth round his waist.

But vain were his triumphs, since now we deplore—
Our sorrow begins, for his battles are o'er—
His last song was heard on the hills by the day,
But at midnight its echoes had faded away.

Far down in the valley when evening was still,
We heard the deep voice of the wolf on the hill—
"And hark!" said the Arrow, when starting to go,
"Is not that the screech of Menawé, my foe.

"He comes not, the coward, to mingle in fight,
Whilst the red-god stands by and looks down with his light,
But in darkness, that emblems his bosom's own hue,
He sneaks to perform, what he trembles to do."

The chief took his rifle, and whetted his knife,
And went down to see where the wolf was at strife:
There came up a clamour of death to the hill,
And the echoes return'd it, and then all was still.

And the chieftain lay dead in his gore, but his hand
Still clung to his knife, tho' it stuck in the sand—
They dared not approach him, even dead as he lay,
And they bore not the scalp from his forehead away.

Let us fling not aside, since the arrow is lost,
The bow which we kept at such perilous cost—
We can fit a new shaft to its string, when afar,
And go with the Sioux and Dog-skin to war.

Farther west—farther west! where the buffalo roves,
And the red-deer is found in the valley he loves—
Our hearts shall be glad in the hunt once again,
'Till the whiteman shall seek for the lands that remain.

Farther west—farther west! where the sun, as he dies,
Still leaves a deep lustre abroad in the skies—
Where the hunter may roam, and his woman may rove,
And the whiteman not blight, what he cannot improve.

One song, to the home that we leave, of regret—
'Tis the song of a sorrow, but no eye is wet—
One song for the hills and the valleys, and one
For the arrow now broken, the nation undone.

Farther west—farther west! it is meet that we fly,
Where the red-deer will bound at the glance of an eye:
Yet slowly the song of our parting be sung,
For the arrow is broken, the bow is unstrung.

HAIGLAR.

A STORY OF THE CATAWBA.

" Yet shall the genius of the place
Reveal the story of their race ;
And Fancy, by tradition led,
Explore the river to its bed—
Each savage rock, each hill and dell,
Shall find its fitting chronicle."

The Catawbias, now a miserable tribe of some three hundred persons, occupying a territory of fifteen square miles, in the upper part of the state of South Carolina, was, at one period of American history, the most chivalrous of all the savage nations. To the warmth and courage of the southern character, they added all the capacity of endurance peculiar to the north; and among the Indians, bore a reputation, which, for their qualities, had no competitor among them. They were a lively, generous people, and fast friends and allies of the Carolinians when the infant white settlements were surrounded on all hands by deadly enemies. The Carolinians were not ungrateful, and have nothing with which to reproach themselves in their treatment of this people. They have been maintained in the state with a tolerance at once due to humanity and former service, and grateful to the now decaying but once powerful nation.

Many are the stories told of the Catawba, calculated to do them credit for valour, enterprise and generosity. The traditions, still preserved of them, are numerous, and sufficiently lively and interesting to keep them in memory. That they have not found their way into print must be attributed rather to the want of the novelist than the novel; rather to the deficiency of bard than subject. They relate a story, among others, of a young chief, who, though acknowledged to be brave and manly, had nevertheless for a long time failed to distinguish himself. His name was Haiglar. His nation was at war with the Shawnese, and the strife was waged with a deadly hostility between them; but Haiglar joined not in the fray. Party after party went forth upon the war-track, but Haiglar loitered behind among the smoke of the cabins; and engaged in no more perilous adventure than the bear-hunt. He joined neither in the toil of war nor the song of victory; and the field and the council and the dance alike failed to attract the spirit of the nimble-footed and strong-armed Haiglar. Still his courage was unquestioned. They had seen it too often tested beyond doubt or denial. They had beheld him in the fight. They had seen him win the spoils, and secure the honours of victory; and while they lamented his inaction they failed to discover the motive. The chief incentive to the Indian's valour being his personal glory, his feats have a selfish origin. This being the chief characteristic impulse among them, the patriotism of Haiglar was never arraigned; and perhaps, under no circumstances would have been, unless, indeed, the very existence of his nation was endangered.

This was not the case in the present instance, and Haiglar went not forth upon the war-track.

But where did Haiglar go? What course did he take when he bent his steps from the cabins at dawn, and with his hunting knife at his side, and armed only with his bow and well-filled quiver, entered into the forest, and returned not that day, or late at night, or after the lapse of many days. He brought home game most usually upon his shoulders when he did return, but that was no hard task for the well-known skill of the hunter; nor was it ever known in his more early years that his spirit was so over-fond of the pleasures of the chase, particularly when the glory of war was to be acquired. Let us follow his steps.

It was a bright day in early spring that the young hunter passed out of his clay cabin, and buckling his knife to his side, took his bow from the eaves of his humble dwelling, and passed out of the town, that still lay silent and in repose. He bent his way, seemingly without a care for concealment, yet cautiously and with a heedful regard to the slumbers of its inmates. He was soon behind the precincts of the village, and the forests thickened around him in their solitary yet seductive grandeur. Onward did he pursue his way, looking neither to the right nor the left; and though the sluggish turkey, roused from his slumbers by the approaching footfall, started up at his side, scarcely giving a glance at the affrighted and retreating bird. Sometimes a squirrel leaped from the tree before him to one more remote; and now the bleatings of the young fawn, just left by the doe, struck his ear, yet he turned not aside. His spirit seemed not to recognise

these interruptions; though, perhaps, his physical senses fully comprehended them. For an hour or more did he thus tread the mazes of the forest that thickened around him more deeply at every step; and in this travel had he, with the swift foot common to the Indian, proceeded many miles. He had penetrated into a choice secluded amphitheatre of nature, formed by large and umbrageous trees disposed in a circle, when he suddenly paused in his journey, as if it were at an end. And so it was. A shrill whistle brought him a companion, beautiful as a star, in the Indian imagination. A light and rather diminutive form emerged from the cover of the woods, in a direction opposite to that at which the young hunter had entered. Her step was free and ethereal. Her figure approached the delicacy of the white maiden when most delicate, and if the brown of her skin was darker, there was a southern glow and freshness upon it, and an eye shone above it with a lustre that amply redeemed the dusky loveliness of cheek and forehead. Her dress was primitive, but served to conceal a form of even more perfect symmetry than it is our lot usually to encounter in the walks of civilisation. She was, indeed, the beauty of her tribe; but this tribe was the Shawnee, the deadly foe to the nation of her lover.

This may account in part for the absence of Haiglar from the war-path of his people; yet only in part, for the father of Marramatté (that was the maiden's name) was rather an outskirter of the Shawnee, and in no good odour among them. He obeyed their laws, attended their council, joined them in the chase, sometimes in battle, but yet had little sympathy with them,

and they less confidence in him. To what causes this relationship was owing it is not over important we should know; it is enough that it was as we say, and that from the operation of causes but partially known even to his people, old Cuncestoga found it politic and proper to leave the usual shelter and clan-ship of the town of his tribe, and pitch his abode in the beautiful natural retreat in which we have found him. His wigwam was embowered still deeper in the recess of the amphitheatre, upon whose proscenium, if we may be permitted so to style it, Marramatté went forth at morning to meet the embraces of her lover.

We can readily imagine the difficulties placed, by this condition of the parties, in the way of the lovers. They could not form their union in the presence of their people. Haiglar could not take his bride to his own wigwam—nor call his children by his name, nor be head of his family with the daughter of one who fought with the war party of their enemy, and who rallied at the war-whoop of the subtle Shawnee. Nor, on the other hand, could the maiden take her lover into her father's wigwam, and break the mystic wand of union and perpetual love before him. The Catawba was as odious in the sight of the Shawnee, as the Shawnee in that of the Catawba. The barrier was impassable between them. Still, the embarrassment of the situation had its charm, and the mystery of their loves almost compensated for all other privations. She hung upon his bosom in the dim forest, and asked for no witnesses; and we question whether there would have been any addition to the happiness of Haiglar, from the belief that his whole tribe was looking down

upon his love. The selfishness—the jealous exclusiveness of their situation, was itself a luxury to them.

They had watchers however. Haiglar had not always gone to his place of assignation unobserved and unsuspected ; nor had the charms of Marramatté been without admirers. There was in her own tribe a youth, who without any positively bad, was yet unpossessed of any known good qualities. He was a tolerable warrior and a slightly personage. His valour and person, however, were not remarkable ; and the love which he proffered to Marramatté, with the sanction of Cunestoga, her father, had gone unregarded. He had not ceased to love altogether, but he had also learned to hate. In foregoing his professions, therefore, he did not forego his claims ; and if he did not as frequently show himself to the beauty, he contrived, nevertheless, to keep her most commonly in his sight. It was not long, therefore, before he discovered the amour of our lovers. He discovered, and his anger was doubly roused in finding in his rival the enemy of his nation. He more than once had raised the arrow to his eye for the destruction of Haiglar, but he feared to injure the girl, or he dreaded the dangers of an abortive attack, or he desired a moment, when, from circumstances, he might secure all advantages to himself, from the destruction of his foe.

The leaves rustled and there was no wind—not a breath of air, and the stir was sudden and momentary ; not continued, as when the turkey runs from his cover. The chief started upon his feet, while Marramatté sat upon the long grass, and looked up anxiously in his face.

"I hear sounds, my beloved; there are those upon my track who mean me no good:" and he leaned his ear to the ground, yet he heard nothing but the ripple of the rivulet. Still, with the native caution of the Indian, he tightened the belt at his waist, in which were stuck his knife and tomahawk. He threw the loop of the unfrayed sinews, which made his bowstring, over the elastic yew, and prepared for any interruption. He waited not long. Emerging at the same moment from the woods, at equal distances around him, he beheld the approach of a party of Shawnese, more than twenty in number, among whom the rejected lover of Marra-matté was conspicuous. He paused for a second, as if in hesitation, but seeing that they intercepted his course homewards, he sprang off for a hollow rock in an oblique direction, a few miles distant. The swiftness of foot, for which he was renowned, stood him in stead; and the light hunting dress of the Catawba gave him also great advantage. Thus fleeing, however, he kept up a running fight with his pursuers; and, by his aim, and skill, and swiftness, he contrived to slay seven of them before they were enabled to surround and take him. They carried him in sad triumph to their country. He had filled them with shame and grief; yet the proverbial respect for valour which the savage entertains, compelled the utmost respect and consideration for their captive. But this could not save him from his fate, and they condemned him to the fiery torture. With a wild parade they took him to the place of punishment, which lay near the banks of the Salutah river. He was unpinioned, for they had so beaten and maltreated him, and he had suffered so much from want of

food and the wooden stocks which had been placed upon him, that it would have argued pusillanimity in his captors to have shown apprehensions of his escape. But Haiglar was not the warrior to perish thus. His Indian education had taught him better; and while a Christian would most probably have resigned himself with prayers and tears to his fate, this brave warrior was thinking of his freedom. They approached the place of torment, and commenced their preparations. When most employed, however, with a sudden and powerful effort he dashed aside those who stood in his way, and plunging into the river, swam like an otter underneath the current, rising only to take breath. He soon made the opposite shore and ascended its banks. But he had no time for delay or hesitation. His enemies were on his heels, running every way in pursuit of him, and discharging their poisoned arrows. The heart of the Catawba never yet failed him. He replied to their cries by shouting the war-whoop of his tribe; and cheerily urging his way, without pause or misgiving, he soon took the lead of his pursuers. But the Indian does not readily give up the pursuit, and it was now a point of honour which deeply interested their pride, to punish the Catawba who had worked them such injury, and had so eluded their vigilance. They pursued him all day—till night. Five of them were in advance of their fellows, and at midnight they paused in a small hollow of the woods for slumber and refreshment. The Catawba, knowing his speed, took his ease, and knew more of his pursuers than they of him. He felt the pursuit relaxed, and was anxious to ascertain the cause. He began to retrace his steps, and

came within sight of their encampment. He beheld their repast, and watched them sink down to repose ; and hunger—a wolfish hunger, and revenge, and the pride and passion of his nation came upon him, and he bent his way down from the jungle where he had been concealed, and placed his feet firmly among his enemies.

They were all in deep sleep around him. Fatigue had drawn largely for repose upon their senses, and they fell easy victims to the fury of the famishing Catawba, with their own tomahawks, for they had taken away his arms. He destroyed them all. He stripped them of their scalps, selected arms for himself, and partook, till refreshed, of the dried meats and parched grain which had been left from their repast. He had still a large distance to travel, for they had taken him to the bosom of their tribe ; so, setting off afresh, he pursued his way to his own nation in a sort of running march, resting by nights against a tree, and employing every moment of the daylight in his perilous journey. The residue of his pursuers, coming up to the place where he had slain the five, in terror gave up the pursuit. They set him down as a wizard, and concluded it wise to have nothing further to do with him.

At length the old scenes came up before the eye of the warrior. Here was the hill and here the grove, and at the turn of the next coppice, and beyond the next elevated ground, he would come upon the wigwam of his beloved Marramatté. He knew the strong heart of the Indian maiden, accustomed to a life of peril ; yet he felt that the grief of his beloved was not of easy relief, and his steps grew more cautious, and his heart throbbed more quickly, as he approached her

habitation. He entered the deep forest with light foot-step. He trod in the bed of the running water, and on the short grass, and paused every now and then to see that all was safe in his path. Thus did he come at length to the small inner grove that sheltered the habitation; and timely was his arrival, for the savage chief whom Marramatté had rejected, stood before her in insolent triumph, and her father lay bound and bleeding at his feet. One of his creatures stood at his side, ready to obey his bidding, and keeping close watch above the body of the old man, who lay silent and uncomplaining, though in pain and not speechless. The girl pleaded for the life of her father, whom Onamatchee brutally threatened, except upon the condition which she as firmly continued to withhold. At length he raised his uplifted tomahawk, and placed his heel upon the bosom of Cunestoga. The girl threw herself upon the body, and raised her uplifted arms in its defence. The hatchet was, in fact, descending, when a swifter arm than his, anticipated the blow by another, and the skull of Onamatchee was cloven by the tomahawk of his rival. In a moment the grasp of the avenging Haiglar was upon the surviving Indian, who, with sullen ferocity, avoiding his own defence, buried his knife in the bosom of the old man at the very instant that Haiglar's entered his own. And now the young warrior forbore not the conflict with the Shawnee. He went not now into the dim forest on the trail of turkeys, but a young maiden sat singing on his wigwam floor, through the long day, of the swift foot, and the strong arm, and the brave true heart of her own Haiglar, the young king of the Catawba.

THE MENTAL PRISM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What strange creatures of the element are we! How sadly dependent upon the adverse influences of sunshine and shadow; how curiously moulded to receive and obey their impressions, and follow the tendencies they so imperatively prescribe. In the one we luxuriate with a champaigne exhilarance, that has something little short of madness in it. The other, on the contrary, tramples us down into a feverish morbidity and gloom, that renders it a matter of little difficulty to establish the some time propriety and utility of suicide. A zephyr from the south woos us blandishingly into the arms and endearments of summer; while a little after, a rugged northeaster compels us to wrap up in a hundred weight of "fearnought," or shrink sullenly and savagely into a dark chamber, over a coal fire, with a dense and unwholesome vapour stifling and strangling all the choicest and generous spiritings of our more natural impulses. The clouds gather about and overspread us, and we slink, tiger-like, into our dens and deserts, from whence, with the ready elasticity of the lizard, upon the first glimmer and glance of the sunlight, we rush forth in thousands to bask in his beams.

It is not so much a need of the body as a requirement of the mind, which compels us to recognise and obey these opposite influences. By their several and

successive exercises, a happy and healthy temperament is provoked and brought about, each influence acting upon and modifying the other. Nevertheless, the thousand love the sunshine, to the one who seeks the shade; and in this they duly defer to the great principle which regulates nature. The mind has, in all cases, a tendency to light. The eye looks and longs for the daylight, as devotedly as the lover for his mistress, or the imprisoned bird for the freedom of the blue air and high dominion; and yet how differently do men esteem it! No two look upon the elements alike. Your sun is by no means mine. Your shade is cold and repulsive to me. The stream in which you bathe with delicious delight has a freezing complexion; and the long rambles which you take by moonlight are my utter aversion. Let us illustrate the case by a dialogue, which came to my ears a few days back, when you were declaiming poetry to your looking-glass, in the back parlour, and I was enjoying a lunch and bottle in the refectory. The parties were our two friends, Walsten and Mordaunt; the antipodes, as you well know, of each other. Walsten begins, prefacing his remark with a pinch of snuff, the sternutatory operation of which, for twenty minutes, appeared to derange and disorganise his very system of vitality.

Walsten. How beautiful, Mordaunt, is the nature around us. How cheering is the sunshine. How enlivening its gracious influence. The stir of the day, the buzzing confusion and lively hum of life and employment, are grateful indications of its presence. We go abroad and bask in it, in all our colours of rejoicing; and with its generous influence thousands of the light-

hearted and the gay are gathering about us. The clouds are all dispersed, the rains are over, the atmosphere of gloom and chillness has made way for a more benign and invigorating freshness and warmth; and innocence and beauty and youth acknowledge, by a hearty unanimity of smiles, the pure and pleasant feeling of cheerfulness and joy, which its presence not less indicates than inspires. Nor does it come alone to the gay and the light-hearted. To the sad and the sick, to the old and infirm, it carries a welcoming and reviving grace. No bars may shut it out. The prisoner feels it in his dungeon, the slave glows with it in his chains. It descends upon the bosom of the labourer, and his heart leaps more lightly in his, than in the bosom of the monarch, wielding the destinies of a thousand thrones. No earth is denied its presence, and every water is gladdened with its beams. In the deepest wilds of North America, shooting up the mighty and far-stretching Mississippi, in his overburdened pirogue, the bold hunter beholds with rapture its coming splendours, darting through the thick foliage above him, cheering his spirit and directing his prow. The wanderer in the desert and upon the ocean; the pilgrim, whose feet are wounded by sad travail among the sharp rocks; the exile, with no eye to mark his progress, and no heart to sympathise with his fortunes, gathers from its beaming promise, the countenance of an ever-watchful and presiding God. He feels, too, that the same beam that warms the wayfarer in the wilderness, blesses the cottage of his boyhood; his heart goes back with it to all his distant affections, and the warmth of that imaginary association gives him renewed courage to pursue his way.

Mordaunt. How tedious and untrue are all these raptures. The sunshine is very good in its way, perhaps, but I do not like it, and you give but one view of its influence. You forget to speak of the miasma which it calls up, fatal to human life and happiness, from fen and forest. You say nothing of its burning heats, which invariably give me headach, and frequently fever. You overlook entirely the thousand plagues which it engenders during its summer reign; its flies and its insects, that buz in your eyes, and fill your throat, and dip their filthy wings and legs in the very dainties you so much delight in.

Walsten. You are an incorrigible monster: nothing gives you pleasure. You quarrel with every thing and every body. Does not the wine-cup sometimes offend you?

Mordaunt. Yes, when it has a spider in it. If I look upon things gloomily, Walsten, and distrust the semblance of life more frequently than yourself, it is because my experience is something more than your own. You are for ever describing nature as a rosy-checked girl, decked out in her bridal habiliments, and panting with scarcely repressed anticipations at the altar. To me she appears a stale and cunning old maid, bedizzened with paint, concealing her yellow complexion—not to speak of the thousand wrinkles that mark her face—and with artificial roses in her no less artificial locks. She is, doubtless, as highly delighted as yourself with a garb and decorations so holiday-like, yet they have been turned and trimmed ten thousand times already for as many persons. The green garment she wore, just so festooned and perfumed, coloured and worshipped, even

before the time of Deucalion. For centuries her larders and liquors, her fruits and flowers, have been furnished from the table of death; and the colours of which her cheeks are made have been ground from the decay of her own children, from whose dust comes her dazzle, from whose bones emerge her beauties. How know we in what company we are now walking? May not this wide arena, spreading and circling us about, be the sepulchral dwelling-place of your ancestors and mine? May not the same winds which bear us the fragrance of yonder lindens, be impregnated with the ashes of Arminius? Do you not feel it even now in your nostrils? Yon rivulet, from which you are perpetually quaffing, with a delight to me unaccountable, may have concealed and rotting at the bottom the bones of your great-grandmother or mine. It matters not which, there is perhaps but little choice now between them. The soul which spoke a philosophy you hold so fine in the skull of Socrates, the spirit that prompted the fine visions of Plato, may even now give life to yon reeling follower of Sardanapalus. The transition, be assured, is not great, from the high and dreamy morality of the one to the voluptuous theory which taught the abuse of the present hour in apprehension of its loss. Is the picture a comic one, that your laughter grows irrepressible? I see nothing to occasion merriment.

Walsten. Pardon me, Mordaunt, but I do. Your phiz and philosophy alike are irresistibly comic, and suggest some farther speculations in a corresponding humour. How, if our bodies, according to the notion you entertain of the soul, should undertake, in a like manner, to wander through an infinity of ages? What, if

after death, they are compelled to continue the same functions, though perhaps in a different form and figure, as when under the guidance and direction of a soul?

Mordaunt. What draw you from your proposition? I am not quick-witted, you are aware; you must provide me with steps to your problems.

Walsten. Do you hear the melody of the bird which sings over us. It is not a melody, perhaps, in your ears, but you hear it?

Mordaunt. I do; it has been croaking in concert with yourself for the last half hour, and with as little method.

Walsten. May she not have arisen from the urn of Tibullus, whose song was as loving as hers? Having won his spirit, she deserts his tomb, and repeats the tender melodies, which he taught in life to humanity. Perhaps a Pindar soars triumphantly, in the form of yon towering eagle, to the communion of the blue heavens. Some atom of the rose-lipped Anacreon may prompt the wanton zephyr, which so audaciously stirs the ringlets of yon bright-eyed damsel; and to be more minute, for your satisfaction, who knows that the bodies of extravagant lovers are not now flying in subtle flakes of hair-powder, through the locks of their surviving mistresses? Will you pretend to say, having your theory seriously at heart, that the doubly-dried bones of the dead usurer are not now chained down in the rust of a hundred years over the money-chests he so loved in life, and yet left, unenjoyed, behind him? Nor should this species of retributive justice be withheld from all other kinds of offenders. Would it indicate an inappropriateness of justice, were the bodies of those in life afflicted with that worst madness of all, the *cacoethes scri-*

bendi, transmuted into types, and woven into goodly realms of foolscap, groaning for ever under the printing-press, which they so often made to groan in eternalising, along with their own, the nonsense of their successors? To deal further in these analogies, my dear Mordaunt, would be to find you, some hundred years hence, wailing with the melancholy whippoorwill, in the seclusion of an American forest.

Mordaunt. Will you never be serious, Walsten; not even in your examination of the mysteries of truth and nature? How do you propose to make your discoveries, with your intellect perpetually convulsed with laughter?

Walsten. True; in such a situation and mood, I should do little towards the attainment of knowledge; but, with as much reason, may I ask what shall be the extent of your progress in the same labour, if your eyes are perpetually obscured with tears?

Mordaunt. Your philosophy is a strange one, indeed, if the nature of things, and the existence of truth, which should be immutable, is susceptible to such influences as spring from the sad or merry heart or countenance? Shall wisdom become a pawnbroker, and accommodate her stores to the necessities or the humours of her neighbours? At this rate, a jaded stomach will destroy a people, a pampered appetite overturn a dynasty; a glass of wine give immortality and adoration to a gang of highwaymen. If, in our pursuit of philosophy, so much depends upon our humours, I shall be glad to know in what humour do you propose to set out in your search after truth? For my part, I am at a loss to see in what respects the gloom of my habit unfits me

any more than the mirth of yours to undertake the search.

Walsten. Not less, perhaps : the extremes touch, but at points equally foreign from the proposed object. They are both, perhaps, equally unfit, inasmuch as they give their complexion to, and necessarily alter that of the objects they survey. We see through a false medium, and see nothing rightly. The glass is dark with you and dazzling with me, and both of us are blind in consequence. If, however, yours be the preferable mood for the search after truth and the acquirement of wisdom, I should prefer to be perpetually at fault. I would not willingly be wise, or even happy, on such conditions.

Mordaunt. Happy ! that is another of the slang words which, without any definite signification, the herd of public teachers and common hearers so commonly employ. Pray, what do you mean by happiness, and by what process do you propose to attain it ? Labour, you say, is the condition of life ; wisdom its purpose or mean, and happiness its reward. Miserable delusion ; superstition worse than Egyptian ; calf worship, bull worship, snake worship ! You see momentarily, thousands and thousands of men and women spreading their gala sails on the summer day and sea in the silly pursuit. Happiness dwells, say they, a queenly beauty, on that bright and blessed island. There they go, fleet after fleet, whirling in the unavoidable and necessary circle ; coming back for ever to the point from which they departed, or battered to pieces on rocks and quicksands. Of the survivors of the gang, in reference to their destination, and its attainment, you may well exclaim, *apparent rari nantes in gurgite*

vasto. You see them, after a long and fruitless labour, swimming to the shore with difficulty, or carried down the stream to the unreturning floods of eternity. This is the pursuit of happiness, and these are they, poor adventurers, that worship and seek for the coy divinity, whose existence is in their diseased and morbidly foolish fancies alone.

Walsten. You describe truly the pursuits of the erring, and I am not ready to deny that such are the majority of mankind, since the sole aim of life is to learn how to live.

Mordaunt. 'To die, rather.

Walsten. Well, to die, if you prefer it. But it does not follow because men take the wrong road to the temple, that it does not therefore exist. To this the lawyers would unhesitatingly say, *non sequitur*. But, before giving you my idea of the what and whereabouts of happiness, permit me to ask, even if these mariners fail in reaching their port, has the voyage itself no beneficial results, no advantages?

Mordaunt. None that I see—unless, perhaps, you refer to the pleasures of viewing what small poets and painters call a fine landscape, in the teeth of storms, and seas, and shipwrecks, and death. If such a prospect sufficiently compensates to your mind, the privations, perils, and perplexities that come with it, I am free to say your notion of human happiness and mine—if I have any—most essentially differ.

Walsten. They certainly do. The pursuit has something in it, as it relieves that monotony of existence which necessarily comes with a life, such as yours, passed without risk or excitement; and, if the adven-

turers do miss the main end of their embarkation, they occasionally make out to acquire something which, in part, rewards them. All the views of men are generally extravagant; and they perhaps do well, in the way of trade—putting it on the most business footing we can—if their returns for their adventures reach to one half the amount of their proposed profits. Shall I, my friend, failing to find the rose of my search, reject the violet which offers itself to my hand? Shall I quarrel with the choicest airs of May, because a thunder-cloud sometimes conflicts with them? The day is beautiful now, but to-morrow it may be stormy. Shall I brood over the contingency in gloomy anticipations, while I utterly disregard the pleasure in my grasp?

Mordaunt. Pleasure again. Can you never speak without the employment of words having no definite idea? But you promised me a definition of what people mean by the phrase happiness. I would see what is the stuff out of which you propose to make it.

Walsten. I promised you my notion, and not that of any body else. That I am willing to bestow upon you, in the hope of its doing something to make you more contented with your neighbour and yourself.

Mordaunt. You are charitable, at least, and I cannot do less than pay all attention. Proceed.

Walsten. The leading error, then, in my mind, under which the great human mass appear to labour, in the search after and desire for happiness, is the proposing to themselves the pursuit of some one single object. At the commencement of life most men set out with this distinct proposition in view. They choose some prominent and select road—aim at some individual

goal and object—perhaps difficult of access, and the attainment of which only proves the real object of desire, as far off and utterly unapproachable as ever.

Mordaunt. This is what I have always said. In what do you propose to amend the error of the herd?—where lies the difficulty—the mistake—with them?

Walsten. The mistake lies in the proposition itself, since no single pursuit in life can be carried on, unmet by controlling and counteracting circumstances, which invariably thwart and divert from the course; and in the end compel us to leave it. Of course, you know, that human happiness, under such influences, must be of a nature subject to many qualifications—since hope, one of the prime incentives to human impulse, presupposes a certain discontent with the present condition, and a desire for its change, in one or many respects—a feeling directly adverse to that Arcadian felicity and undisturbed content, which forms, in the beau ideal of the poets, the state and quality of genuine happiness. It is not of this condition that I would speak. The happiness of man, such as he should seek in this life, is a state of hopes and cravings, as free from contingencies as they can be made consistently with his own and the nature of things around him. Such a state, it appears to me, is rather the consequence of a successful and harmonious combination of circumstances, than the overcoming of any one difficulty, or the successful search after and attainment of any given end or object. The attainment of such a temper of content, as without rejecting the presence of an active and unsleeping hope, at least takes from it all unreasonable and exaggerated elevation of aim; and, if not of easy attainment, is, at

least, not likely, in the event of defeat, to leave the mind in a state of morbid and diseased prostration. Such a mood can only arise in the mind by a careful economy of the affections and the emotions : a close consideration of what is worthy of, and available in, pursuit. Indeed, it is in happiness as in money making—you must take care of the sixpences if you want to have control over and to make use of the pounds. Proposing a moderate aim, and we are neither so liable to overthrow, nor apt to feel it so sensibly. The life of the child is made up of the momentary and occasional pursuit of trifles ; and his enjoyments—I may say his happiness—for the time, depend entirely upon his success in their pursuit. Then, if we analyse them closely, we are but children of a larger growth, and more advanced period, and call for toys, simply increased in proportion to ourselves ; and, I take it, that a close and economical attention to the little things of being, would be far more likely to result in the due attainment of the object of desire, than any single plan which the mind may propose,—and for a very obvious reason—the man who has spent twenty years of his life in the pursuit of one road to happiness, is very apt, when he discovers himself in a desert, and the delusive *oasis* retreating from his eyes as remotely far as ever, to lie down despondingly and die. He despairs of success—he dreads to retrace his steps—indeed he cannot—and, if he diverges into other paths, he only involves himself in intricacies which baffle him at last, and do not alter the destiny, so liable to overthrow, which he himself had chosen. There is a way to avoid all this. The path is a safer one by far ; and, though it may lead to

no visionary condition of life, the attainment of which would subtract all the charms from heaven itself, at least it can result in no dreadful and soul-mastering disappointments and defects. We should be careful to make every thing—the humblest in nature—minister to the felicity of the moment. If the beauty and scent of this flower gratifies, for a moment, a solitary sense, why should I trample it unenjoyed under my foot? If yon purple-coated cloud wins my eye and kindles my fancy, let me survey it. Does the breeze come about me with a sense of freshness, I throw open my vest to its embraces. I reject nothing that soothes the excited pulse—that cheers the wandering hope—that invigorates the saddened spirit. So, with an eye to the employment, in the negative of a corresponding doctrine, I avoid all contact and communion with those things which are like to become offensive to me. I avoid the thorn which wounds—the storm which terrifies—the gloom which palls. Nor, do I rest here. I would gather up carefully, and regulate, my own emotions. I would set a high value upon them, far beyond the market standard of the mass. I would lock them up as I would a treasure, which, in the long winter nights, with the bright fire blazing before me, and a glad circle gathered round, I would count over and contemplate. My heart should be a capacious granary, in which I would garner up all the impulses—the humblest and wildest wanderings of all my senses. The great mass of men neglect all these, and regard them as the merest trifles. They aim at the attainment of the mountain, overlooking entirely the atoms of which it may be made. They set forth, unfortunately, with some very brilliant and inviting illusion before them ;

and, when upon their approach it vanishes, they come to the conclusion, as you have done, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, and that the object is no where to be found ; when, as is most generally the case, their ill success is entirely attributable to their own idle, extravagant conceptions and misdirected exertions.

Mordaunt. This is speculation and conjecture, not philosophy. The experience of the world itself, not less than my own, is decidedly against you. For the single grain of enjoyment that falls among rocks and in barren places, there spring up, luxuriantly, a thousand bitter plants of grief and vexation. For the smile of joy, the human eye articulates a thousand sorrows. Do groups of the living gather around us—myriads of the once living are crowded beneath us. The dancer whirls along in gladness, while the worm perishes under his feet. “PAST—PAST,” is written upon all things which meet my eye, and mingle in with my spirit. A requiem and a wail of death comes to me in every breeze,

Walsten. Incorrigible Mordaunt ! will nothing bring you to reason ? Would you not smile and rejoice, when I say to you, that beneath the sheltering branches of this linden I embraced for the first time my beloved Constance ?

Mordaunt. *Walsten, Walsten,* under this very tree, the wife of my heart lies buried !

So much, we may add, for human philosophy. Is not the very name of it, gentle reader, a grievous yet laughable absurdity ? The very *ne plus ultra* of human knowledge is found in the text ; all that we know is, nothing do we know !

THE RED-CROSS KNIGHT.

"Come, cross my hand with the silver white,
Fair youth, and I will bring,
From the future's realm of hidden night,
The secret, the unknown thing—
For mine's a wild and a wondrous art,
And I've a fearful power,
I know the springs of the silent heart,
And I search the coming hour."

He cross'd her hand and her deep black eye,
Was fixed upon his own,
And in her face was a majesty,
And in every look a tone.
The colour has fled from his cheek but now!
And his look is wild and his heart beats low.
"Fond hopes," she said, and her brow grew sad,
"Vain dreams now fill thine eye,
And thy breast is lit with many a glad
Rich thought of ecstasy.
I mark a changing streak of red,
Upon thy cheek, that now,
Even as I speak the word, has fled
To crimson o'er thy brow.—
'Tis the mark of a deadly passion traced,
So deep that it will be,
A weary time ere age-effaced,
That token shall fly from thee.
I mark the curling lip of pride,
I mark the eye of scorn,
I see hopes seen by none beside,
Defeated and forlorn.

And in my spirit's prophecy,
I tell thee, fair youth, beware,
For thy hope shall bring no joy to thee,
And thy joy shall awaken care."

"Nay tell me not of a thing so dark,
But from thy skill unfold,
The evil that comes, with a certain mark,
That its strength may be controll'd."

"Twere all in vain to tell thee when
The passionate pang will rise,
For it blinds the eyes of mortal men,
And they may not then be wise;
But this I may say, for before my sight,
Much of the future stands in light."

"Speak on what thou see'st, I cannot fear.
Give the dark truth to my eager ear."

"I see a light within a bow'r,
I see a bark at sea,—
From the one thou bear'st a blushing flow'r,
Which the other bears from thee.
I see thee fly to distant lands,
And many there are who bow,
But none may do thy fierce commands,
And bring what thou lovest now.
And thou wilt wander wan and wild,
The light of thy reason almost gone,
Now helpless as the unweaned child,
Now desolate and lone.
And thou wilt call and none will hear,
Tho' often times a sound,
Like music that's fled will reach thine ear,
And thou wilt look around.
Yet even thy wild and wanton eye,
That sees what may not be,

Will fail, though much it may espy,
That single thing to see.

“ And now the bower again is bright,
And the one more lovely still,
Within that bower, by evening's light
Awaits till the night grows chill.
The bark is waiting by the sea,
And the idly flapping sail,
Seems, for its stay, reproaching thee
As it tempts the fresh'ning gale.
The morrow dawns and thou art gone,
The slave of thy passions then,
But thou'lt return alone, alone,—
And we—shall meet again ?”

“ Nay, more, nay more,” the young knight cried,
But the maid was gone, that, by his side,
Had muttered the perilous tale of time,
Of many a sorrow and many a crime.
But the tale in after days was sooth,
For much the young knight learnt of truth,
And thus he sung, as he left the maid,
To go with the king on the far crusade—

“ Tis the red-cross that is streaming
O'er the thousands of the brave,
Who, of victory now dreaming,
Are about to cross the wave—
But the glory shines in seeming,
And they go but to the grave !

“ Oh ! Europe, in thy story,
I do not care to shine—
Tis not in search of glory,
That I leave this land of thine—
And in the savage foray,
Be that early fortune mine.

" 'Tis not for me benighted,
By hopes for ever vain
To pine, with feelings blighted,
Beneath a woman's chain—
From all thus disunited,
Maddelle, I'm free again.

" Thus do I proudly sever,
The bonds that would enslave,
I break the spell for ever,
Though I break them in the grave—
The Red-cross Knight must never,
Be a fickle woman's slave."

But the fate of the young knight foster'd well ;—
He stood the shock of the Infidel—
But a trial more sad in the loss of fame,
In the future hours upon him came ;
And the gipsy girl stood by his castle strong,
And the gloomy Almys thus heard her song.

" Thy sunny hours are o'er,
Thy glories are no more,
And the majesty and power have departed from thy brow ;—
Of the crowds that to thee knelt,
Of the few that with thee felt,
There is not one remaining to give thee welcome now.

A stranger in thy halls,
The dark shadow on thy walls,
Is the only sole companion that thy fortune leaves to thee ;—
No vassal comes to wait,
In the absence of thy state,
And the hollow chambers give thee back thy footsteps dimly.

But thy heart's unshrinking pride,
Though the rabble may deride,
And thy undiminished spirit, is within thee as of yore,

When in thy young renown,
Thou hast struck the foeman down,
And the hero fled before thy stroke who never fled before.

Oh, then thy name was high,
And when lofty dames were nigh,
And the bright saloon re-echoed to the gentle and the fair,
Did prophetic fortune come,
To portray the future doom,
And show thy haughty spirit all, the sad reverse so near.

Now, no saloon is bright,
In the revelry of night—
No minstrel sounds the welcome for the beautiful and brave;
Thy purple robe is worn,
And thy nodding plume is torn,
And soiled and trodden in the dust the scarf that beauty gave.

Thy banner waves no more,
Thy victories are o'er,
And the lips that bless'd thee once do not whisper now thy name.
And perished is the thought,
Of all thy arm has wrought,
And tarnish'd by the mean and base thy well-won wreath of fame.

But the loss of fame is nought,
To thy bosom's deeper thought,
And the only word of misery which thou hast uttered yet,
Is, that with thy name of pride,
All affections too have died,
And the maid that pledged so much to thee, should also all forget.

In thy anguish thou hast rung,
The dread secret from thy tongue,
And the hollow chambers give thee back the false one's name once
more;
Thou hast left the gloomy hall,
Thou art on the hanging wall,
God of mercy, yield thee grace, for thy earthly time is o'er."

MISSOURI,

THE CAPTIVE OF THE PAWNEE.

" A token from the spirit land—
 A hallowed gift from fairy hand ;
 A withered leaf, a flower whose stem,
 Thus broke, we liken unto them.
 A rainbow hue, that now appears,
 Then melts away, like hope, in tears."

The Pawnees and the Omahas were neighbouring nations, and perpetually at war with one another. A deadly hostility, increased by every contest, existed between them ; and it became evident that no cessation of war could be hoped for, from the inextinguishable hatred of either people, unless in the total annihilation of one or the other, or, more probably of both. They were equally numerous, equally brave, equally cunning and cautious ; equally matched, indeed, in almost every respect. The advantage obtained by either side, was most generally trifling, and the victor had but little to boast. Sheer exhaustion, and the necessity of a breathing spell alone, sometimes interposed to give them " a task of peace," and, in a pause from hostility, to allow them to rebuild their broken lodges, and provide materials for sustenance and war. The original causes of this vindictive spirit might not well be ascertained at the date of our story, so remote had been its origin. Antiquity had, in some degree, to each generation con-

secrated the strife, and given it sanctity ; and one of the first lessons taught, accordingly, to the Pawnee and Omaha boy, was to learn how to strike and scalp and circumvent the national enemy, and transmit the same vindictive lesson to his descendants in turn.

Such was the condition of things at the period of which we speak. The autumn campaign was about to be begun, and the Pawnee-loups, before setting out upon the war path, held a solemn feast and council, in order to determine upon the most advisable plans, and to obtain the sanction of the Great Spirit, as ascertained by his priests. It is useless to dwell, even for a moment, upon the many horrid rites which attended and characterised this festival. The American reader, with few exceptions, is familiar with the long details of that barbarous mummerly, in which, on these occasions, the savages indulge ; without any seeming meaning, and scarcely with any regular design in view. It is enough to say, that on this event, nothing was omitted from the festival, at all calculated, in the mind of the savage, to give it an air of the most imposing solemnity. The priests divined and predicted general success—taking care, however, as in the case of most other prophets, to speak in language sufficiently vague to allow of its adaptation to any circumstances—or resting solely on those safe predictions, which commonly bring about their own verification. They did not, however, confine themselves to prophesying the event of the war—they counselled the course to be pursued, and the plans to be adopted, and, with too dictatorial a manner to be resisted or rejected. Among other of their predictions, they declared that victory should now rest with that

nation who took and put to death the first prisoner by the fire torment—a favourite punishment with the Indians, as affording a trial of the courage and firmness of the captive. Such a prediction as this, though seemingly barbarous and cruel, was in reality of a tendency highly merciful, and more than any other measure calculated to arrest the wanton fury of warfare, which is so much the characteristic of the savage. All unnecessary risk was avoided; and the object now, with the Pawnees, was how to obtain a captive from the enemy, without endangering the freedom of their own people. The subtlety of the Indian, notoriously great, was not long wanting in a stratagem to bring about its object. They effected their designs, and procured their captive without loss or exposure to themselves.

The Omahas were not unconscious or unadvised of the goings on of their enemies. They too had their grand council, and made their preparations for the autumn war path. Their warriors had assembled at different points, and both nations, about the same moment, had sallied forth from their lodges. It was not the intention of the Pawnees to proceed to extremities at the outset. With a degree of caution, which, to them, was highly unusual, and which awakened the surprise of their opponents, they contented themselves with patrolling their towns and villages, making no overtures of combat, and seemingly bent only on defending their country from attack. In vain, provoked beyond all patience by this shyness, did the young braves of the Omahas sally forth in sight of the watchful Pawnees; daring them to combat, assailing them with all manner of reproachful taunt, and denouncing them as mere

women, and degenerate from their ancestors. Though feeling all this sorely, and scarcely able to command the natural temper of the nation, the Pawnees still contrived to be quiet in the meanwhile, blindly relying on the prediction of their priests, and satisfied that success alone lay in the counsels which they had given them.

The Omaha village was one of the most beautiful that can be imagined, in the verge and limit of a southern country, which boasts an almost perpetual spring. Their principal settlement was upon a small island, embosomed in a broad and glassy lake, which empties into the river Platte. There was no approach to it but by boats, and no invader could make his appearance within gunshot, without being at once perceptible from all parts of the secluded and quiet island. There every thing wore the smooth and soothing features of a perpetual summer. The flowers were lengthened in life and strengthened with odour, and the breeze, from the broad prairies, in crossing over the little lake, lost all its sharpness and rigour, and retained only its balm and sweetness.

The secluded character of this situation—its remoteness from the enemies' country, and the great and unalloyed security, which, in all their wars, it had heretofore enjoyed, had served to make the Omahas relax somewhat in the vigilance, with which, at one time, they had been accustomed to guard and watch over so exquisite a spot. But a few warriors, principally infirm, remained on the island; the residue being either out on the war path, or engaged in the sports of the chase—it being the custom, arising from the necessity of the thing, thus to employ one portion of the people

in procuring, and another in defending, the sustenance and provisions of their community. If the cunning Pawnees did not exactly know of this fact, they at least suspected it; and while the great body of their warriors contrived to keep in check, and exercise the unconscious Omahas, a small, but selected band, had been despatched by a circuitous route, with the daring intention of making a descent upon the defenceless village, and taking a captive, no matter of what sex or condition, in order to secure for their nation the full benefit of the prediction of their prophets.

There was among the Omaha warriors, a youth, scarcely attained to manhood, than whom a braver or more daring man the nation did not possess. Though young, he had been often engaged in conflict, and had acquired a name among his tribe, which placed him among the foremost in war, and won for him the respect of the most aged in the solemn deliberations of the council. Brave though he was, however, and stern and terrible among his enemies, the young Enemoya was not insensible to the tender passion. He had already told his love to the gentle Missouri, the loveliest and liveliest maiden of his tribe, and upon his return from the present expedition, she was to leave her own and take up her abode in the lodge of Enemoya.

Many were the thoughts of Enemoya—while, day after day, he watched, without any prospect of action, the motions of the Pawnees—on the subject of his love, and of the hour of his return. Of the spoils, which he would bear home as a trophy of his victory, and a pledge of his affections, and of the happiness which would make all his life before him, like the flower of

the prairie, that expands its leaves during the day for the reception of the sunshine, which at evening it shuts up nor allows to escape. He dreamt, as the young heart always dreams when love is the subject ; and in his dreamings he grew impatient of the war, which kept him from the maid of his bosom, and gave him no spoils to take home to her. Finding it impossible to provoke a fight, the Omahas began to direct their attention to the sports of the forest, and contenting themselves with throwing, in the manner of their enemies, a line of observation and guard between the assailable points of their country, and the usual war paths of the Pawnees ; the one half of them set seriously to work, to add to the stock of venison which was to supply their nation. Not so with Enemoya. Denied to come to battle with his enemies, he forbore to join in the chase, but taking his arms along with him, he stole away from his associates, and took the path back to the little island and the beautiful Missouri. To the light-footed warrior, pursuing the direct course, the journey was not long in consummation ; and in the course of a few days, we find him on the borders of the placid lake, which lay, like a slumbering and glad spirit, unmoved and untroubled before him. He paused but for an instant, to take from the branch on which it hung, the clear and yellow gourd, and to drink from the sweet waters ; then stepping into the light "dug-out," or canoe, which stood ready on its margin, he struck out the paddle alternately upon either side, and it shot rapidly towards the island. Enemoya did not remark any peculiarity in the village while crossing ; for his mind was filled with that dreamy contemplation, which, directed only to, and

absorbed in but one subject, effectually excluded and shut out every other ; but as he approached, and when his bark struck the smooth and silvery beach, he became conscious of an unusual degree of quietude and gloom, for which he knew not how to account. There were but few persons to be seen, and their looks were downcast, and grave in the extreme, and indicative of some terrible disaster. He soon learned the worst from those he encountered. The Pawnees, in a strong body, had unexpectedly made a descent upon them, and after putting to death the few who continued to resist, had borne off as captives, several of their maidens, among whom the horror-stricken Enemoya heard the name of his Missouri. After a moment of stupid desolation, he rushed to the point of land whence the descent was made, hurriedly enquired into its several particulars, learned the course taken by the ravishers, and without hesitation, set off in the pursuit.

The headlong Enemoya went on without other delay than was necessary to discern the tracks left behind by the departing enemy. Under any other lighter circumstances the free step of Enemoya would have made him fearful as a pursuer, but an added facility and lightness of foot grew out of the fury and the frenzy of his heart. Passion and despair seemed to have provided him with wings, and he evidently gained upon his enemy. Every step he took freshened their tracks to his eye, and new hopes were aroused and multiplied in his heart. At midnight of the second day of his pursuit he came suddenly, (and by a bend made by a broad river shooting obliquely from his path, which had heretofore run beside it,) upon the blaze of a large camp-fire. Such a

prospect would have cheered the white man, but it had no such effect upon the Indian. Ho knew that the enemy for whom he sought would raise no such beacon for his guidance ; but he hesitated not to approach the fire, around which a group of white men were seated, partaking of a rude repast, which they had just prepared. The savage was not ignorant of the civilised ; and the intercourse of Enemoya with the fur traders, in which business his nation largely dealt, had even given him some knowledge of the language. They started to their arms, and demanded his business. It was soon revealed, and with a degree of warmth and passion, which, as it was supposed to be uncommon with the Indian character, surprised them. They heard his story, and immediately gave him intelligence of the party which he pursued. They were a party of settlers from Kentucky, who had drawn stakes, and were now on the look-out for a new whereabouts, in which they might replant them. They were a hardy set of adventurers, and as they sat around their blazing fires, while their wives were preparing their repasts, the young warrior, for the first time, conceived the idea of craving their co-operation in the rescue of the fair Missouri. Such leagues were not unfrequent between the settlers and the proprietors, and in this way, in most cases, as in the history of the downfall of the Roman empire, those who came as allies remained as conquerors. Having, by joint effort, destroyed one tribe, it was no difficult matter for the auxiliaries to turn upon those they had succoured, and in their weakened condition, as little difficult to overpower them. This, indeed, is in most part, the history of American sway

in the valley of the Mississippi. The squatters heard his prayer with attention, and found their account in it. They determined to assist him, and making a hasty but hearty supper, they somewhat varied their original line of march, and joined in the pursuit.

It was not long before the pursuers came upon the certain and sure signs of the enemy. The eye of Enemoya soon perceived, and his quick and awakened spirit did not delay in pointing them out. He knew the country, its bearings and character, and taking them to a turn by which they might head the waters of a creek which ran across their path, he gained greatly upon the Pawnees. They came upon them suddenly and unexpectedly, but the Pawnees were warriors too good to suffer total surprise. They had put out their sentries, and, though not dreaming of assault, were not unprepared to encounter it. They were sitting upon the ground, not in a group, but scattered here and there, at a few paces from one another. Some lay beneath a tree, others in the long matted grass of the prairies, and a few were entirely uncovered to the eye of the pursuers. The Indian maiden lay bound betwixt two of the most powerful of the marauders—her hair dishevelled, her face unmoved but anxious, and her demeanour that of the captive who felt all her misfortune, yet knew how to bear it. It was a sight that did not permit of a single moment's consideration with the young Enemoya. With a single bound and uplifted hatchet, he sprung forward from the covert in which his party had concealed themselves, and by thus exposing his person, destroyed the chances of a surprise. He beheld his error when too late to amend it.

The Pawnees leapt to their arms, and the warrior, in the shelter of a tree which secured his person from their rifles, had leisure to repent of his rashness, so unlike the Indian, and so injurious to the prospect of success. But this was not his sole danger. On the first exhibition of his person, the two savages, to whom the custody of the maiden was given, seized her by her long hair, and raising their knives to her bosom, prepared on the first attack to put an end to her life. It was this that arrested the arm of Enemoya, and subdued a spirit that had never before quailed, and seldom hesitated. It was now necessary to take counsel, and he regained the shelter in which, as yet concealed, lay his white allies. In number they exceeded the force of the Pawnees, and could easily have destroyed them. This was, indeed, the first impulse; but from the fiendish cunning of the foe, they were taught to fear and feel that the signal of strife would be that of death to the fair Indian. The squatters were men of daring, but they were also men of experience; and while they held boldness and confidence as primary requisites in the character of the warrior, they felt that rashness and precipitance would undo and ruin every thing. Accordingly, having deliberated among themselves, it was determined that two of the squatters, in company with Enemoya, should appear, and tender the flag of truce, a white handkerchief attached to a willow, which the Indians had by this time learned to respect; to see upon what terms they could procure the freedom of the maiden. At their appearance the Indians emerged from their several places of repose and shelter, and advanced to meet them, with no more signs of civility,

however, than were absolutely necessary to avoid the appearance of attack. The squatter undertook to be spokesman, and, in a way, accommodating his language to the understanding of the Pawnees, by a liberal sprinkling of words from theirs, he sought to make his business understood. He told them of their captive, and of the folly of keeping her for their torture, which was of no use, when they might make her a subject of speculation. He concluded by making proposals to purchase her for himself, offering arms, knives, and such other objects of use with the Indian, which, as a sometime trader among them, he knew would be in demand. The chief of the Pawnees heard him out with great gravity and the most respectful attention, but told him calmly and deliberately that there could be no trade—that the fate of the Pawnees or Omahas depended upon her life, and that he had, with his warriors, taken a long journey to get her into his power ; that no price could tempt him to forego his hold, and that in a few hours the captive would undergo the fiery torture.

While speaking, the young and passionate Enemoya had approached his beloved Missouri. Her head had been cast down, but upon his approach, she looked up and fixed a long, fond, and earnest gaze upon him, with an entreating and pleading expression which almost maddened him. Yet, without violating the privilege afforded by his flag of truce, he could not approach or speak to her. Impatiently did he await the final determination of the Pawnee, lengthened out, as it was, by the figurative and glowing language which he employed ; but when the final resolve fell upon the ears of Missouri, she rushed from between the two

warriors, who had relaxed their hold upon her, and endeavoured to throw herself into the arms of her lover; but her captors were not idle, and before she could effect her object, a blow from the arm of one of them precipitated her to the earth. In a moment, the work of death had begun. The conference was broken off, and the hatchet of Enemoya had been driven deep into the scull of the brutal chief who had struck his betrothed. The Indians were taken by surprise, and did not offer a very ready resistance. A second blow from the young warrior, and he had struck from his way the only opponent between himself and Missouri, and he was now rushing towards the maiden, when the leader of the Pawnees with whom the conference had been held, threw himself between them, and grappling Enemoya, they fell together to the earth. Their grasp was taken closely around the bodies of one another, and the chief effort of both was to get hold of, and employ the short broad knife which each wore in his belt. This task was not so easy, and in the meanwhile, the struggle was one rather of fatigue than danger. These employed, the rest were not idle. The Kentuckian made his retreat to a neighbouring tree, the click of his rifle was the signal to the rest of his party, and before the Pawnees had dreamt of the presence of so numerous an enemy, several of them had bit the dust. The squatters rushed on with their knives, exhibiting too large a force for opposition, and the enemy fled; all but one, who, after the hesitation of a moment, with a look of concentrated and contested anger and triumph, leapt through the thicket which lay between himself and where their chief and Ene-

moya were still vainly struggling, and seizing the still bound maiden with one hand, he struck his hatchet deep into her brain, then, without pausing to extricate it, and before the deed might be revenged, with a howl, betwixt a shout of victory and derision, he rejoined his party. Enemoya beheld the blow and sought to release himself, but without success; and turning his eyes, as it were, unconsciously, to where the bleeding and insensible form of the young maiden lay stretched out before him, he stood at the mercy of his enemy, who had drawn his knife, and with hand uplifted, was about to plunge it into his bosom; but before he could do so, the stroke of a rifle from one of the squatters prostrated him, and determined the struggle. But the hope of our warrior was blighted, and he moved along as a shadow. He returned with the squatters, and they reached with him the quiet lake and the beautiful island; yet he but came to hear of new disasters. The relaxed discipline and weakened force of the Omaha warriors, opposed to that of the Pawnees, added to the encouraging account of the success of the party, sent for the purpose of taking their captive, had emboldened them to an attack, which, conducted with skill, caution, and spirit, had terminated in the total defeat of the former, and the slaughter of the best of their warriors.

"We will build our cabins here," said the head man of the squatters, "by this quiet lake, and on these verdant meadows. Here will we make an abode."

"But this is the abode of my people, brother; here is the wigwam of Enemoya, and this is the dwelling I had built up for the hope of my heart, the gentle Missouri."

"Your people are destroyed, and have no dwelling, Enemoya ; and Missouri is a fair spirit in the heavens. You are a brave and a good youth—be with us, and dwell with our people, and here will we live together."

"No," said the Omaha, "my people are indeed no more, but I can mix with no other. Be yours the fair island and the quiet lake, and when you have made it, and all the forest round, a dwelling for you and your children, and your children's children, as it is with you white men the way always to do, remember the Omaha, and call the nation you enjoy after the beautiful Missouri. For me, I shall go over the great lakes, and hunt the buffalo in the black prairies of the west, till the Great Spirit shall send for me to dwell once more among the people of the tribe."

The squatter gave the promise he required, and the country thus granted by Enemoya, is even to this day called "Missouri," after the beautiful maiden of Omaha.

LA POLA.

"Tis still the same—and this the tyrant's creed,
 The brave must perish still, the virtuous bleed—
 Yet, lesson'd by the examples which they leave,
 The living shall avenge them, but not grieve—
 Their blood has watered well our freedom's tree,
 And sweetly hallows human liberty:—
 Even woman too—a dearer sacrifice,
 Oh! hapless gain for freedom, when she dies!"

The Colombians, generally, will long remember La Pola. With the history of their struggle for freedom, her story is deeply associated, and the tragical destiny which followed her love of country, is linked with all the interest of the most romantic adventure. Her spirit seemed made of the finest materials, while her patriotism and courage, to the last, furnish a model which it would have been well for her country, had it been more generally adopted and followed by its sons.

Dona Apolinaria Zalabariata, better known by the name of La Pola, was a young lady of good family in Bogota, distinguished not less by her personal accomplishments than her rich and attractive beauty. She was but a child when Bolivar commenced his struggles with the ostensible object of freeing his country from the trammels of its oppressors. Her father, a gentleman of considerable acquirement as well as wealth, warmly seconded the designs of the Liberator, though from circumstances compelled to forbear any active agency,

himself, in their promotion. He was a republican of considerable resources and sleepless perseverance; and, without taking up arms himself, he probably contributed quite as much to the success of the experiment for liberty, as those who did. In this, he was warmly seconded by his daughter; who, with that ingenuity of contrivance, commonly ascribed to her sex, was, perhaps, the most valuable auxiliar that Bolivar had in Bogota.

She was but fourteen years of age, when accident gave her the first glance of the man afterwards the president of her country. At this time, with few resources and fewer friends and coadjutors, Bolivar occasioned little distrust, and, perhaps, commanded as little attention. Still, he was known, and generally recognised as an enemy to the existing authorities. Prudence was necessary, therefore; and it was at midnight, and during a severe thunder storm, that he entered the city, and made his way, by arrangement, into the inner apartments of the house of Zalabariata. A meeting of the conspirators—for such they were—had been contemplated on this occasion, and many of them were in attendance. The circumstances could not be altogether concealed from the family, and La Pola, who had heard something of Bolivar which had excited her curiosity, contrived to be present; though partially concealed by her habit, and by a recess situation which she had chosen. The Liberator explained his projects to the assembly. He was something more than eloquent—he was impassioned; and the warmth of a southern sun seemed burning in his words and upon his lips. La Pola heard him with ill-concealed admiration. Not so her

countrymen. Accustomed to usurpation and overthrow, they were slow to adventure life and property upon the predictions of one, who, as yet, had given so few assurances of success for the game which he had in hand. They hesitated, they scrupled, and opposed to his animated exhortations a thousand suggestions of prudence—a thousand calculations of fear. The Liberator grew warmer and more vehement. He denounced in broad language the pusillanimity, which, as much as the tyranny under which they groaned, was the curse of his country.

“Am I to go alone,”—he exclaimed passionately—“am I to breast the enemy singly—will none of you come forward, and join with me in procuring the liberation of our people? I ask you not, my countrymen, to any grievous risk—to any rash adventure. There is little peril, be assured, in the strife before us. We are more than a match, united among ourselves and with determined spirits, for twice—ay thrice—the power which they can bring into the field. But even were this not the case—were it that the chances were all decidedly against us, I cannot see, still, how you can, or why you should, hesitate to draw the sword in such a strife. You daily and hourly feel the exactions and witness the murders and cruelties of your masters. Thousands of your friends and relatives lie rotting in the common prisons, denied the most common attentions and necessities, and left to perish under innumerable privations. Thousands have perished in torture; and over the gateway of your city, but now as I entered, hanging in chains, the bleaching bones of old Hermano, one of our best citizens, destroyed because he dared to speak freely

his thought of these doings, attest the uncompromising and bloody tyranny under which you must momentarily look for a like fate. If you be men—if you have hearts or hopes—if you have affections to lose and live for—you surely will not hesitate as to the choice—the only choice which a freeman—one worthy and desirous of the name—should be allowed to make.”

The Liberator paused, as much through exhaustion, as from a desire to enable his hearers to reply. But, with this latter object, his pause seemed made entirely in vain. The faces of all around him were blank and speechless. They were generally quiet, well meaning citizens, unaccustomed to any enterprises save those of trade, and they were slow to risk the wealth which many of them possessed in abundance, to the certain confiscation which would follow any overt exhibition against the existing authorities. While in this state of hopeless and speechless indecision, the emotions of the chief were scarcely controllable. His whole frame trembled with the excitement of his spirit. He paced their ranks hurriedly—now pausing with this and that personage—appealing to them singly as he had done collectively, and suggesting a thousand arguments of weight for the effecting of his purposes. He became impatient at length, and again addressed them.

“Men of Bogota, you are not worthy to be free if you can hesitate longer. Your chains and insecurity will have been merited, and be assured, when they become necessary to the wants of your enemy, your present acquiescence to his power will not avail for the protection of your lives or property. They are both at his mercy, and he will not pause, as you have done, to

make use of them. To save them from him, you must risk them for yourselves. To suppose that his mercies will keep them for your benefit is to think madly. There is no security against power, but in power; and to check the innovating terrors of the one, you must exhibit, at the threshold, the strong armed vengeance of the other. A day—an hour—and it may be too late. 'To-morrow, unless I am betrayed to-night'—looking with a sarcastic smile around him as he spoke—"I shall unfurl the banner of the republic, and if there be no other name arrayed in arms against the oppressor, the more glory to that of Bolivar."

While the chief spoke, the emotions of the youthful La Pola could not be concealed. The colour came to, and went from, her cheeks—the tears started to her eyes—she rose hurriedly from her seat which she unconsciously again resumed, and, as the Liberator concluded his address, rushed across the narrow space which separated her from her father, and seizing him by the hand, with an action the most passionate, yet dignified and graceful, she led him to the spot where Bolivar still held his position; then for the first time giving utterance to her lips, she exclaimed enquiringly,

"He must not stand alone, my father. You have a name, and you will give it—you will not withhold it from your country—and I, too,—I will do what I can, if"—and her eye sunk before that of the chief as she spoke,—while her voice trembled with a tone of modest doubt, the most winning and expressive—"if you will let me."

The eloquence of the woman did more than all that had been uttered either by way of reason or patriotic

impulse and exhortation from the lips of the chief. The men, touched with a sense of shame, at once came forward, and entered into the required pledges. There was no more hesitation—no new scruple; and the Liberator pressing the hand of the bright-eyed girl to his, lips called her a spirit worthy of her country, and such as if possessed generally by its sons, could not fail, in a short time, most effectually to recover its liberties.

In another day, and the standard of the republic was raised. The republicans assembled numerously beneath it, and but little foresight was necessary to perceive, that in the end, the cause must eventually triumph. Still the successes were various. The Spaniards had too strong a foothold, easily to be driven from their possessions, and the conflict, as we know, was for a long time of the most indecisive and various character. What the Colombians wanted, however, in the materials for carrying on a protracted warfare, was more than made up in the patriotism, the talent and the vigilance of their leaders generally; and however delayed may have been the event which they desired and had in view, its certainty of attainment seems never for a moment to have been questioned, except by those who vainly continued to keep up an ineffectual and hopeless conflict against them.

For two years, that the war had been carried on, no material change had been effected in the position of the combatants. The Spaniards still maintained their ground in most respects, except where the Colombians had been unanimous in their rising; but their resources were hourly undergoing diminution, and the great les-

sening of the productions of the country incident to its unsettled condition, had subtracted largely from the inducements held out, individually, to their officers, for the further prosecution of the war. In the mean time, the patriots were invigorated with hope in due proportion with the depression of their opponents; and the increase of numbers, not to speak of the added skill and capacity of their arms, following their long and continuous warfare, not a little contributed to their further encouragement. But how, in all this time, had La Pola redeemed her pledge to the Liberator? It may be supposed that the promise of the girl of fifteen, was not of such a nature as to warrant a reasonable hope or prospect of its fulfilment. It certainly was not regarded by Bolivar, himself, as any thing more than the hasty utterance of her emotion, under particular excitement, having no other object, if it had any, than to provoke, by a sense of shame and self-rebuke, the unpatriotic inactivity of her countrymen. The girl herself did not think so, however. From that moment she became a woman—a strong minded, highly persevering, and most attractive woman. All her soul was bent to the achievement of some plan of co-operation with the republican chief, and circumstances largely contributed to the desire thus entertained. She resided in Bogota—the strong hold of the royalist forces, under the control of Zamano, a military despot, who, in process of time, in that country, acquired by his cruelties a parallel notoriety with some of the foulest governors of the Roman dependencies. Her family was wealthy, and though favouring Bolivar's enterprise, as we have seen, had so conducted, as to remain en-

tirely unsuspected by the existing powers. This enviable security, the management of La Pola, herself, had principally effected; and under its cover she perfected a scheme of communication with the patriots, by which she put into their possession all the plans of the Spaniards. She was the princess of the Tertulias—a mode of evening entertainment common to the Spaniards. She presided at these parties with a grace and influence which brought all their officers to her house. They listened with delight to the power and delicacy with which she accommodated her voice—one of singular compass and melody—to the notes of her guitar, in the performance upon which she was uncommonly successful. Unsuspected of any connection with politics, and regarded only as a fine woman, more solicitous of a long train of admirers than of any thing else, she contrived to collect, from the officers themselves, most of their plans in the prosecution of the war. She soon learned the force of their several armaments, their disposition and destination, and, indeed, in timely advance, all the projected operations of the Spanish army. She knew all the officers, and from those present obtained a knowledge of their absent companions. In this way, she knew the station of each advanced post—who was in command, and most of those particulars, the knowledge of which tended as frequently to the success of Bolivar, as his own conduct and the courage of his men. All these particulars were regularly transmitted to him, as soon as obtained, by a trusty messenger; and the frequent disappointments of the royalist arms attested the closeness and general correctness of the information thus obtained.

Unfortunately, one of her communications was intercepted, and the cowardly bearer, intimidated by the terror of impending death, was persuaded to betray his employer. She was arrested in the midst of an assembled throng, to whom her voice and guitar were imparting a mingled melody of most attractive romance. She was nothing alarmed at this event, but was hurried before a military court—martial law then prevailing in the capital—with a rapidity corresponding with the supposed enormity of her offence. Her lover—a noble youth named Gomero—though perfectly innocent of any connection with her acts on this occasion, was tried along with her, and both condemned—for, at this time, condemnation and trial were words of synonymous import—to be shot. Zamano the viceroy, desirous of more victims and hoping to discover her accomplices, granted them a respite of twelve hours before execution, sparing no effort in all this time to bring about a confession. The friar sent to confess her, threatened her, if she ventured upon any concealments from him, with eternal punishment hereafter; while promises of pardon and reward assailed both herself and her betrothed, in the hope of effecting the same object—but all equally in vain. She resolutely denied having any other accomplice than the messenger she had employed, and prayed a release from the persecution of all further enquiries. Perceiving that Gomero, her intended husband, was about to speak and probably confess, through a very natural dread of the death he saw so near—she seized his arm impressively, and fixing her dark eyes reproachfully upon him, she exclaimed,—

"Gomero, did I love you for this? Beware lest I hate and curse you as I die. What! is life so dear to you that you would dishonour us both to live? Is there no consolation in the thought that we shall die together?"

"But we shall both be saved!" rejoined her lover.

"It is false! The tyrant Zamano spares none; our lives are forfeit, and all that you could say would be unavailing to avert either your fate or mine. He only desires new victims, and will not release his grasp upon those in his doom. If you have ever loved me, Gomero, speak no more after this fashion. Show yourself worthy of the choice which I have made, in the manner of your death."

The lover persevered in silence, and they were led forth to execution. The friars retired from the hapless pair, and the firing party made ready. Then, for the first time, did the spirit of this noble woman shrink impulsively from the approach of death.

"Butcher!" she exclaimed to the viceroy, who stood in his balcony overlooking the scene of execution—"Butcher—you have then the heart to kill a woman"—and as she spoke, she covered her face with the saya or veil which she wore, and on drawing it aside for the purpose, the words "*Vive la Patria*," embroidered in gold were discovered on the *basquina*. As the signal for execution was given a distant hum as of an advancing army was heard upon the ear.

"It is he—he comes—it is Bolivar—it is the Liberator!" she exclaimed with a tone of triumph, which found its echo in the bosoms of thousands who looked with horror on the scene of blood before them. Boli-

var it was—he came with all speed to the work of deliverance—the city was stormed sword in hand—a summary atonement was taken in the blood of the cruel viceroy and his flying partisans. But the Deliverer came too late to the rescue of the beautiful La Pola. The fatal bullet had penetrated her heart, but a few moments before the appearance of the liberating army upon the works, and in sight of the place of execution. Thus perished a woman, worthy to be remembered with the purest and the proudest who have elevated and done honour to nature and her sex—one who, with all the feelings and affections of the woman, possessed all the patriotism, the pride, the courage, and the daring of the man!

METACOM OF MONTAUP.

Metacom of Montaup, or Philip of Mount Hope, is associated in New England history with no small portion of the trials and terrors to which the early colonists in that region were subject. He had the cunning, and we may add, the capacity of the Greek. He was a skilful politician, a bold, adroit leader, and a fearless man ; and battled for his country with all the tenacity of one conscious of his rights, and resolute to maintain them. His memory has not always been spoken of with justice ; and though ruthlessly savage and deeply treacherous, he does not seem, in a fair estimate of his history, to have been more so than his Christian invaders. His life is one of high interest, and full of striking adventure. His own personal escapes from his pursuers are wonderfully numerous—and, whether we regard him at the head of a powerful nation, ruling all around him, or, alone and desolate, deserted by his friends, and hunted through wild and morass by his enemy, he is still the dauntless, the proud man who must have won the admiration, as he certainly did the hatred, of those who pursued him to the death. He was a true lover of his country, and never sued for peace from those who were destroying it. On this subject, such was his spirit, that he killed upon the spot, and with his own hand, one of his followers who ventured to pro-

pose the measure. It was, perhaps, well that such a man should perish, but he certainly must command the sympathies of all those who admire valour and perseverance, employed so unhesitatingly, in the cause of one's country. "It is matter of melancholy interest," says Mr. Thatcher, in his clever work on Indian Biography, "to know, that the sachem, wretched and hopeless as he had become in his last days, was still surrounded by a band of his faithful and affectionate followers. At the very moment of his fatal surprise by the English, he is said to have been telling them his gloomy dreams, and advising them to desert him, and provide for their own safety." This last incident furnishes a chief feature of the poem which follows.

"Twas in a vision of the night—
The spirit of that eye,
Which tracks the present in its flight,
And sees the future nigh,
Came o'er my own, and I beheld
The past with all its scenes of eld,
In vague confusion fly.

It was a dreary waste, and dim,
As, with ten thousand lights,
Must be the anxious gaze of him
That sees these varied sights—
That come in wild and wayward crowd,
The high, the humble, base and proud,
The all, each season blights.

Warriors of other times, and woods,
Where foaming waters play—
Wilds, where the hungry tiger broods,
Expectant, for his prey—

All changing, in that fitful dream,
To each far land and dark extreme,—
And all before me lay.

And in the crowd beneath my gaze
My native land I see,
As now and then, some gleam betrays,
The shadows distantly—
But what are these with swarthy brow,
And scowling eye, that round them now,
Look wild and anxiously?

And one is there with musing eye,
The chieftain ye may scan—
Whose cheek is stained with purple dye,
A proud and lonely man!
He stood above the ruin'd stone,
That mark'd an ancient warrior gone,
Ere yet his line began.

His chieftains—are they all around?—
The few, the brave are there—
More lofty in that narrow bound,
More fearless from despair.
They gather round the sterile rock,
All ready for the coming shock,
None touched with coward fear.

A smile is on the monarch's cheek,
But there is sadness too,
As midst that band his eye would seek,
The lost among the few.
Ah! fallen upon the evil days,
His favourite meets no more his gaze:—
He turns him from the view.

He look'd upon the dashing wave,
And bade his warriors nigh:—

In a stern voice the monarch gave
His latest battle cry—
Then laid him on the rocky height,
Whilst slumber came to sense and sight—
A nation watching by.

He starts, and o'er the mountain's brow
He leaps in wild dismay—
He calls upon his warriors now—
The war-cry and away.
"The whiteman—foe!"—'t was all he said,
And shook his weapon o'er his head,
And gather'd to the fray.

They start—the gallant few in might,
But not a foe is there—
They bend the sense, they stretch the sight—
No foeman see or hear.
"They come," he cried, "and still I see,
They've track'd the panther to his tree,
The lion to his lair.

"Rock of my sires!"—'t was thus he spoke,—
"This is my latest field,
Upon thy brow the spear is broke,
The forest king must yield—
Yield!—never! let the foeman's feet
Still with mine own for combat meet,
And I no weapon wield:

"Even then, my soul shall joy to trace
The features of the foe—
And grappling in the death embrace,
My arms shall lay him low:—
'T were sweet, though losing all, to tear
The reeking scalp, the dripping hair,
And drink his life-blood's flow.

"Eagle that seeks the highest course,
And dares the darkest sky,
That scream'd in joy when winds were hoarse,
And lightnings flaming nigh—
They may not tame thy wing, and mine
Has been as soaring high as thine—
I shall not fear to die."

So spake the monarch—and his brow
Grew darker in its hue—
His eye assumed the vengeful glow,
And look'd the eagle's too—
Then sung he, in a solemn strain,
The deeds he'd done, and those again,
His soul had sworn to do!

"I lay on the breast of the mountain,
Where the raven was flapping his wing,
Whilst he drew from my heart, like a fountain,
Its warmest, its ruddiest spring.
The winds through the forest were sighing,
From the grave of my father they came—
I saw the old warrior—around him were lying
The symbols of fight, for the many were dying,
'Midst havoc, confusion, and flame.

"He stood, but his hatchet was shivered,
The arrowhead stuck in his breast,
And the lips of the warrior quivered,
As his eye upward looked to the west—
But no fear on his spirit depress'd him,
In the moment of glory he fell—
And the prayer of the prophet had bless'd him,
Ere he bade his own forest farewell.

"O'eraw'd by his presence, I dared not
Look up at the form of my sire,—

I trembled, although my son fear'd not,
The glance of his dark rolling ire.
No! the eagle that soars unsurrounded,
Unless by his own native pride—
Has felt not the Nipnet whose arrow has wounded,
And free as the flood from the foeman has bounded,
When the Mohegan stood at his side.

“ ‘And where is thy bow and thy quiver?’
At length the old crocodile spoke—
‘Thy heart’s blood shall crimson yon river,
And thy people shall bend to the yoke.
Already thy foe is advancing,
Look up from thy slumbers, and see,
Their blades thro’ the forest leaves glancing,
Their lances all buried in thee.’

“ ‘He turn’d as he spoke.—I beheld him,
Look dark on the shades of the west,
And a new life now strongly impelled him,
Having speech in each thro’ of his breast.
A light from his dark eye was beaming,’
I follow’d his gaze in its flight—
And saw through the woods faintly gleaming
The blade of the foe, and his long plume streaming,
Beneath the pale moon’s misty light.

“ ‘Now the foeman is on thee—go slumber
Till thou wakest behind the dark hills,—
Thy blood shall his falchion encumber—
No longer thy bosom it fills.
Then arise from thy sleep and awaken
The last parting hope of thy band—
By them thou wert never forsaken,
Then strike for them now and thy land!’

"He vanished—I rose—a cold tremor
Relax'd every nerve of my frame.
I hear him once more—'Thou fond dreamer,
Remember thy nation and name !'
Be at peace, thou old bird, in thy tree,—
Enough, that I stand by the side
Of the last of the brave, who are free,
And will die as their fathers have died.

"I have call'd up the right arm of power,
I have call'd up the lessons of old—
And no breast in the perilous hour,
That thinks on the past, will be cold.
Through the mists of the valley appearing,
The foeman's bright weapons have shone—
I meet them with bosom unfearing,
I meet them with soul full of daring,
Let them come, though I meet them alone.

"The eagle has never yet cower'd,
The Mohegan's arrow ne'er flew
To the rock, where his mighty wing tower'd
'Midst the freshness of heaven's own dew.
He has glow'd in the sun's brightest splendour,
New vigour it gave to his frame—
To me, in my youth, did they render,
His mood, and his might, and his name !

"I shrunk not, though worn and surrounded—
My tomahawk madden'd with blood.
I clung to the foe I had wounded,
And lapped, from his breast, the red flood.
And who, in the battle's commotion,
E'er saw me withdraw from the fight—
I stood, when it boiled like the ocean,
And swam in its streams with delight.

" Let them come then—the freedom our fathers,
Once gave us, if lost it must be,
I care not how soon death's hand gathers,
The fast falling leaves of our tree !
But 'twere shame to the souls of the glorious,
Who have gone to the valley of maids,
That their children should come not victorious,
And followed by enemy's shades.

" Then draw ye each bow and prepare now,
To battle the foes of your land ;
Let one warrior but tremble with fear now,
And he dies by his own monarch's hand.
The shades of old warriors surround us,
Ye victims of battle draw nigh,
Let Manitto bless or confound us,
Be it ours to conquer or die !"

He paused—his warriors gathered round,
Nor made they vain reply,
True valour never yet has found
It difficult to die.
And in the monarch's song they knew,
The fate was fixed, and he who flew,
Again would never fly.

A smile is gathering on his brow,
As o'er the distant hills,
The dawn with streaks of dusky glow
The dim horizon fills—
The sun will rise no more to him,
Nor will he live to find it dim,
Behind the western hills.

But though surviving not to see,
Its red light streak the verge

Of that wild land, which once was free,
As ocean's leaping surge—
Will he not, too, escape the chain,
His people's moan, the gloomy strain,
His country's doom and dirge!

And now his band is compass'd round,
Prophetic was his dream,
And death, on easy terms, is found,
Before the sun's full gleam—
Ere yet the day had fully broke,
Fate o'er the chief had cast her yoke,
And borne him down her stream.

The monarch waved his battle axe,
And rose the war-whoop's cry
From men that never turned their backs,
And battled but to die.
And now he combats hand to hand,
With one—whose blood is on the sand.
Another came—like cataracts,
Headlong they dash upon the strand.

His gripe is on the Indian's throat,
Whose eye-balls roll and quiver :—
Those are the monarch's plumes that float,
All bloody down the river;
Yet once again his war-cry rose
Upon the wind—and all is still:
There 's blood upon the stream that flows,
And blood upon the hill—
Their monarch bade them never yield—
And not an Indian left the field.

THE CHILDREN OF THE SUN.

In the year sixteen hundred and —, a conspiracy was entered into by several of the Indian tribes inhabiting South Carolina, instigated thereto by the Spanish government of St. Augustine, against the inhabitants of that province. Among these, were the Yamassees and Huspahs, or rather the Yamassees; for the Huspahs were but a portion of the same government and nation, assuming to themselves the name of a local governor or prince. They occupied a large and well watered territory, lying backward from Port-Royal Island, on the northeast side of Savannah river, which, to this day, goes by the name of Indian land. It is now included in the parish of St. Peter, in the present local divisions of the state above mentioned.

The conspiracy became known to the Carolinians, through the means of a white trader, before it was sufficiently matured to be carried into execution. Declaration of war was the immediate consequence; and, unsupported by the faithless allies, who, after inciting them to insurrection, refused them all succour; the tribes were, one by one, defeated by the whites, and either wholly exterminated or driven from their possessions.

The war was now drawing to a close. The resources of the Indians had been almost entirely exhausted; and deserted by the few tribes with which

they had been allied, and who had either been destroyed or had submitted to the clemency of the conquerors, the Yamassees, under their king Huspah, prepared to risk the fate and fortunes of their nation on a single battle, at their own town of Cayanoga, near the site now occupied by the whites, called Purysburgh. They had encamped outside the limits of the town, which they had partly barricaded with logs, closely jointed one in another, according with the mode of defence among the whites during their primitive struggles against the rude and commonly ill-directed assaults of the Indians. But what had been a sufficient obstacle to the advance of a band of savages, proved no defence against the whites; and, whilst lying upon their arms, the bulwarks were stormed, and their dwellings in flames, before they were apprised or conscious of the attack. Nothing could exceed the confusion and disorder among the miserable wretches upon this occasion. The women and children rushed through their blazing habitations, naked and howling with affright. The men seized their defences, and although the struggle was hopeless, it afforded the assailed some opportunities for revenge. Many of the whites were slain; and, in one instance, a warrior, who was kept off by his enemy's sword, resolutely rushed upon it, in order to glut his vengeance by strangling his foe, which he did with all the fury of a wild beast. They neither gave nor asked for quarter; and in the confusion and darkness of the night, they were enabled to maintain the struggle against the assailants, with the courage of men fighting for the homes of their fathers, and that conduct, which, in a midnight affray, is as much

the property of the Indian as of any other people on the globe. But when the day broke, the struggle was over. The first gray of morning found the bayonet at the breasts of the retreating savages, and themselves at the mercy of those, to whom, in all their successes, they had granted no mercy. Few escaped. Men, women, and children, alike fell victims to the sword of devastation; and, before mid-day, the fight was ended, and the Yamassee nation ceased to have an existence.

On the morning after this fatal termination of the war, a warrior might have been seen standing upon a small hillock, within a few miles of the scene. His appearance was indicative of recent fight, and much weariness. The hunting-shirt which he wore, made of finely dressed buckskins, inwrought fantastically with beads and decorations of shells, was torn, and stained in many places with blood and dirt; and, while his features evinced nothing less than manly determination and firmness, it would require no close observation to perceive that he was one of those with whom the strong principle of grief had become a settled companion. His eye had the look of the exile, but not of despair. He gazed anxiously around him: seemed to strain his sight upon the far groves, as if expecting some one to emerge from their gloomy intricacies; then turning away disappointed, glided down into the hollow, and bending to the small brook that slowly wound its way beside him, he drank long and deeply from its cool, refreshing waters. Having done this, he again rose to the hillock he had left, and seemed to renew the search he had made in vain before, and with similar success. He sung, at length, in a low and un-

repressed, but not subdued tone, something like the lament which follows, over the fortunes of his people :

“They are gone—all gone—the morning finds them not ; the night covers them. My feet have no companion in the chase ; the hollow rocks give me back only their echoes. Washattee ! where art thou ? On the far hills—thou hast found the valley of joy, and the plum-groves that are for ever in bloom. Who shall find thy bones, my brother ; who take care of thy spoils ? ‘Thou art all untended in the valley of joy, and the ghosts of the slain bend about thee with many frowns. Where is the maid of thy bosom ? Comes she with the smoking venison ; does she dress thy food at the board, where the hunter sits down at evening ? ‘Thou art slain in thy morning, Washattee, and thy sun forgot to rise. I sing for thee thy hymn of death—thy war-song for many victories. ‘Thou wert mighty in the chase—the high hills did not overcome thee. Thy boyhood was like the manhood of other men ; thou didst not sleep in thy childhood. Well did they name thee the young panther—the might and the eye of the young panther’s mother was thine. Sickness fled from thee affrighted, and thou laughed’st in scorn at the black drinks of Estutec. The strong tide, when thou swamdest, bore thee not with it ; thou didst put it aside as an infant. Thou wert a long arrow in the chase, and thy flight was on the strong winds. Who shall mate thee, my brother ? What chieftain stood up like Washattee ? And the day of thy glory is gone, O Huspah ! the father of many kings. Yamassee, where wert thou sleeping when thy name and thy nation expired ? When the belt was burned, thou didst weave them, and the temple of thy

spirit overthrown? Huspah, thy day has gone by in darkness, and the strong night is over thee. Canst thou wake up the brave who are sleeping? Canst thou undo the eye which is sealed up, and kindle the sharp light that is hidden therein? What shall restore thee, Yamassee; and where shall the brave men of Huspah now find their abode? The wild grass has taken root in their dwelling-place, and the hill-fox burrows under the hearth of the hunter. The spirit has no place in the wigwams of many fathers; silence has made a home of their ruins, and lives lonely among them. Oh, spirit of many ages, thou art vanished! Thy voice is sunk into an echo, and thy name is whispered on the hill-tops. Thy glories are the graves of many enemies; thy own grave is unknown. Thou art scattered to the broad winds, and hast fallen upon the waters. They have carried thee down with them away, and the hunters of the hill find thee not. A curse is gone forth upon thee, and thou art smitten with death!"

Thus mourned the Indian warrior over the graves of his fathers, and the recollections and affections of his youth. No single trace, however, of those emotions, which might be supposed to have been exhibited as accompaniments to his uttered sorrows, appeared either in his look or his actions. To one who witnessed their expression, they might be compared to the language of sorrow falling from a statue. His was the majesty of grief, without its weaknesses.

A something stirred the leaves, and the quick and watchful sense of the chief recognised it as the object of his search. His eye rested upon the deep and sha-

dowing umbrage, whence proceeded about thirty other Indians, of both sexes, belonging to his own tribe—the all that was now left of their nation. With downcast looks and no words, they struck a light, and in a few moments kindled a fire, around which they sat down in silence to a repast of parched corn, flour and sugar—called among them *sugamité*;—with a small portion of dried venison.

Here they remained not long. They wished to divest themselves of all recollections of their misfortune, yet were quite too near the spot at which it occurred, easily to effect their object. Without a word they stepped, one by one, into the order of march, which is called the Indian file; and at equal intervals of ten or fifteen feet they followed the chief; and, avoiding all beaten tracks of human form, they took their way through the close and pathless wastes of the forest.

Many years had now elapsed, and men ceased to remember the noble tribe of the Yamassees; once the most terrible, and at the same time, the most accomplished of all the Indian nations of the south. They had even gone out of the memories of their ancient enemies the Creeks; and the Carolinians, while possessing, and in full enjoyment of the rich lands of their spacious territory, had almost forgotten the hard toil and extreme peril by which alone they had been acquired.

It was in the midst of a bright October month, that a small canoe was seen ascending the river, now known as the St. Mary's, having its source in a vast lake and marsh, called Okefanokee, and lying between the Flint and Ockmulgé rivers, in the state of Georgia.

There were but two persons in the canoo, both Indian hunters of the Creek nation; a gallant race, well known for high courage among the tribes, and distinguished not less by their wild magnanimity and adventure, than by their daring ferocity. The warriors were both young, and were numbered, and with strict justice, among the *élite* of their people. At peace, for the first time for many seasons, with all around them, they gave themselves up to the pleasures of the chase, and, sought, in the hardy trials of the hunt for the bear and the buffalo, to relieve the inglorious and unwelcome ease which this novel condition of things had imposed upon them. Our two adventurers, forsaking the beaten track, and with a spirit tending something more than customary to that which distinguishes civilisation, had undertaken an exploring expedition into the recesses of this vast lake and marsh, which, occupying a space of nearly three hundred miles in extent, and in very rainy seasons almost completely inundated, presented amidst the thousand islands which its bosom conceals, fruitful and inviting materials for enquiry and adventure. Girt in with interminable forests, the space of which was completely filled up with umbrageous vines and a thick underwood, the trial was one of no little peril, and called for the exercise of stout heart, strong hand, and a world of fortitude and patience. It was also the abiding-place of the wild boar and the panther—the southern crocodile howled nightly in its recesses; and the coiled snake, ever and anon, thrust out its venomous fangs from the verdant bush. With words of cheer and mutual encouragement, the young hunters made their way. They were

well armed and prepared for all chances ; and fondly did they anticipate the delight which they would entertain, on relating their numerous adventures and achievements, by field and flood, to the assembled nation, on the return of the ensuing spring. They took with them no unnecessary incumbrances. The well tempered bow, the chosen and barbed arrows, the curved knife, suited to a transition the most abrupt, from the scalping of the enemy to the carving of the repast, and the hatchet, fitted to the adroit hand of the hunter and ready at his back for all emergencies, were the principal accoutrements of the warriors. They troubled themselves not much about provisions. A little parched corn supplied all wants, and the dried venison in their pouches was a luxury, taken on occasions only. They knew that, for an Indian, the woods had always a pregnant store, and they did not doubt that their own address in such matters, would at all times enable them to come at it.

Dreary, indeed, was their progress. An European would have despaired entirely, and given up what must have appeared, not merely a visionary and hopeless, but a desperate and dangerous pursuit. But the determination of an Indian, once made, is unchangeable. His mind clothes itself in a seemingly habitual stubbornness, and he is inflexible and unyielding. Though young, scarcely arrived at manhood, our warriors had been too well taught in the national habitude, to have done any thing half so womanlike as to turn their backs upon an adventure, devised coolly, and commenced with all due preparation. They resolutely pursued their way, unfearing, unswerving, unshrinking. The river narrowed

at length into hundreds of diverging rivulets, and, after having run their canoe upon the sands, they were compelled to desert it and pursue their further way on foot. They did not pause, but entered at once upon the new labour; and now climbing from tree to bank—now wading along the haunts of the plunging alligator, through pond and mire—now hewing with their hatchets a pathway through the thickest branches, they found enough to retard, but nothing to deter them. For days did they pursue this species of toil, passing from island to island—alternately wading and swimming—until at length, all unexpectedly, the prospect opened in strange brightness and beauty before them. They came to a broad and lovely lake, surrounded on all sides by the forest—through a portion of which they had passed with so much difficulty—to which the storms never came. It lay sleeping before them with the calm of an infant, and sheltered by the wood, the wild vine, and a thousand flowers. In the centre rose a beautiful island, whose shores were crowned with trees bearing all species of fruit, and emitting a most grateful fragrance. The land was elevated and inviting, and, as they looked, the young warriors conceived it the most blissful and lovely spot of earth. Afar in the distance, they beheld the white habitations of the people of the strange land, but in vain did they endeavour to reach them. They did not seek to adventure into the broad and otherwise inviting waters; for occasionally they could behold the crocodiles, of the largest and fiercest class, rising to the surface, and seeming to threaten them with their unclasped jaws, thickly studded with their white sharp teeth. While in this difficulty, they beheld a young maiden

waving them on the opposite bank ; and Onea, the youngest of the two hunters, attracted by the incomparable beauty of her person, would have leapt without scruple into the lake, and swam to the side on which she stood, but that his more grave and cautious companion, Sanuté, restrained him. They observed her motions, and perceived that she directed their attention to some object in the distance. Following her guidance, they found a small canoe tied to a tree, and sheltered in a little bay. Into this they entered fearlessly, and putting out their paddles, passed in a short time to the opposite shore, the beauty of which, now that they had reached it, was even more surpassingly great than when seen afar off. Nor did the young Indian maiden, in the eye of the brave Onea, lose any of those charms, the influence of which had already penetrated his inmost spirit. But now she stood not alone. A bright young maiden like herself appeared beside her, and, taking the warriors by the hand, they sung sweet songs of pleasure in their ears, and brought them the milk of the cocoa to refresh them, and plucked for them many of the rich and delightful fruits which hung over their heads. There were oranges and dates, and cakes made of corn and sugar, baked with their own hands, which they cordially set before them. Many were the sweet glances and precious sentences which they gave to the young warriors, and soon did the gallant Creeks understand, and gladly did they respond to their kindness. Long would they have lingered with these maidens, but, when their repast had ended, they enjoined them to begone—to fly as quickly as possible, for that their people were cruel to strangers, and the

men of their nation would certainly destroy them with savage tortures, were they to return from the distant chase upon which they had gone, and find the intruders. "But will they not give you," said the fearless Onea, "to be the bride of a brave warrior? I shame not to speak the name of my nation. They are men, and they beg not for life. I, myself, am a man among my people, who are all men. They will give you to fill my wigwam. I will do battle for you, Anyta, with the knife and the spear; I will win you by the strong arm, if the strange warriors stand in the path." "Alas," said the young girl, "you know not my people. They are tall like the pine trees, which rise above other trees; they look down upon your tribe as the prairie grass that the buffalo tramples down, and the flames wither. The sun is their father—the earth their mother—and we are called the daughters of the sun. They would dash you into the flames, if you told them of a lodge in the Creek wigwam for a maiden of our tribe."

"The Creek is a warrior and a chief, Anyta, and he will not die like a woman. He can pluck out the heart of his foe while he begs upon the ground. I fear not for your people's anger, but I love the young maid of the bright eye and sunny face, and would take her as a singing bird into the lodge of a great warrior. I will stay in your cabin till the warriors come back from the hunt. I am no fox to burrow in the hill side."

"You will stay to see me perish then, Onea," said the girl—a gleam of melancholy shining from her large dark eyes—"for my people will not let me live, when I speak for your life."

"See you not my bow and arrows, Anyta? Is not the tomahawk at my shoulder? Look, my knife is keen—the sapling may speak."

"Your arm is strong, and your heart true, you could say to Onea; but what is one arm, and what are thy weapons to a thousand? You must not linger, Onea; we will put forth in the little canoe. I will steer to a quiet hollow, and when thou art in safety I shall leave thee and return to thee again."

It was with difficulty the hot-headed Onea was persuaded to comply with the suggestions of prudence, and nothing but a consideration for the safety of the maiden had power to restrain his impetuosity. But assured that, in the unequal contest of which she spoke, his own individual zeal and valour would prove unavailing, he submitted, though with an evident ill grace, to her directions. A like scene had, in the meanwhile, taken place between Sanuté and Henamarsa, Anyta's lovely companion, and attended with pretty nearly the same results. A mutual understanding had the effect of providing for the two warriors in the same manner. Entering once more the canoe in company with, and under the guidance of their mistresses, they took their way down the lake, until they lost sight of the island on which they had first met. They kept on until, far away from the main route to the habitations of the tribe, they came to a beautiful knoll of green, thickly covered with shrubbery and trees, and so wrapt from the passing glance of the wayfarer, by the circuitous bendings of the stream, as to afford them the safety and secrecy they desired. The maidens informed them that they alone were in possession of the fact of its existence, having

been cast upon it by a summer tempest, while wandering over the rippling waters in their birchen canoe. They found it a pleasant dwelling-place. The wild fruits and scented flowers seemed to have purposely embellished it for the habitation of content and love, and the singing birds were perpetually caroling from the branches. The vines, thickly interwoven above their heads, and covered with leaves, afforded them the desired shelter; and gladly did they appropriate, and sweetly did they enjoy its pleasures and its privacies. But the day began to wane, and the approaching evening indicated the return of the fierce warriors from the chase. With many vows, and a tender and sweet sorrow, the maidens took their departure for the dwellings of their people; leaving the young chiefs to contemplate their new ties, and the novel situation in which they had found themselves. Nor did the maidens forget their pledges, or prove false to their vows. Day after day did they take their way in the birchen bark, and linger till the evening in the society of their beloved. The hours passed fleetly in such enjoyments, and happy months of felicity had only taught them the beauty of flowers and their scents, and the delights of an attachment before utterly unknown. But the wing of the halcyon ceased to rest on the blessed island. Impatient of inactivity, the warrior Sanuté came one day to the vine-covered cabin of Onca; his looks were sullen, and his language desponding. He spoke thus:

“It is not meet, Onca, that the hawk should be clipped of his wings, and the young panther be caged like a deer; let us go home to our people. I am grow-

ing an old woman. I have no strength in my sinews—my knees grow weak.”

“I would go home to my people,” replied Onea, “but cannot leave the young fawn who has taken shelter under my protection. And will Sanuté depart from Henamarsa?”

“Sanuté will depart from Henamarsa, but Sanuté has the cunning of the serpent, and can burrow like the hill-fox. Sanuté will no longer take the dove to his heart, dreading an enemy. He will go home to his people—he will gather the young men of the nation, and do battle for Henamarsa, Onea is a brave warrior—will he not fight for Anyta?”

“Onea would die for Anyta, but he would not that Anyta should perish too. Onea would not destroy the people of his wife.”

“Would they not destroy Onea? They would hang his scalp in the smoke of their wigwams, they would shout and dance about the stake when his death-song is singing. If Onea will not depart with Sanuté, he will go alone. He will bring the young warriors; and the dogs who would keep Henamarsa from his wigwam—they shall perish by his knife, and the wild boar shall grow fat upon their carcasses.”

Thus spoke the elder of the two warriors, and vain were the entreaties and arguments employed by Onea to dissuade him from his purpose. The Indian habit was too strong for love, and his sense of national, not less than individual pride, together with the supineness of his present life, contrasted with that restless activity to which he had been brought up and habituated, rendered all persuasion fruitless, and destroyed the

force of all arguments. Deep, seemingly, was the anguish of Henamarsa, when she learned the departure of her lover. A settled fear, however, took possession of the bosom of the gentle Anyta, and she sobbed upon the breast of the brave Onea. She felt that their happiness was at an end—that the hope of her people was insecure—that the home of her fathers was about to suffer violation. She saw at once all the dangers, and did not hesitate to whisper it in the ear of Onea. All her hope rested in the belief, that Sanuté would never succeed in tracing his way back, from the intricacies of the swamp to his own people; or if he did, that he would not succeed in guiding them to the precise point in its recesses, in which her tribe had found its abode. But Onea knew better the capacities of a warrior among his people. He seized his bow and equipments, and would have taken the path after Sanuté, determined to quiet the fears of his beloved, even by the death of his late friend and companion; but the maiden restrained him. She uttered a prayer to the Great Spirit, for the safety of herself and people, and gave herself up to the wonted happiness of that society, for which she was willing to sacrifice every thing.

A new trial awaited Onea. One day Anyta came not. The canoe was paddled by Henamarsa alone. She sought him in his wigwam. She sought to take the place of his beloved in his affections; and loaded him with caresses.

“Where is Anyta?” asked the young warrior.

“She is no longer the bride of Onea,” was the reply. “She has gone into the wigwam of a warrior

of her tribe—Honomarsa will love Onea, in the place of Anyta."

"Onea will love none but Anyta," was the reply.

"But she is now the wife of Echotee, the chief. She can no longer be yours. You will never see her more."

"I will tear her from the cabin of the dog—I will drive my hatchet into his skull,"—said the infuriated warrior. He rejected all the blandishments of Honamarsa, and taunted her with her infidelity to Sanuté. She departed in anger from his presence, and he lay troubled with his meditations as to the course he should pursue with regard to Anyta. His determination was adopted, and at midnight, in a birchen canoe prepared through the day, he took his way over the broad lake to the island. It lay, but not in quiet, stretched out beautifully under the twinkling stars that shone down sweetly upon it. These, however, were not its only lights. Countless blazes illuminated the shores in every direction—and the sound of merry music came upon his ear, with an influence that chafed still more fiercely the raging spirit in his heart. There were shouts and songs of merriment—and the whirling tread of the impetuous dancers bespoke a feast and a frolic such as are due among the Indians to occasions of the highest festivity.

Drawing his bark quietly upon the shore without interruption, he proceeded among the revellers. No one seemed to observe—no one questioned him. Dressed in habiliments the most fantastic and irregular, his warlike semblance did not strike the gaze of the spectators as at all inconsistent with the sports they were pursu-

ing, and he passed without impediment or check to the great hall, from whence the sounds of most extravagant merriment proceeded. He entered with the throng, in time to witness a solemn ceremonial. There came, at one side, a gallant chief, richly dressed in furs of native production—youthful, handsome, and gracefully erect, at the head of a choice procession of youth of his own age, attired in like habits. Each of them bore a white wand, the symbol of marriage.

On the other side came a like procession of maidens, dressed in robes of the whitest cotton, and bearing wands like the men. What bright creature is it that leads this beautiful array? Why does the young chief start—wherefore the red spot on the brow of Onea? The maiden who leads the procession is his own, the gentle Anyta. Grief was in her face; her eyes were dewy and sad, and her limbs so trembled that those around gathered to her support. The first impulse of Onea was to rush forward and challenge the array—to seize upon the maiden in the presence of the assembly; and, on the strength of his arm, and the sharp stroke of his hatchet, to assert his claims to the bride in the teeth of every competitor. But the warrior was not less wise than daring. He saw that the maiden was sick at heart, and a fond hope sprung into his own. He determined to witness the progress of the ceremony, trusting something to events. They dragged her forward to the rite, passive rather than unresisting. The white wands of the two processions, males and females, were linked above the heads of Echotee and Anyta—the bridal dance was performed around them in circles, and, agreeable to the ritual of the tribe to which they be-

longed, the marriage was declared complete. And now came on the banqueting. The repast, fruitful of animation, proceeded, and the warriors gathered around the board, disposed alternately among the maidens, Echotee and Anyta presiding. Onea stood apart.

"Who is he who despises our festival—why does the young man stand away from the board? The brave man may fight and rejoice—he wears not always the war paint—he cries not for ever the war-whoop—he will come where the singing birds gather, and join in the merriment of the feast."

Thus cried a strong voice from the company, and all eyes were turned upon Onea. The youth did not shrink from reply,

"The warrior says what is true. It is not for the brave man to scorn the festival—he rejoices at the feast. But the stranger comes of a far tribe, and she who carries the wand must bid him welcome, or he sits not at the board with the warriors."

Anyta slowly rose to perform the duty imposed upon her. She had already recognised the form of her lover, and her speech was tremulous and the sound slow. She waved the wand which she held in her hands, and he approached unhesitatingly to her side. The Indians manifested little curiosity—such a feature of character being inconsistent, in their nation, with the manliness indispensable to the warrior. Still there was something marked in their habit which taught them to believe him a stranger. At such a time, however, the young men, intriguing with their dusky loves, rendered disguises and deceptions so frequent, that less notice ensued than might otherwise have been the

case, and the repast proceeded without further interruption. Then followed the bridal procession to the future dwelling of the couple. The whole assembly sallied forth to the sound of discordant music, each with a flaming torch within his hand. They frolicked with wild halloos in the train of the bridal pair, waving their flaming torches in every direction. A small stream, consecrated by a thousand such occurrences, rippled along their pathway, upon approaching which they hurled the lights into its hissing waters, leaving the entire procession in darkness. This was one part of the wonted and well known frolic. The transition from unaccustomed light to solemn darkness, producing the profoundest confusion, the merriment grew immense. One party stumbled over the other, and all were playing at contraries and cross purposes. Shouts of laughter in every direction broke the gloom which occasioned it, and proved the perfect success of the jest.

But, on a sudden, a cry arose that the bride was missing. This, perhaps, contributed more than any thing beside to the good humour of all but the one immediately concerned, and the complaint and clamour of the poor bridegroom met with no sympathy. His appeals were unheeded—his asseverations received with laughter and shouts of the most deafening description. All mirth, however, must have its end; and the joke grew serious. The bride was really missing, and every thing was in earnest and undreamt-of confusion and commotion. Vainly did the warriors search—vainly did the maidens call upon the name of Anyta. She was far beyond the reach of their voices, hurrying

down the quiet lake with Onea, to the green knoll of their early loves and unqualified affections.

There was one who readily guessed the mystery of Anyta's abduction. The heart of Henamarsa had long yearned for that of Onea. The rejection of her suit by the scrupulous warrior had changed its temper into bitterness, and a more vindictive feeling took possession of her breast. She determined to be revenged.

The warrior lay at sunset in the quiet bower, and he slept with sweet visions in his eyes. But why shrieks the young maiden, and wherefore the strong hand upon him? Who are they that bind with thongs the free limbs of the warrior? Vainly does he struggle for his release. Many are the foes around him, and deadly the vengeance which they threaten. He looks about for Anyta,—she too is in chains. Above him stood the form of Henamarsa, and he now knew who had betrayed him, yet he uttered no reproach. She looked upon him with an eye of mingled love and triumph, but he gave her no look in return. He knew her not.

They took him back to the island, and loaded him with fetters. They taunted him with words of scorn, and inflicted ignominious blows upon his limbs. They brought him food and bade him eat for the sacrifice; for that, at the close of the moon, just begun, he should be subjected, with the gentle Anyta, to the torture of fire and the stake. "A Creek warrior will teach you how to die," said Onea. "You are yet children; you know nothing,"—and he shook his chains in their faces, and spat on them with contempt.

That night a voice came to him in his dungeon.

Though he saw not the person, yet he knew that Henamarsa was beside him.

"Live," said the false one—"live, Onea, and I will unloose the cords about thy limbs. I will make thee free of thy keepers—I will carry thee to a quiet forest, where my people shall find thee never." The warrior spake not, but turned his face from the tempter to the wall of his prison. Vainly did she entreat him, nor forego her prayers, until the first glimmerings of the daylight urged her departure. Rising then with redoubled fury from his side, where she had thrown herself, she drew a knife before his eyes. The blade gleamed in his sight, but he shrunk not.

"What," said she, "if I strike thee to the heart, thou that art sterner than the she-wolf, and colder than the stone-house of the adder? What if I strike thee for thy scorn, and slay thee like a fox even in his hole?"

"Is there a mountain between us, woman, and canst thou not strike?" said the warrior. "Why speakest thou to me? Do thy will, and hiss no more like a snake in my ears. Thou hast lost thy sting—I should not feel the blow from thy knife."

"Thou art a brave warrior," said the intruder, "and I love thee too well to slay thee. I will seek thee again in thy captivity, and look for thee to listen."

The last night of the moon had arrived, and the noon of the ensuing day was fixed for the execution of Onea and Anyta. Henamarsa came again to the prison of the chief, and love had full possession of her soul. She strove to win him to his freedom upon her own conditions. She then proffered him the same boon upon

his own terms; but he disdained and denied them. Deep was her affliction, and she now deplored her agency in the captivity of the chief. She had thought him less inflexible in his faith; and judging of his by the yielding susceptibilities of her own heart, had falsely believed that the service she offered would have sanctioned his adoption of any conditions which she might propose. She now beheld him ready for death but not for dishonour. She saw him prepared for the last trial, and she sunk down in despair.

The hour was at hand, and the two were bound to the stake. The torches were blazing around them—the crowd assembled—the warrior singing his song of death, and of many triumphs. But they were not so to perish. Relief and rescue were at hand, and looking forth upon the lake, which his eyes took in at a glance, he beheld a thousand birchen canoes upon its surface, and flying to the scene of execution. He knew the warriors who approached. He discerned the war paint of his nation; he counted the brave men, as they urged forward their vessels, and called them by their names. The warriors who surrounded him rushed, in a panic, for their arms—but how could they contend with the choice men of the Creeks—the masters of a hundred nations? The conflict was brief, though hotly contended. The people of Onca were triumphant, and the chief and the beautiful Anyta freed from their perilous situation. The people whom they had conquered were bound with thongs, and the council deliberated upon their destiny. Shall they go free? shall they die? were the questions—somewhat novel, it is true, in the history of Indian warfare; whose

course of triumph was usually marked with indiscriminate massacre. The voice of Onca determined the question, and their lives were spared.

"Will you be of us and our nation?" asked the conquerors of the conquered.

"We are the children of the sun," was the proud reply—"and can mingle with no blood but our own."

"Our young men will not yield the fair lake, and the beautiful island, and the choice fruits."

"They are worthy of women and children only, and to these we leave them. We will seek elsewhere for the habitations of our people—we will go into other lands. It is nothing new to our fortunes that we should do so now. The spoiler has twice been among us, and the places that knew us shall know us no more. Are we free to depart? Let not your young men follow to spy out our new habitations. Let them take what is ours now, but let them leave us in quiet hereafter."

"You are free to go," was the response, "and our young men shall not follow you."

The old chiefs led the way, and the young followed, singing a song of exile, to which they claimed to be familiar, and calling themselves Seminoles, a name which, in their language, is supposed to signify banishment. All departed save Anyta, and she dwelt for long years after in the cabin of Onca.

THE YOUNG SIOUX.

Deep hidden in the forest wild,
Where yet the savage wander'd free,
A manly Sioux boy beguiled
The hours beneath a tree ;
And gaily, in his native tongue,
A wild, unmeasured lay he sung.

Its theme was love, yet none was near,
No sunny maid to list the strain,
And save my own, no other ear
Might know the lover's pain ;
Yet, as to please some secret thought,
This story of his flame he wrought.

" To-morrow, on the Pawnee's trail,
Sweet Mannó, must the warrior go ;
And I must hear his women wail,
And meetly use the bended bow ;
And hurl the spear, and lift the knife,
And win or lose the forfeit life.

" I glad me that the time is come
To win among the tribe a name,
And in thy tent no longer dumb,
To tell thee of my flame ;
Nor whisper, when the path is clear,
What thou dost tremble still to hear.

" And 'mong my people thou shalt be,
The youthful warrior-hunter's love ;

And he shall shoot the deer for thee,
As bounding through the grove,
With head erect, and hoof of steel,
He scorns the shrinking sands to feel.

“And 'neath the gentle summer sky,
With me in valley and in grove,
Sweet Manné, fearless wilt thou fly,
To see the bison rove ;
While, with an arrow from my bow,
I lay their boldest leader low.

“And bring thee from the morning chase
Unhurt, the young and spotted fawn,
While, proudly, at thy feet I place
The skin from leopard drawn ;
Torn from him, with a warrior's art,
Whilst yet the life is at his heart.

“And thou shalt make the moccasin,
And well repay the hunter's deeds,
When thou hast wrought the red-deer's skin,
Worked with thy many beads ;
Meet for a chief, when from the west
An hundred braves become his guest.”

A TALE OF FAERIE.

THE IDEA BORROWED FROM THE GERMAN.

"There be spirits that do lurk,
Where the yellow bees do work;
In the wild grass, in the flow'rs,
Now in sunshine, now in show'rs,
Ever in some sportive play,
'They do while the hours away—
Would your eyes their follies see,
And their pleasures?—come with me."

I had been to the *soiree* of Isabel Beaumont—young Isabel, as her neighbours called her—sweet Isabel, as she truly deserves to be called. I had spent an evening most pleasantly; and though not extravagantly impressed with the many blooms and beauties scattered around me, I was not so much of the stoic as to reject entirely the influence of their sweet and various associations. Besides, I had been caressed and flattered. Isabel, herself a wit and poetess, had freely bestowed her eulogies upon my own poor efforts in that way; and though affecting a stubborn indifference to all the honours of popular renown, I could not altogether resist the gratification which its applause, coming through the medium of such sweet lips, necessarily brought along with it.

"Why do you not come oftener?" she enquired, as she rebuked me for my past inattention; "why shut

yourself up in that dim bachelor abode, with your brother sinners, denying yourselves the sunshine, whether of nature or society; plotting, no doubt, as much against the state, as against its female sovereignty? Are you really so insensible as you pretend? and must we in truth be taught the mortifying consciousness, that charms such as ours can do nothing towards making you more civilised—more human? Be assured, unless you show signs, and those shortly,—of a better disposition, in sheer pique and mortification, I shall quarter myself upon you. I shall penetrate your innermost sanctuary—break the mystical silence of your dim abode, with all the various real and imagined terrors which the proverb has ascribed to the woman voice; making your ears ring with a peal to which they have not as yet become accustomed, and which, I flatter myself, like other severe specifics, warrantable only in cases the most desperate and hopeless, will go very far either to cure or—kill you."

She shook her fan threateningly as she spoke; and, though trembling with apprehension lest she should, at some future period, and under the impulse of some one of those whims which have a large influence, at all times, upon the female understanding, and sometimes made away even with hers—actually do as she had threatened—I made large promises of future amendment. I even went so far as to utter my satisfaction with the terms and tenor of the proposed visitation; but I need not say to the reader, with how much insincerity. Three quiet bachelors as we were—so unfamiliar to all noise and bustle—so unwilling to be crowded—so unprepared for such an intrusion—what an awful

event was this for contemplation ; and how could the members of our college survive the shock and terrors of such an infliction. The quiet deities of our worship, effectually frightened away by the unwonted din which such a creature would bring along with her, would never look behind them in their departure, and surely never contemplate a return ; and all the repose and security to which we had so completely given ourselves up, would be lost for evermore in the advent of that terrible power, which, though clothed in petticoats, is any thing but petty. The subject was quite too painful for contemplation, and I did not linger long after this dialogue. All my spirits, animal and mental, had taken their departure, and I felt the necessity of at once going after them. I found myself momentarily growing more and more sick and stupid ; and, as the arrangements of the party were in rapid progress towards a country dance, without beat of drum, I sidled along by the noisy array, and found the stairway pleasantly contiguous. Be assured, I paused not to number the steps. I hurried home as quickly as possible ; and marvellous long was the breath I drew on entering once more in safety the sacred walls of our symposium.

Such had been the hurry in which my exit had been taken, that I had altogether forgotten to cast from me, on leaving the abode in which I had suffered so much peril, a fine, full rosebud, one of the first of the season, given me at the commencement of the evening by the fair hostess, with a grace and sweetness of manner which was irresistible. I had, at the time, placed it, with an air of the most tragic description, in the folds of my vest, from whence, with a most lack-a-daisical

expression, it peered forth upon the company. With my veteran habits, and grave temper, such a foppery was not only unbecoming, but particularly ungracious in my own sight; and I gave into it, merely to avoid reproof for that ruggedness of demeanour which the vulgar are always apt to couple with the pursuits and temper of philosophy. Had I not been so thoroughly troubled and terrified with the threat which had driven me home, the *outré* appearance of such an ornament, would not, as may well be supposed, have been suffered so long to distinguish the garb of one to whom it could yield so little satisfaction.

I hurried into the garden immediately on my return. I felt too much disquietude to take my usual seat in the sanctum, and had no wish for supper, in the discussion of which I saw that my two companions were already lustily engaged. I threw myself upon a bench that lay half buried in the long grass of our arbour, and gave myself up to meditation. While speculating upon the subjects suggested by the manner in which my evening had been passed, I unconsciously took the flower from my bosom, and proceeded to pull it to pieces. It was a beautiful bud, of the largest size, swollen almost to bursting, and promising in a few hours to unfold itself and all its sweetness to the desiring sense. At another moment, and in another mood, I should not have destroyed it.—I should have regarded the act as inhuman. But now I was fairly roused and ruffled; and, with a malicious delight, mingled pretty evenly with an abstract wandering of my thought, I beheld leaf by leaf torn away rudely from the purple mansion of

its birth, and crumpled cruelly under my unhesitating fingers. As I thus toiled, I mused and murmured.

“ Yes, her tongue would make a fine abode for the student—we should never hear the end of it—there would ‘ be no sleep for all the house,’ any more than for that of Dunsinane. The same cry might fill our ears as filled that of Macbeth. She would not only murder sleep, but one would not be permitted a snore beyond one’s breath—she would murder silence too.”

And, as I soliloquised, sentence by sentence, the rose, leaf by leaf, was undergoing demolition ; until but the last circlet, the innermost fold of the poor flower was all that survived, in mournful attestation, as well of its own beauty, as of the misplaced generosity of Isabel Beaumont. I paused as my fingers approached this last recess. I shuddered at my own barbarity. I could not help the thought which rebuked me for thus wantonly destroying that which gave so much, though perhaps momentary, gratification, and was at the same time, intrinsically, so sweet and beautiful. How many senses, so much more deserving than my own, had I not deprived and defrauded of their proper solace ? What life had I not wronged of its true subsistence ? Though, possibly, not constituted myself to find luxury or delight in a source so humble, were there not thousands to whom the bud which I had destroyed and trampled, would have been both cheering and charming ? Would not the waning life of the consumptive have gathered something from its fine odour and delicate tints, well adapted to gladden senses attenuated to kindred and like delicacy ? I shuddered at my thoughtless brutality, and was about to restore the remnant of

the dismembered flower to my bosom, when a faint sigh rose from the still unbroken petals, which audibly commanded my attention. I paused and listened. In a few seconds, something, savouring of human tones and familiar language, struck upon my senses, and I bent down to hear. They had not deceived me, for after a slight interval, a voice again syllabled forth, from the bosom of the flower, sounds which, though confused and broken, I was yet enabled to understand. What did this mean?—I was almost tempted to dash the mysterious blossom to my feet, when the prisoner, for such he was, as if comprehending my emotion and design, appealed to me in terms of energy and feeling; calling upon me in language of the utmost entreaty to conclude the labour I had begun, and by destroying his dungeon, release him from his captivity.!

I did as he desired. I tore away the few leaves that still adhered to the stem, and then, for the first time, discovered the cause of that great size, which had made it remarkable. A tiny and glittering form, with shape like our own, but of dimensions the most diminutive, rose from the recumbent and contracted position, which the tightly drawn leaves had forced upon it. It was slender and graceful—symmetrically perfect in every feature; and, with a face whose expression, though delineated in a compass the most pigny and insignificant, was that of winning, yet manly beauty. Its dress seemed that of the first and freshest leaves of the early summer, the green of which was curiously and gorgeously adorned with hues of gold, of saffron, and purple, inwrought and intermingled with the main texture. Golden wings depended from its shoulders,

the seams of whose plumes, were of the richest raven black, while the down of their extremities was of the most brilliant yet delicate crimson. It was altogether a being of light and loveliness. I gazed with wonder, coupled with unqualified delight, and, for a while, had no words to express either my astonishment or curiosity. The little creature, in the meanwhile, as if desiring more perfectly to comprehend his freedom, leapt gracefully into the air, making a dozen circuits, with a whirling rapidity indicative of his rapture, then, suddenly, with an expression of the utmost confidence, stooping, at last, and perching himself upon a clump of boxwood that grew beside me.

"And who and what are you?" was my enquiry upon his return.

"Who?—I? I am a fairy—a prince among the fairies. My name is Sweet William. You, mortals, have a beautiful flower which you call after me."

"Wonderful! And how came you in prison—where do you live—where are your people? Tell me your story—tell me all about you—and, how came you in prison?"

"You shall hear, but first, let me thank you for the prompt and friendly manner in which you released me from my dungeon; but never pull a flower to pieces so roughly again. I was in terror, lest you should take off one of my wings, which had never been so much jeopardd before. As it is, I have sustained divers rents and bruises which will call for care and a leech."

"Well, well!"—I exclaimed somewhat impatiently—"I'm sorry I've hurt you; but to your story. I am

anxious to know the history of your concerns. I am curious to know all about you."

"Know then, that I belong to, and form one of, the Spring tribe of fairies—a tribe which enjoys its existence more perfectly at this than any other season. Indeed, we know no other. We follow the season in its round through the different countries of the globe, and though we should not perish, yet we should suffer greatly were we to be left in the enjoyment of another period, for the influence and effects of which our habits have not prepared us. Thus, for example, we dwell with you in April and May, and as the season becomes oppressive, we fly to a region less advanced. It is thus we live, and, in this way, in the course of the year, we have the entire possession of the globe. I am one of the heirs to the chief rule of our tribe, and, but for my misfortunes, and the injustice I have met with, would be, even now, upon the sun-flower throne of my fathers. But, adverse fate and fortune, with us and ours, as with you and your people, has had its way; and, instead of being a prince in authority, with an entire people in obedience at my feet, my legitimate sway has been usurped and appropriated by another—my sister has been forced to become the wife of the usurper, in this way to afford some countenance to his usurpation, and, defeated in an effort to restrain these objects, I have been placed in the custody from which you have just effected my release."

"And who is this usurper, and by what agency did he obtain so great an influence with your people as to bring about such a revolution?"

“His name was John Quill, or rather, that was the only name by which our people knew him. He was an obscure wretch—an author,—a paltry fellow, who wrote politics, and history, and criticism, and verses.”

“Le diable ! and could such a creature effect so much ? It is not credible. The pursuit of letters, quite abstract and reserved as it usually is, would seem to forbid any approach to the strifes and terrors of popular life, particularly at a season of wars and revolutions.”

“Why, so it is thought, but I am persuaded incorrectly. Once aroused, and always an irritable and discontented race, I am satisfied of all creatures, these poets are the most difficult to manage—the most dangerous to deal with. The only reason, perhaps, why they so unfrequently interfere in the concerns of state and government, is, simply, because they affect to regard the prizes and honours of popular life, as unworthy and beneath the true dignity of their aim. Mere popularity is not enough for those who are perpetually clamouring for, and claiming, immortality.”

“You may be right, and, indeed, we too have some authority for your notion, in our own experience ; but I am anxious to hear your story in detail :—will it please your princship to go on with it ?”

“It is long, and you may find it tedious ; but, since you desire it, that is no concern of mine. You pluck for yourself the difficulty, and may not complain of its thorns. Thus, then, as I have already told you, I am the legitimate male heir to the Sunflower empire. My father, whose name I bear, having reached the allotted term of one life on this, was transferred, during the last season, to another planet, and I was left in the peace-

able possession of his throne. At the period of his departure, I was wandering up the Oronico, in company with the Star nation, for one of the daughters of which I had imbibed a high admiration. The news was brought me by our old and favourite servant, Will o' the Whisp, who urged my immediate return. I delayed, however, unfortunately, and in the delay, the evil had been done. John Quill, always a moody and somewhat savage thing, who had commenced his life with writing eulogies upon my father, but who, failing thereby to acquire place and pension, had become his most bitter satirist, now appealed to the populace, and made a faction among the vulgar. He talked of reform and such other things, and by referring perpetually to the supposed interests of the herd, he did not long want for an attentive auditory. He went about making speeches like the most thorough-paced demagogue. He called my father a bloody tyrant, and me, he set down, as little, if any, better. All the evils, whether of the laws or of the seasons, were laid to our account respectively. If there came no rains to allay the burning heats of the sands on which we were to dance by night, it was all the doing of one or other of us. If our sun-flower crops happened to be limited in productiveness, and, our people, in consequence, were compelled to emigrate to other sections of country, we were the guilty—and ours must be the punishment. In short, every thing evil or unfortunate in our affairs, was laid at our door, and, however wild the charge, the result you must already have foreseen. You know enough of the nature of a thoughtless and ignorant populace, wrought upon by unanticipated misfortune, to understand how

it is that he who proposes a remedy for their real or imagined grievances—however extravagant his suggestions—however dishonourable his motives, can always most readily gather his faction, and will never want for attentive consideration among them. When I returned home, I was hailed with reproaches, and my reception was blows. Unsuspecting conspiracy or assault, I was made a prisoner, and placed in the dungeon in which you found me, and for my release from which I am solely indebted to yourself. John Quill, assuming to himself the titular distinctions of our family, to which he had not the most solitary pretension, seized upon my sister and compelled her to marry him. He has seated himself most complacently upon the throne of my father, the golden sunflower of our exclusive inheritance, and sways its sovereignty with a despotism as wild and reckless as were his denunciations of our rule. Our tribe is ground down by a taxation, the most villanous and partial. My fathers, and my own friends, are the victims of his wanton injustice. Their property, if they dare complain, is wrested from them, on the slightest pretences, and appropriated to the use of his creatures. Nothing, indeed, can exceed the gloom and misery which now overhang our unhappy nation. Nor, as far as I can see, is there any apparent remedy—at least, not for the present. The usurper has surrounded himself with his guards and mercenaries—he has expended upon them and the materials of warfare, all the wealth of the country, and, in this way, he contrives to keep in subjection the large body of my own and father's friends, who might be disposed to declare in my behalf, while the fruits of their industry are

torn from them, for the pay and reward of those who are employed in keeping them in subjection."

"This is, indeed, a horrible state of things; but why, let me ask, do the sufferers not unite in the common cause for resistance to this tyranny?"

"They would do so, if they could at less disadvantage. The usurper is in power, and has all its advantages at command. He holds the purse, and controls the armoury of the nation. The idle, the dissolute and desperate, considerable in number, are the merest mercenaries in his employ. A rebellion would be rash, and almost hopeless, under circumstances such as these."

"But did your friends and party make no effort for you at the outset? Did they suffer you quietly to be put down?"

"No—they did what they could—but taken by surprise, and imperfectly prepared for conflict, they made head in vain. They were defeated in a pitched battle, with considerable loss, and once dispersed, and without a leader to direct, they have not had the spirit to reassemble for another conflict. Now that I am free, though, as I have reason to think, surrounded by the spies of the usurper, I shall proceed to organise and rally them, as well for the recovery of their rights as my own."

"Well, what you have told, surprises me greatly. I had always been taught to believe that you fairies were the most sportive, pleasant and happy of all God's creatures—that there was nothing of strife, of sadness or suffering among you. That you lived only among sweets, and sunbeams, and zephyrs, with a life as sweetly sin-

less as theirs, and knew nothing savouring of malevolence, which was not, at least, playfully, and not injuriously, so. I grieve to hear that passions and a pride like ours, disfigure your lives and blot up your enjoyments."

"This has been the notion of your poets, but they knew little in truth about us, and their fancies did not go very far in their better education. We have our wars, for have we not our women?—we have our hates, for we also have our loves: we have our fears, for we are not without our hopes: we have our jealousies, for we are not less ambitious of place, power and glory, than yourselves. Judge then, for yourself, in how much, possessing such characteristics, we should hope for escape from the trials and troubles of your humanity."

"There is one matter on which I should like to be informed. How is it, that, in the possession of spiritual and other agencies, superior to ours, it should be permitted me to release you from a captivity imposed upon you by one of your own species?"

"Did you not assume for our condition a destiny far more grateful and elevated than it really is, you might, without difficulty, answer your own enquiry. Superior though we may be in many things to you, the Creator of our common tribes, with that equal eye which is the prominent feature in our ideas of the eternal justice, has found it necessary to restrain our pride and power as well as yours, by denying many attributes to the one in common with the other. With this reason, a mortal is sometimes permitted the performance of an act which a fairy may not think of—and in this way we live as mutual restraints upon one another. Do you not per-

ceive, that, without some such arrangement of the overruling Providence, your race would be entirely at the mercy of ours? At our caprice, were it not so, you would perish; as it is, we may and do annoy and torment you in a thousand ways, though your philosophies have traced your annoyances to any other than the true cause. It is well for both of us that we are under the same equal protection from one another—there being cases of exception, only, in which nations, differing so decidedly from, and in some respects so adverse to one another, may mingle together, and furnish in few instances mutual checks and impediments to the progress or the desires of each other. It is thus, that a fairy, enthralled by a fairy, may be so spelled in his prison that fairy power may not effect his release. My place of confinement on this occasion, happened to be one, which, by our nature, we are not permitted to destroy. The rose is sacred in our estimation and is utterly beyond our power. For this reason, it was chosen as my prison, by my cunning enemy. The fairy who destroys a rose, descends from his grade, and on some obscurer planet passes into a lower condition of life."

"I understand; but, let me ask, if your enemy had been malignantly disposed towards you, why did he not destroy you? Why did he place you in a prison, from which the chances of escape were so numerous?"

"You mistake again. His malignity was certainly not less than I now describe it. He would have destroyed me had he well dared. But it would have been a doubtful policy to have done so, since, even with his own faction, there are some, with whom the blood of legitimacy is still, to a certain degree, considered

sacred. There might have been a great re-action in my favour—and he feared it—in the event of an open attempt upon my life. He chose a mode, however, less fruitful in peril, but almost as certain to bring about my destruction as the most direct design. He knew how much the fortunes of the flower were under the control of mortals; and relied upon the strong probability of my being torn in pieces, or crushed under feet, as soon as the little perfume of my prison-house had been exhausted. Such, most probably, would have been my fortune, had it not suited your mood to articulate a long soliloquy, as leaf by leaf, with measured determination, you tore away the walls of my dungeon; nor, as it is, have I entirely escaped. You see by the rents in my wings how much I have suffered in the mode of my release.”

I was about to condole with the little prince on his misfortunes, and to offer my assistance, such as it was, in his cause, when, all of a sudden, his countenance exhibited the strongest signs of mental agitation. His eyes were turned scrutinisingly and quickly in all directions of the garden, and without a word, leaping to the rose-bush which stood near, he tore away several of the largest thorns, and took an attitude and put on an air of the most manly defiance.

“As I feared,” said he, “my enemies are upon me. The spies of the usurper have apprised him of my escape from prison, and the whole garden is surrounded by his myrmidons.”

I looked as he spoke, and, to my great surprise, beheld a numerous array, armed with long spears of pointed cane, bows of yew, blow-guns of willow, and arrows

fitted to them of the most pointed thorns of the forest. They approached the young prince, who stood firmly the assault. At their head came one, whose fierce gesture, manner and authority, at once, in my mind, determined him to be the usurper, John Quill, himself. I was right. Despising all humbler enemies, the dethroned prince, without waiting for the assault, and with a rashness only commendable in the desperateness of his situation, rushed fearlessly upon him, and challenged a single combat. But he was not so to be encountered. The whole force of the foe hemmed him round, and pressed in upon him—they girt him in with their weapons—he, struggling and raging gallantly, striking down an enemy at every blow, and resolutely rushing on, and aiming at, their chief. But valour and skill were nothing to the odds against him. He fought in vain. He was overthrown. I saw him borne to the earth—his foemen upon him—a thousand spears were at his breast, and I could bear the sight no longer. I seized a weapon—I dashed forward into the array—I struck right and left. Already had I stricken the heads from a couple, the most forward of the enemy—my next blow, and John Quill himself must have perished, for my weapon was uplifted and hung over him without the most distant probability of his escape with life; when suddenly my arms were pinioned by a superior power—the weapon wrested from my grasp, and, in the twinkling of an eye, myself overthrown and struggling for release upon the soft carpet of our sanctuary.

“Why do you hold me back?” I exclaimed to my two brother bachelors of the symposium, whom I now found

to be the powers which had so inopportunately arrested the stroke of justice upon the head of the tyrant.

"Why, what's the matter, would you break every thing in the house in your sleep," was the reply.

I remonstrated with them in vain. "Will you, then," I asked, "leave young Prince Sweet William to perish? Will you permit that tyrannical usurper, John Quill, to destroy him?"—and as I spoke, I again advanced to the contiguous garden, which I had just before left in order to procure the sabre which I had handled so lustily, and which I now endeavoured to regain; but they interfered and prevented me. Laughing in my face, they pointed to the two victims I had overthrown. Alas! they seemed no longer the emissaries of the tyrant. They were our two decanters of sherry, from which the heads had been most adroitly stricken, and through the rents of which the goodly liquor was now streaming over the floor. The demijohn well-stored with the same precious juice, which to my bewildered eyes had personified the usurping Quill, had been only preserved from a like fate by the timely interposition of my comrades.

"What have you seen—what have you dreamed?" said they in a breath. I was dumb. It was true the fairies were no longer before me, but I had certainly been under the power of the *incubi*. I could not bear the jest and laughter which assailed me on all hands, and strangely wondering at the hallucination which had so wrought upon my senses, I went hurriedly, yet full of meditation, to my chamber.

I could not sleep. Was it possible that I had been dreaming?—that a narrative so methodical—so regularly drawn out to all its proper consequences—so

perfectly dramatic—had been the mere phantasm of my wild and wandering senses? I could not even then believe it. The thing was impossible, and half-distracted between doubt and credulity—between faith and scepticism, I rose from my couch and took my seat at the window which looked directly down upon the garden.

There, all was silent as the grave. The winds had scarce a whisper. The leaves waved not; and the tall trees, with an inclination the most slight and shadowy, barely bent themselves forward beneath the wing of the zephyr that now and then stooped to take its shelter within their branches. Over all, the moon shone forth with most incomparable and touching brightness, like some guardian mother pale with watching, and now keeping careful guardianship over her sleeping progeny. The scene throughout was one of faery—of the richest fancy, and it need occasion little wonder when I say that my faith grew strong in my former vision. All things seemed to contribute to the madness of my mood. All things grew spiritual to the eye, in strict accommodation with the impulses of the mind and heart over which they had wrought so large an influence.

Surely I dream not now, and what means the long procession which I see before me? Once more the garden walk has its throng. The tiny tribes are at work, and busy in the most various circumstance. The flowers live—the trees have exercise—not a bush or a branch lacks its array—they are all in motion. God of the various world—how wondrous are thy works—how more than wonderful art thou!

They are engaged in the performance of a mournful duty. They bear the body of the unfortunate prince, Sweet William, to the place of sepulture. They form that class of his former subjects who had not altogether deserted him, and are now permitted by the politic usurper to do the last offices at his burial. Did you ever see a fairy funeral, gentle reader. I would that I could describe it for your sake. The monotonous hum of the horn, blown at regular intervals by the trumpeter beetle. The mourning candles carried by the glow-worm. The chant of the bee-bird—the occasional cry of the whip-poor-will keeping time and tune with the sorrowing cavalcade, attest the loss which they have all sustained ; for the fairy is well beloved by the innocent populace of his garden regions. He is the protector and patron of bud, bird, and insect—he countenances their sports, shares in their pleasures, and revenges their injuries. Should they not be present at his funeral ?

They bore him to his sepulchre in a green hillock, over which I had often rambled, Little did I dream then of its peculiar uses. They wrapped his lifeless body in the greenest leaves, and laid it with due reverence in the open grave, freshly hollowed out for the purpose by the industrious hill-fox. Then came the chant of the mourners—a melancholy song, reciting the virtues, and deploring the loss, of the deceased. It told of his beauty of form, his gentleness of spirit—how he loved all things that were beautiful, and how all things that were beautiful came to sorrow at his departure. They described him now as the occupant of a brighter and more durable garment of animated

materiality—as the dweller in fresher and richer gardens—the partaker of choicer fruits and flowers—the sharer in more delicious sports—the loved of more lasting affections. Their creed was not unlike our own.

But one lingered by the grave when all had departed. A delicate form—a gentle beauty—the maiden he had loved. She was one of the daughters of another tribe, called the Star nation, and wore its badge in the shape of a brilliant star, now suffused in sorrowful dews, upon her forehead. Her name was Anne-Moné. Long and earnestly did she pour forth her wail over the form of the buried lover. She planted a rose-tree at his head, and turned away at last; broken words upon her lips, and tears streaming from her long eyelashes. She came towards my window. A sudden bound placed her upon a branch of the tall tree, which hung directly before it. I felt my head swim and my senses grow confused at her approach. My limbs were paralysed—my strength was gone—my heart ceased its most perceptible pulsations. She leaned forward, and half sung and half whispered in my ears—what delicious, what melancholy music. She told me the story of her loves—of the misfortunes and the loss of her lover; and avowed her determination to exile herself henceforward from all her people, until the hour of her own departure to the sphere of her lover. It was to fly the solicitations of another suitor, whom her friends and family desired to force on her, that she had come to this determination. This much of herself and hers. What she next said concerned me alone. She spoke of my youth—of the wrong I was about to do to my

own nature, and in fate's despite, by the isolation which I had been prevailed upon to adopt. Was I happy, or could I be happy, shut in from the associations of that other sex, the communion with which is one of the first conditions that comes with existence. Such was the question, which, asked by her, the widow and the desolate of love, I knew not well how to answer, even had speech, at that moment, been permitted me. She placed her hand upon my own, I was incapable of resistance. With a word, the import of which, I could not understand, I was lifted from the seat, which, in all this time, I had occupied. I was conscious of motion—of flight—of a whirling rapidity—but of nothing beside. All then was confusion, until, after a brief interval, the words of the young fairy again fell upon my sense, in sounds sweeter than music!

“You would have saved him, and I would serve you in return. While I dwell on this planet, let me toil for the gentle and deserving. You have wronged, and still continue to wrong your own nature, and I would bring back your spirit to its better teachings. Look!”

A gorgeous, but dimly burning lamp, lay on a table before me. I was in an apartment to which I was unfamiliar. It was a chamber. A richly decorated couch rose to the ceiling in its centre, and as the light flickered more brightly at intervals, I beheld extended upon it in deep and sweet repose, the form of a beautiful woman. The features are familiar—it is Isabel Beaumont herself—the coquette, the capricious Isabel, for so I thought, and as usual, I feared her. What do I hear? It is my name she has uttered. What delicious tones. Her lips

part again—again she utters my name, and coupled too with an association of sentiment so flattering. She loves me—me, the ennui—the discontent—the misanthrope; and, oh! worse than all—the bachelor!

She never looked half so lovely in my eyes before. Her hair wandered in rich profusion, raven-like, glossy and of the most silken texture, over a neck white and spotless as the new fallen snow. The drapery of her dress had fallen, and I maddened at the prospect. My soul was on fire—my lips bent down instinctively to hers, but before they yet pressed that virgin shrine and mansion of heavenly beauty and deliciousness, I felt the touch of my fairy companion upon my arm. My limbs were nerveless. My head swam—I felt myself again in motion, and knew nothing more, until the close and now oppressive walls of my own room grew familiar to my sight. A single sentence the fairy uttered, with uplifted finger, as she left me——.

“You know—you have seen and heard—deal nobly by the maiden—she is worthy of all your love.”

I had penetrated into a new world. I was another creature. I had a new life. What now were my emotions—was this now feeling love? I could not resolve my own doubts. I had no answer to the question which perpetually suggested itself to my sense. I rose a changed man the next morning. My companions had no longer the wonted expression. I shrunk from—I had no further confidence in them—they could have no sympathy with me. My thought was only upon the sweet vision I had witnessed the preceding night. Once more I gazed upon that fair picture of sleeping loveliness. Once more the broken murmurs of love which then

escaped her lips, coupled with my own name, inflamed and excited my heart. But was it not all a dream—a fond, a foolish delusion. I grew more and more distracted the more I meditated upon it; until at length, as night again drew nigh, I sallied forth. “I will see her,” said I, “I will watch her closely. No passion, no prejudice shall blind me in my examination; and if she look but pensive—if she put on no habit of capricious vagary, I will confide—I will permit myself to—love!” So I spake. Fond fool! I was already the slave—the victim of the passion, upon the existence of which I yet presumed to entertain a will!

She was alone—she was sad. How beautiful was she—how much more beautiful than ever, with that unaccustomed sadness. A slight blush (so at least I dreamed) mantled her cheek on my appearance, and I became more confident. With a hesitation of manner and speech, quite foreign to her wonted ease and dignity, she addressed me, with something of the air of *badinage*, which had characterised, on her part, our last conversation, a sentence or two which appears in the first part of our narrative.

“So you are come. You would crave forgiveness, I imagine, for your uncourtly retreat last night, but I shall not forgive you. What! shall we have no sway in our own empire—where all are pleased and proud to do homage, shall one, alone, be permitted to withhold his knee? It cannot be. The refractory knight must be taught obedience—he must learn his duty and our sovereignty.”

She smiled, and the tones of her voice, in correspondence with the words she uttered, were intended to be

playful and sportive, but I could see the secret effort—the labour of her manner throughout; and when she ceased speaking her eyelids dropped—her lips became slightly depressed, and her glance was pensively vacant. Isabel, the capricious Isabel, whose sarcasm I had feared, whose mirth had troubled and terrified me, now appeared in a character entirely new. She was no longer the tyrant—the conqueror. She was herself a captive. Her secret was mine, and mine soon became hers. The college of bachelors was endangered. The pledge which I had made my brethren was soon forgotten in the more attractive influence of other pledges; and night after night, and hour after hour, of close communion in word and sentiment, only linked me more directly with the beautiful, the sweet creature, of whom I have spoken, in language how far short in expression of a due estimate of her thousand attractions.

I had her vow, she had mine, and, but a few months were required to elapse before our union. In that time, however, we were to be separated—a thousand miles were to intervene. Business called my attention to another region, and we parted, sadly, it is true, but full of hope; without distrust—with no fear, no presentiment.

Sleepless I lay upon my couch in the city of ———. In a week more, and I should commence my homeward journey. In a month, Isabel should be mine. She would sleep in my bosom—the pulses of her young heart should beat in corresponding sympathies with my own. Such were my fancies—such the dreaming mood of my excited spirit. A languor suddenly overspread my senses. I could see and feel, but had no visible motion—no ca-

capacity of life. I recognised once more the form of the young fairy before me. Her look was sad; she pressed her hand upon mine, and shook her head with a melancholy slowness which had volumes of emphatic meaning in its manner. A sudden tempest passed over the garden; the moon was obscured by clouds; the flowers were prostrate; and, with something of consternation at these shows of nature, I looked round for explanation to where stood the fairy girl, but she had gone. There was something of a strange terror to me in these omens, and I only waited for the daylight to take my departure. I lingered not, in my return, by the way. I hurried to the well-known dwelling—I asked for Isabel—my Isabel—so soon to be mine, at least—and they showed me—her grave. There was a sweet sympathy in the fortunes of the fairy, and the no less spiritual being on whom she attended. A strain of music that night came to my ears, as I mourned in the solitude of my chamber on the desolation of my hopes; and looking forth from my window, I beheld once more the long procession, and witnessed for the second time, the melancholy rites, which like our own, distinguish the funeral of a fairy.

THE FEARFUL MEMORY.

The idea of the following poem was suggested by the perusal of a single and small paragraph, rendered from a German romancer of repute. The object was to furnish a grouping of successive and corresponding images and ideas, in themselves vague and indistinct, which would nevertheless form, when taken together, a perfect narrative, such as, in matters of jurisprudence, may be considered the collected body of circumstantial evidence necessary to the conviction of the criminal. How far I may have been successful in carrying out my design, it is not with me to determine.

It comes but as a dream, yet is no dream,
And my rack'd soul requires no sleeping hour
To shadow forth its presence. It is here :—
By daylight and in darkness still the same,
Keeping its watch above my desolate heart,
And, when it would escape to other thoughts,
Bringing it back, with stern unbendingness,
To its curst prison, and its scourge and rack !

Some years, and many thoughts we never lose,
Howe'er time changes. This is one of them !—
Seasons on seasons, since that hour is gone,
Have passed away, with many a circumstance,
To root the dreadful token from my soul ;—
And yet its fearful memory, freshly still,
Stands by me, night and day ;—and, with a voice,
Monotonous as the evening bird, sends forth

One fearful adjuration—one deep tone
Of dread reproach, and omen, and dismay !

It is no flickering shadow on the wall,
That startles me at midnight, and expels,
The sweet sleep and fond quiet, all away—
Fills me with horrid thoughts, with many a dread,
And leaves me wan and spiritless at dawn.
No childish spectre, such as fancy paints,
Sudden, before the trembling criminal,
When the bell tolls at midnight, and the vaults
Of the old minster echo back the sound,
With replication wild—haunts me with scowl
Of horrible complexion—a vague spright,
Of chattering teeth, and wan and empty glance,
And stale, lack-lustre semblance !—Would it were—
I were not half the wretch that now I am !

Back to that fearful hour, I need not look,—
The past is ever present ! There it stands—
The time, the scene, the dreadful circumstance,
Vividly in my soul, and fresh as when
Each fell particular of thought and deed,
Came to me, as a parcel of myself,
Destined thence, ever, to abide with me !
Let folly, all agape, at some dread mask,
Wonder, with shooting pulse and bristling hair,
At the poor trick of fancy, which invests
Each fleeting, flick'ring shadow on the wall
With spiritual semblance. Nought of this
Troubles my sense, and with unmeasured arm,
Shakes some unshapely terror ! I see nought—
'Tis in my soul the fiend hath ta'en abode,
And yields not up his watch. There, all night long,
He tells the monotonous story of my crime ;
Paints, in detail, each dread particular,
With horrible recital. On each part,

Dwells with a deep minuteness, loud and long,—
Portrays my haggard fright to mine own eyes,
At mine own work of sorrow ; and forbears,
Not even when day has come, and with it brought,
The busy mart, the crowded festival.
There, in the wildest hum, he seeks me out,
Becoming my sole partner. In my ear,
Some feature, even more dreadful than the rest,
With jeering tone and gibbering laugh of scorn,
He whispers—and the sound like rushing fire,
Or, subtlest poison, from the mountains won,
When spirits are abroad—through my chilled veins,
Without arrest, goes sure and fatally ;—
And all grows dark around me—and I lose
The crowded presence, and the lights grow dim,
And I behold myself, again, as once—
In that old hall—the long-gone hours restored—
Darkness around me, save, at intervals,
When inauspicious lightnings broke the gloom,
And the foul bat from out his sooty wing,
Shot through the heavy air, a glimmering ray,
That deepen'd the accumulated gloom,
Of that deep gloom about me. Then, once more,
Appears that form of matchless excellence,
Creature of ravishing mould, and grace that came,
From Eden, ere 'twas blasted. Did I then,—
Cold, selfish, worthless,—as even then I was—
Destroy a flower so bless'd and beautiful?—
Bless'd in itself, and more than happy now,
Yet doubly bless'd with me its enemy.
She comes to me again—I see her now—
How glorious every glance—how smooth each limb,
In exquisite proportion, never match'd ;
All rich but ruin'd, and the sightless gaze,
The sole perfection dimmed. Could I have seen,
That moment, what, a moment after, stood

Before each sense of my spirit, she had been,
A living creature—I, a happy one !

And yet, I struck her not. The blow thatrest
Earth of so fair a creature—lopt away,
Suddenly from its stem, as recklessly,
The ploughshare smites the daisy—was not mine ;—
That crime is spared my soul ; and yet, the crime,
For which I suffer this pursuing fiend,
Was not less deadly, though less dark and dread.
Yet, in that Gothic hall, as then I stood,—
Scarce seeing—all unseen—save by the God,
Whose minister this demon has become—
Even now I stand, beholding all anew,
With freshest glance ; and ever since that hour,
Which brought the doom on her, the curse on me,
The deadly circumstance, the fearful crowd,
Of images, all terrible and stern,
Is present to my soul. Before my eyes,
Limned in the outline, by a scanty gray,
Thrown in the latter aperture, from which,
The broken shutter, creaking sullenly, swings,—
I mark a prostrate form—a silent mass,
No feature marked—no colour, shape or face,
Tone or expression—nothing to the sight,
Worthy the sight's observance ; yet to me,—
My soul aroused and with a spirit's gaze—
All's clear—all vivid, bright. Her eye no more,
Sends forth its fine expression—all is dim !—
The dark knife lies beside her—in her hands,
The fatal scrawl that drove her to despair,
Writ in my madness. I can see no more.
But madden as I move, for, at each step,
My feet do clammily adhere to the floor,
As if'twere clotted blood that bound them there,
Unwilling they should fly—unyielding still.
In vain would I retreat—for as I move,

Wildly, with face turned backward on the scene,
I fain would fly from, down the narrow stairs,
I hear the trickling drops, keeping full pace,
In concert with my feeble falt'ring steps.
Blood—blood!—pursuing wheresoe'er I fly,
And reeking to the heavens, and calling down
This vengeful memory, that, with demon spite,
Inhabits mine own soul, and makes me yield,
A prison of myself—of mine own heart,
A prison meet for mine own punishment.

What further of my story would you hear,—
What boots the name, the deed, the hour, the place,
And each foul feature of what men call crime :
Brief name, to mark a history so long,
So wild, so very fearful as is mine,—
Was hers—is memory's still. It were all vain ;
Words are not things, and fail to paint our thoughts,
When they are dark and terrible as mine,
Else, should you hear it all, from lips that now,
Blanch with the recollection. But you see
Its truth in what you see. A little while,
The demon will give up its dread abode,
And still will be the tongue of memory—
Desolate soon must be its dwelling place,
And the torn spirit it has rack'd so long,
Freed from its presence and its bonds all broke,
Will seek—ah, will it find what still it seeks,
The form it crush'd—the spirit it deplores.

A LEGEND OF THE PACIFIC.

"Why should there be a life, when that the love,
That gave to life its sunshine, all is gone;
The heart should die, then ; nor in endless pain,
Broken, live on."

A Spanish vessel, touching at one of the beautiful islands of the Pacific, shortly after the discovery of Vasco Nunez had made them available, left, at its departure, a young Spaniard upon it, who having strayed at some distance from the vessel into the interior, had been unobserved and forgotten. The island, at the first glance, seemed uninhabited ; and so indeed, in reality, it proved to be, subject only to the migratory visits of a tribe from one in the neighbourhood. Our Spaniard, who was named Velasquez, was of good family, and was among the many, seduced from the luxurious enjoyment of an independent fortune in his own country, to the paradisaical enjoyments accounted to belong to the modern discoveries of the new world. He was not unknown to the perils of war ; and, with all the chivalrous spirit of his age and nation, he contemned and met them boldly, and with sufficient firmness ; but the perils of labour for life were perils hitherto unknown, and the first moment of consciousness which followed the knowledge of the ship's departure, was one little short of despair. In a paroxysm of frenzy he cast himself down

upon the sand, bewildered with nameless and numberless terrors, and frantic with their contemplation.

Velasquez was not, however, so greatly the nursling of nobility and ease as to yield the contest to his fate without a struggle. He was of noble spirit, and his energy of character had been at all times his peculiarity. He was romantic, too, and after the first paroxysm of apprehension had subsided, the feeling of its desolation was strangely connected with the novelty of his situation; and, in a mood somewhat more lively, he betook himself to a survey of the dominion, of which he found himself in the exclusive possession.

The island was but a few miles in extent, and in the course of a second day's journey he had made its circuit. It possessed the shelter, from the sun, of several delicious groves, of which, during the mid-day heats, he availed himself and found repose; while they yielded him, at the same time, an abundance of the various fruits common to these islands, obviating any and every inconvenience from hunger. A few muscles also contributed to his repast; and the human mind, always subtle in expedients when sharpened and brought into action by necessity, did not permit the young Spaniard so quietly to suffer, as to make his grief insupportable. He felt his privations, it is true; but, with the philosophy which comes of a stout heart and a buoyant spirit, he contrived to make the best of a situation in which he had no alternative.

The island upon which he was left offered no means by which he might have constructed a shallop, for the exploration of its neighbourhood. This, the main evil of his exile excepted, was the chief subject of regret

with Velasquez. Could he have traced the waters dependent upon his sovereignty, he might have explored the contiguous shores which hung before his eyes upon the verge of his horizon, like a dim streak, curtaining the distance. An arm of the sea interposed, presenting a wall of waters to his progress, which, though but a few miles in extent, was effectually a barrier to him. Day by day, after providing for his repast, would he sit upon the edge of the island, contemplating that faint line in the distance, which he felt assured was inhabited, and which he so longed to behold. Even the presence of a savage tribe would have been grateful, assuring him, as it must have done, that he was not entirely alone. When, however, as was frequently the case on these occasions of survey, he began to despond, like a good catholic, he told his beads and said his prayers, and promised many a pilgrimage to the shrine of his patron saint in the event of her succour and assistance.

One day, while engaged in this mournful contemplation, surveying the wide waste stretching before him, ruffled into a petty fury by the influence of a sudden tempest, he beheld a dark speck in the distance which strongly attracted his attention. Its course was directly onwards to his island, in which direction the currents, operated upon violently by the force of the prevailing wind, set steadily. For a long time with straining eye he watched its progress, without being able to determine what in reality it was; yet a something of hope kept him chained to the survey of its progress, with a feeling deeply alive, as if it had an especial interest important to himself. It had—and, in a little while, our exile had the felicity to discover that the object before

him was an Indian canoe, in which, however, he saw but one person, managing it with wonderful dexterity ; and, though unable to control its progress in the one direction, yet so guiding it as to steady it safely, even against the influence of a strong breeze and a chopping sea. The current bore it directly towards the spot on which Velasquez stood ; and he now perceived, with pleasing emotion, that the warrior who had, with such good fortune, conducted the shallop safely through the waters, and under circumstances of so much peril, was a young and beautiful Indian woman. All his apprehensions were now awakened to observe how she would escape the breakers, upon which he saw the boat must inevitably drive ; and he rose, and, with a degree of eagerness becoming indifferently well a young cavalier of old Spain, he rushed waist-deep into the chafing waters, ready to yield all necessary assistance. Nor did he do so in vain. As the skiff entered the foaming billows it became whirled among them with a rapidity beyond all human control, and was torn at once into fragments by their fury ; while the young Indian, plunged between two struggling waves, for a moment lost all command of her person, and was borne violently up the shore, and as violently forced back in their equally terrible recoil. It was now the moment when our young Spaniard could render the service for which he stood prepared ; and, with unhesitating boldness and noble vigour, he dashed in among the struggling waves, and soon reached the almost supine and certainly helpless form of the young savage. Grasping her with tenacious firmness around the body, he supported her upon the water until the return of the surf, which he followed

with rapidity ; pausing, however, and steadying both himself and charge, with their heads towards the returning billow which broke over them innocuously. A second effort placed them within their depth, and in a few moments they attained the shore.

But the Indian girl, who was both beautiful and young, lay without sign of life before him ; and Velasquez almost wept to think that a moment the most luxuriously delightful, which he had for so long a time experienced, was possibly to be dashed by the loss of the only creature whom fortune appeared to have designed to lighten his solitude. He did not despair, however, but immediately proceeded to put in execution every available plan for her restoration. Nature came to the relief of both ; and the young Indian opened her eyes, which the Spaniard perceived to be both black and beautiful. She spoke faintly too, and in muttered sounds, which, though they did not syllable forth his language, were as soft and tender as the breathings of the night-wind through the twisted core of the sea shell ; and the already enamoured Spaniard knelt down beside her, and gently raising her in his arms, imprinted a deep kiss upon the pure coral of her lips, that gave a beautiful relief and lustre to the clear and sun-dyed brown of her glowing cheeks. The action restored her to something like consciousness—she looked around her enquiringly, and her eyes at length settled long and earnestly upon the face of her preserver. As sense returned, she spoke rapidly in her own language, and seemed to make many enquiries, which Velasquez endeavoured to answer—though he could not understand—in words as meaningless to her as hers had

been to him ; but as in his speech his eyes had taken part, and as the tones of his voice were mellowed into a subdued and touching eloquence, all was not thrown away upon her ear, and the young savage smiled with unalloyed delight and artlessness, at the first lesson she had learned in the language of the pale stranger. As, at the first, in the primeval hour of the creation, the speech which heaven bestowed upon its creatures was that of love, it is fortunately the basis of that ancient language which the senses of all men comprehend, whatever may be the difference of clime and custom ; and accordingly, our two islanders were not slow to ascertain the tenor of certain and sundry dialogues which their spirits carried on. Thus, at evening, when the Spaniard returned to his usual repose in the recesses of the grove, which had been knotted overhead with the sheltering palm, and strewn below with the long and pliant cane-grass, she lay upon his arm, with the confidence of innocence at its birth ; and the bridal hour of the two exiles was as sweet and as pure as the love that produced it was hallowed, and the destiny in which it had its origin was solemn and peculiar.

The passion thus begun, and sanctioned, as it would seem, by an especial providence, was neither slow to ripen nor modified in its character. The desolation of their fate, their separation from all mankind beside, more nearly united them ; and, before many days, the young Spaniard, not less than his dusky companion, if they did not altogether cease to repine at the isolation of their fortunes, did not, nevertheless, feel this isolation as a very particular hardship. In a little time he had taught her the signification of some of those sounds,

which speak of our simplest wants and impulses ; and she, in turn, had not been slow to make him understand those of her own language, which, having their origin, as in all countries they are found to do, in some general impulses and necessities, are alike common to all. Thus, day by day, they went on teaching and taught, until it ceased to be difficult to make them comprehend their several emotions.

Nor were the lessons of the beautiful Amaya—for such had she already taught him was her name—been confined to the use of words. She led him among the rocks, at the tide-fall, and taught him many mysteries. Plunging fearlessly into the deeps on one occasion, and disappearing from his sight, with a wild shriek of desolation, Velasquez leaped in after her. He, too was an excellent swimmer, and with a joy beyond expression, he beheld her in a vast hollow of the deep, separating from their beds the largest pearl oysters. He, also, like herself, soon became familiar with the buoyant element ; and though no longer valuing a treasure, which in his own country had been beyond estimation, he nevertheless employed himself in gathering the precious gems, and storing them in his habitation. Great indeed was the wealth which, without any prospect or possibility of its use, the Spaniard was thus enabled to amass ; and when he sometimes looked upon his stores, and thought of his own sunny lands, and the rich vineyards and the blooming groves, which he no longer could behold, his spirit grew melancholy within him, and he even turned with a listless eye of indifferent coldness upon the young and simple creature, whose love was little short of adora-

tion, and who should have been all to him, as, under such circumstances, he was more than every thing to her. At such moments of despondency on the part of her lover she would employ the gentlest artifices, the tenderest attentions ; and sing in her own island language, notes, the pathos of which spoke as earnestly, in the deep and touching emphasis of their tones, as they could possibly have done in the sense of their language. Wooing him to those hollows of the deep, formed by the growth of the coral rocks, her strains, describing their savage enjoyments, and soothing him for the deprivation of those to which his life had been familiar, would sound not unfrequently, as we may suppose, in language like the following :

Come, seek the ocean's depths with me,
For there are flowers beneath the sea ;
And wandering gems of many a hue,
To light thy path and meet thy view.

And many a pearly shell is there,
In hollow bright and water clear ;
And amber drops that mermaids weep,
In sparry caves along the deep.

There, with those thousand gems so bright,
Thou'lt never feel the weight of night ;
But in one long and sunny day,
Thy life in calms shall lapse away.

It is not much, too well I know,
The young Amaya can bestow ;
But, if a heart that's truly thine.
Is worthy thee, oh! cherish mine.

And I will sing thee songs of truth,
And teach thee tales of endless youth,
Such as our people's prophets hear,
When winds and stars are singing near—

Of regions never press'd by time,
Unknown to grief and free from crime;
Whose sons, are spirits pure and high,
Whose daughters, beings of the sky—

Of homes and heaven—which, if we prove
True ever to our mutual love,
Our hearts shall win, where blooms and flowers
And fruits shall evermore be ours.

Come, let us rove the silver sands,
Nor dream thou of those distant lands—
Nor teach thy spirit thus to weep,
Thy early home beyond the deep.

I may not give thee much to move
Thy loftier spirit down to love;
But mine, alas! no longer free,
I give—I give it all—to thee.

I have no hope, where thou art not—
No dream, but thou art there the thought;
No single joy, no dread, no fear,
But thou and I are mingled there.

And though, as our traditions say,
There bloom the worlds of lasting day,
I would not care to seek the sky,
If there thy spirit did not fly.

With a sentiment like this, of the deepest confidence
and love, did the young savage seek to compensate

the Spaniard for the loss of those enjoyments of his own country, and for those many associations of kindred and society, which made him often turn upon her a bleak and melancholy eye.

Nor were her labours in this way altogether without the satisfaction of their most appropriate reward. Her song won him from moody contemplations; and her love, warm from the heart, and kindling with its truest fires, made the wild blossom around him, and filled him with associations, which, by their variety, serving to divert his thoughts from the one direction, brought his spirit a degree of relief, that supported him in a life, to him, full of privations.

But a change was about to come over the spirit of their mutual dreams. There came, at last, a tall and stately vessel to his relief, in the approaching canvass and make of which he recognised a countryman, and a new life animated the bosom of Velasquez. The bark came to anchor, and Amaya heard, with deep sorrow, that prevented all speech, her lover declare his determination to return once more to his native land. In vain did she entreat, with a warm tenderness, that was thrown away upon the senses of one too selfish to yield, too cold to feel, too heartless and ungenerous to consider, for an instant, the claims of one, from whom he had derived so much in his solitude, and who had kept back no feeling, no single sentiment, which, shared with him, had yielded a solitary delight. Unpersuaded to remain with her in the secluded abode, so singularly forced upon both of them, she prepared to depart with him; but what was her surprise and horror, when he assured her such should not be the case; that, hence-

forward they should be no more to each other than strangers, for the first time meeting ; and, when urged by the sudden frenzy of the savage, he told her of engagements, and a betrothed in his own land, which forbade their further connection, she forebore all speech, and, with a mournful sternness of manner, the solemn emphasis of which he did not understand, she retired suddenly from his sight. Nor did he experience much regret, when, after a brief and coldly urged search, he failed to find out her place of retreat.

He had now taken up his abode in the vessel, and had removed on board the treasures, for such they had now become, which he had amassed upon the island. The young Indian had been a profitable companion. She had explored the recesses among the rocks, and had gathered the pearl oysters in abundance, with a skill and courage known only to the people of her nation. These, with lavish hand she had given, unconscious of the value of her gift, into the possession of the traitor, who had so little deserved them ; and had, probably, in this manner, provoked that feeling of avaricious pride in his bosom, which could not tolerate the idea in his own land, of acknowledging a debt, which must have called for that gratitude, imperatively demanded by nature and humanity, but which would have resulted to him in a forfeiture of caste and condition. The selfish spirit triumphed in the struggle ; and, as we have seen, he did not hesitate to sacrifice the hope and heart of the young creature, whose imagination and heart knew no other inmate or object of regard than himself.

It was a night of storm and many terrors. The tempest was high, and the fierce lightnings, common to that

latitude, kept up a continued blaze, that seemed to fire the black waters themselves. Secure in a safe anchorage, the Spaniards were merry in a deep carouse, for with the morning sun they were to take their departure. The flagon was pledged to many a fair saint in love's calendar; and, with swimming cup, Velasquez indulged in extravagant dreams of a beautiful Spanish maid, the memory of whom had not entirely departed from him in his solitude. Still he could not entirely stifle the workings of his conscience. There was a sleepless monitor within, that no draught could set at rest; and all in vain did he seek, in ingenious sophisms, to excuse to himself his proceeding in relation to the young Indian. It was with this feeling of self-reproach and remorse at work, though half stupefied with the wine he had taken, and surrounded by those entirely under its control, in an interval of silence in the storm, such as so frequently marks it, when it appears to pause in the collection of its scattered terrors, that his ear caught the well-known voice of Amaya, singing mournfully broken stanzas of the song already recited, and which was now familiar to his ear. He rushed wildly on the deck of the vessel, for he had a presentiment of some evil, to which this singular occurrence now appeared to lend confirmation. It came more distinctly to his ear, and with a glance, rendered acute by the active spirit within, he saw, or thought he saw, a form, dimly defined upon the waters, and floating with them. The vessel, too, appeared to be in motion. The song again rose—

“Come, seek the ocean's depths with me;”

and, with a nameless fear, the Spaniard stood motion-

less, mutely gazing on the dim and distant speck from whence the well-known voice proceeded. On a sudden he understood the mystery. The vessel did move, and, driven by the insidious and powerful current, was setting in upon the fatal shoals and coral rocks, which girded in the bay. The Indian maid had evidently an agency in this; and the Spaniard well conceived, that, familiar as she was with the neighbourhood, and prompted by a feeling of desperation, which his conscience assured him was the natural consequence of his desertion, she had employed herself with an industry that resulted in full success, in cutting with a coral rock the cable that secured them in their position. He rushed below, and sought to arouse the mariners to their danger. With a stupid sense they heard him, but refused to heed, and, indeed, could not be made to understand, till lifted with a fearful energy among the rocks, the frail bark reeled and shivered beneath the shock of their first encounter. Then, indeed, but too late, did they recover their consciousness. Another shock, and she parted—her back was broken—and the waters, with a mad fury, rushed into her sides. Velasquez seized upon a spar, and floated off towards the shore. But he was not alone. A wild form swam beside him; and the song, which invited him to the flowers beneath the sea, had not ceased to thrill in his ears, when the arms of the Indian girl were entwined about his neck; and, with a laugh, which spoke of a heart-broken revenge, that chimed in well with his own shriek of agony, the lately forsaken Amaya went down to the deep, clinging, with desperate frenzy, to the form of the perfidious lover, who in vain struggled to be free.

THE GREEN CORN DANCE.

This is one of the primitive and pleasing festivals common to many of the Indian tribes of North America; and presents a pleasing portrait of the naturally devotional temperament of this savage people. On the first appearance of the green corn from the earth, old and young, male and female, assemble together in their several classes, and, rejoicing in the promise of a good harvest, unite in offering their acknowledgment to the Great Spirit for his beneficence. This is the poetry of truth—of religion; and is one of those fine traits in the habits of every people, however savage, by which they still seem to indicate a consciousness, not merely of a superior being, but of a higher hope and destiny for themselves—a consciousness, which must always, to a certain extent, work out its own fulfilment.

Come hither, hither, old and young—the gentle and the strong,
And gather in the green corn dance, and mingle with the song—
The summer comes, the summer cheers, and with a spirit gay,
We bless the smiling boon she bears, and thus her gifts repay.

Eagle from the mountain,

Proudly descend!

Young dove from the fountain,

Hitherward bend—

Bright eye of the bower—

Bird, and bud, and flower,—

Come—while beneath the summer's sunny glance,
The green leaf peeps from earth, and mingle in the dance.

Not now reluctant do we come to gladden in the boon,
The gentle summer brings us now, so lavishly and soon—

From every distant village, and from deep secluded glen,
They gather to the green corn dance, bright maids and warrior
men.

Of the grave, the gravest,
Smiling, now come—
Of the brave, the bravest—
Give the brave room.

Loftiest in station,
Sweetest of the nation,

Come—while beneath the summer's sunny glance,
The green blade peeps from earth, and mingle in the dance.

Now give the choral song and shout, and let the green woods ring,
And we will make a merry rout to usher in the spring—
Sing high, and while the happy mass in many a ring goes round,
The birds shall cheer, the woods shall hear, and all the hills re-
sound.

Fathers, who have taught us
Able our toil,
For the blessing brought us,
Share with us the spoil.
Spirit-God above us,
Deign thou still to love us,

While long beneath the summer's sunny glance,
We see the green corn spring from earth, and gather in the dance.

A SCENE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Happening at the city of Charleston, in South Carolina, some few years ago, and in the course of my examination of all the peculiarities of that interesting region, I took advantage of the first pleasant summer afternoon, to pay a visit to Sullivan's Island, the site of one of the earliest and best fought battles of our revolution. I stepped, at the proper hour, on board the little steamer plying between the city and the island, amidst a large assemblage of *elegantés* and *negligées*, infants and invalids. Some were in search of fresh air, some health, some pleasure and relief from business, and not a few for Point-house punch and billiards. My object differed something from these, as these severally from each other; but though differing thus, all seemed most harmoniously to agree in the desire of escape from the suffocating heats of the city; and a general feeling of good nature came over us all as the ringing of the last bell prefaced our hurried departure from the wharf. At the moment of our departure, a like movement by the rival boat from the wharf below us, promised a handsome race, as the boats went off evenly together. The interest excited by such a contest, the fresh breeze winding freely around us as we rushed fairly into the beautiful bay, that swells boldly and broadly before the city, together with the general picturesque grouped out

before us in the various scenery of that fine harbour, gave a lively charm to the scene, that relieved the invalid, and aroused the indolent and indifferent into an emotion very like that of a pleasure. We rapidly passed in succession the vessels at their moorings, the packets on their flight, the rival steamer, Castle Pinckney, with its brick walls, shelvy beach and dismounted cannon, and in thirty-five minutes were at the island cove, without finding our voyage of some five miles and a half either very long or very tedious.

I strolled with the more youthful and sportive of our fellow passengers up to the house at the inner point of the island, and facing the city, called the Point House, and,

“as was my custom of an afternoon,”

called for my “pint o’ purl,” which together with a fine green cabanna, I discussed with a very fair amount of self-satisfaction. The public, however, rapidly growing filled with the living and laughing cargo of both steamers, and as I detest a squeeze where more than two are concerned,

“—— I shook,
From out my pocket’s avaricious nook,
Some certain coins of silver,”

with which,

Thanks to the immortal bard from whom I quote,
For helping me thus far,—“I paid my shot,”

and proceeded at once upon my pilgrimage.

"Want a hack, mosser," cried the obsequious whip, standing, reins in hand before me.

"To be sure I do, Jupiter Ammon,"

I replied, jumping into the smart gig, and at a word, following the direction given by the dozen like vehicles that skirted over the fine drive along the beach, from which the tide was rapidly retiring. This is a magnificent drive, and yields at the same moment a pleasing view of the city in the distance; the sea, which spreads out in mighty volume before you, and the scattering but lively village, about which you wind.

It may be advisable, though perhaps not altogether necessary, to inform the reader, that the modern is by no means the ancient Fort Moultrie, so famous in our revolutionary annals for the fine defence which it made, even before our declaration of independence, against the British fleet under Sir Peter Parker. We know it in history as a rude structure of palmetto logs, the growth of the island, and all that it can produce, morticed clumsily together in squares, and filled in and up with sand. This is not the case with the structure now-a-days. All that it retains of the olden time is the name, and, of course, the ever-glorious *præteritorium memoria eventorum*, of which nothing can deprive it. The palmettos are all gone from the fort, and, nearly from the island, having been found a lucrative source of trade, and having given way to a rage for building summer dwellings in that salubrious region of retreat. The modern battlements are composed chiefly of brick, presenting a somewhat imposing, and at the present day, a rather martial appearance, having recently undergone

large and striking improvements. The garrison, however, is small, and scarcely more than adequate to a salute upon the national holiday. There is little more about them at present to strike the spectator, and but for the ever-grateful association which they must still maintain in the mind of the American, along with the thousand altar-places of liberty in our country, they might for ever have been unknown and untrodden by me. But under that hallowing and inspiring influence, having first discharged Jupiter Ammon and his hack, I sat myself down upon one of the old twenty-four-pounders that looked grimly from the battlements, and yielded myself to the thousand far-searching fancies that grew upon the situation. One thought after another came crowding upon me, and I lingered, stretched at length, upon the engine of war, looking up from sea to sky; on both of which, the rich and mellowing hues of an evening southern sun, were spread out lavishly and light, like the almost living garments of heavenly looms. Below me, scattered here and there along the beach, strolled the various crowds, late my fellow passengers, employed in the endeavour to make the most of the brief interval of time allotted them between the arrival and the departure of the steamers. Gradually, however, as the light began to grow more delicate and faint, and therefore more surpassingly beautiful, in the western heavens, and as the airs of evening came more freshly, and spoke in louder tones of muttering from the booming waters, their numbers grew less; and finally, but here and there could the straggling wayfarer be perceived, darkening with the shadow of a giant the white and tapering shore of sand, that spread, far as the eye could reach, in the

distance around me. These few, also, disappeared in a little while, and I was left alone to those musings which bring more added satisfaction when enjoyed in the most perfect solitude. The scene, of which I now seemed to be the sole partaker, was certainly of that character, which, if not interrupted in its influence, will never fail to win the heart and all its thoughts to a highly refined and touching, but still pleasing melancholy. All things contributed to this end: the far city, like a broken cloud in the distance, gilded gently by the last smiles of the sun; the unceasing, low and monotonous beatings of the sea, spread out before me in the undefinable and dim distance, like our ideas of eternity; the soothing softness and gentle murmurings, in its most mysterious tones, of the evening breeze, gathering itself up from the bosom of the waters—not forgetting the high and inspiring associations brought by the *genius loci*—all conspired to infuse into my mind, naturally given to such wanderings, a dreamy kind of insensibility, that at length wrought within me a total forgetfulness of my whereabouts, time, place and circumstance, and lifted me into those regions of romance, so inspiring at all periods of time, but so foreign to the matter-of-fact of ours.

Gradually the whole scene underwent a change before my view—so gradually, indeed, that, until the transition was complete in all its parts, I remained perfectly unconscious of its going on. Strange lights were before me—strange noises in my ears, and faces glancing to and fro within my sight to which I was entirely unfamiliar. The fort itself seemed to have been changed. In place of the level plat of folding and

long grass which had so gratified my eye, as it received my form, capping the regularly and scientifically built battlements, I saw little more than huge masses of sand. The twenty-four pounder, too, upon which, won by its pacific appearance, I had seated myself ere while, now appeared to have put on an aspect the most antique and ferocious. The works around gave no token of a very extended degree of civilisation in the art of war; and presented, on the contrary, the appearance of just such an enclosure as one would expect to see raised in the forest, by the pioneer, for temporary protection from the onslaught of the Indian. All was heavy, elaborate, and unscientific. The great body of the fort was composed of palmetto trees, the tops stricken off, and the trunks roughly hewn and dovetailed at their extremities one into the other, forming a square, of some ten or twelve feet or more, the spaces between being filled up with sand, either in huge sacks, or shovelled in without. There was something foreign—exclusively foreign—in the flag itself, which surmounted the incongruous fortification. There were no stars, nor stripes, nor eagles, but a banneret of a blue ground, with a silver crescent in one corner. Centrally, however, the word “Liberty” appeared neatly worked upon it, as by the hands of a fair lady. The interior of the fort presented a prospect fully as picturesque as this. Forming a triangle, three palmetto trees, still in verdure, waved their pliant umbrella tops above four rows of white tents, from which, at intervals, and without any order, issued numerous small bodies of militia-men in various guises, half military, half civil. Some of them wore

caps of the most fantastic make, domestic evidently, and of fox and 'coon skins. Others again, aspiring to something more of uniform in their arrangements, had on head dresses, of the glazed leather now familiarly known, on which the word "liberty" was imprinted in huge yellow capitals. Groups of officers, here and there upon the battlements, gazed intently through telescopes at some distant objects upon the sea, to whose appearance and approximation we were evidently indebted for all the excitement and commotion afoot. Martial music rung out cheerily, at intervals, along the old battlements, infusing a sentiment of life and animation into all around, and of the increasing influence of which, I felt my own spirit momentarily partaking. As yet, however, I could not exactly realise the nature of my situation or of the things about me. I knew none of the faces which I then saw—they had an ancient, if not a foreign air; and their dress, in comparison with my own, was of the most antique fashion. Unwittingly, however, though I could comprehend nothing of the true meaning of the scene, I had engaged along with others in the performance of its duties. As I did this, I began to make acquaintances. Some, I appeared as intimate with as if I had known them a thousand years; and while I felt, all at once, perfectly at home, I knew so little of the matter I was engaged in, that I could not avoid making a comparison of my own pursuit with that of the soldier, to whom all causes were the same so that he got the fighting, who frequently changed sides during an engagement, returned as found by the one and missing by the other. But I had no reason for doubt long. An increased

clang of martial instruments hurried our preparations, and standing at a gun with hundreds of others, the whole truth burst at once upon my understanding. There came, in fearless pomp, a well appointed armament. Ship after ship, a strong array, armed with storm and thunder. It was the red cross of old England that came on to the assault—it was the infant phalanx of Carolina, as a colony, that prepared to contend with her. I felt—I saw the whole mystery, in a moment, as by some familiar instinct; and awe, delight, a wild, sweet anxiety—all struggled confusedly in my bosom. I felt the inspiration of battle—the rapture of the strife. The faces around, each differing in general expression, had also the same feature of enthusiasm with mine. There was one stern, strong man that had us in command. That was Moultrie. There was no child's-play in his features, though, except when roused, they wore a decidedly apathetic expression. His face was broad, large, and comprehensive—his forehead, high and comprehensive—his lips compressed with the concentrated energies of a character strikingly distinguished for its firmness. He came and spoke to us, and but few words. But they were words of might—of a man. We cheered him, as he spoke, without knowing it, and he went from group to group, and from gun to gun, and there was no flinching spirit after he had spoken. As the danger grew more evident and unavoidable, anticipation found increased expansion and activity, as night, on the approach of day, puts on her darker and more imperial aspect. Our magazine was now thrown open—our arms in readiness—our flag run up on the heights.

Marshalled with others, I took my place about the rude embrasure, through which we thrust, well-shotted, an English eighteen pounder, not doubting, that, like ourselves, it would have no unwillingness to do duty against its former proprietors—and, indeed, to do it all possible justice, throughout the whole of the contest, from beginning to end, it exhibited not the slightest reluctance. And now we stood—and this was the moment of fear and anxiety—awaiting the awful moment. It is not often that men grow impatient at the approach of the enemy, and yet, I feel, such was our enthusiasm, that there were but few, if any, among us, who, however conscious as were we all that the time was big with events, not only of moment, but for which we were almost entirely unprepared, yet felt any apprehension of its consequences, or any great desire to get away from them. But we were not suffered to remain long in suspense. On came the foe, in a regular line, to the struggle. First, leading the van, came the *Active*, of twenty-eight guns, keeping her way, till within four hundred yards of our little fortress, then anchoring, with springs on her cables, giving us a broadside which went clear over us. Following the same course, came the flag ship *Bristol*, of fifty guns, under the command of Sir Peter Parker, himself—then the *Experiment* of fifty, the *Solebay*, the *Syren*, the *Acteon*, all of twenty-eight guns—the *Sphinx*, the *Friendship*, each of twenty-six—the *Thunder bomb*, and a host of supernumeraries—a formidable armament, to be sure, and one well calculated to provoke misgivings in the minds of those having the highest possible opinion of British valour and a British fleet, and

themselves wholly unaccustomed to war. But when we involuntarily bent our eyes to where lay our fair and lovely city, rising, almost like another Venice, from the bosom of the sea—when we saw the crowd of friends and fellow citizens—the thousands covering its battlements—temporarily made like our own—watching anxiously the manner of our performances—when, too, under the influence of an imagination, ever obedient to the excited sense, and assuming, on such an occasion, the powers of a winged spirit—we could perceive the emotions of their souls in visible array upon their faces—and could see the hope, the fear, and that worst agony of all, the dreadful suspense which gave to these antagonist elements the full sway of the heart for their warfare—painting visibly their deep interest in our fight—there was no shrinking among us. Our struggle was literally for them—I do not believe we thought of ourselves at that moment. How long they were to remain unemployed, was problematical; but, according to the most currently received opinions of British prowess, the overture of our palmetto fortress, was held only preparatory to the mightier issue of the main; and with a hope, which was yet as much a doubt as a hope, that we should be able to do something towards taking the sting from the invader, we braced our souls to the strife, and looked fearlessly forth upon our enemy.

Let us survey the conflict. Let us witness the young giant in his morning throw. Let us see if he bears himself manfully as becomes the cause for which he encounters such visible odds. The ships of the enemy advance in heavy array to the battle, like so many

storm-bringing clouds ; yet, how beautiful is their approach—with all the calmness that might be supposed the result of a perfect consciousness of certain victory. Playfully, the blue waters break away from before their prows—how silent—how awfully serene is the prospect. Can they come for the purposes of strife. Where are the ensigns of battle—where is the fury—the storm—the thunder? Yet, the very silentness of their approach indicates their object. Though calm and winning their gallant bearing—though the waters and the sky are unruffled, terror, muffled up in clouds, rides threateningly in the distance. Yet, where is their enemy, and with whom would they contend? What foe stands forth for the conflict—what ensign floats royally in the air—what trumpet speaks the defiance of a rival, confident in prowess, and well known in the slaughter field of nations? Thus free, to all appearance, from any opposition, did the fleet of old England advance to the attack upon her refractory colony. The eagle had not yet spread forth her wings amongst the stars, and the banner of Carolina, in her first field, was a simple strip of blue cloth, bearing a silver crescent. This little ensign waved silently over the palmetto battlements, humbly proportionate to itself. Few were the hearts, and anxiously did they beat, within that enclosure ; but they were firm and fearless, and gallantly devoted to the danger. As yet, little appears to indicate the approaching conflict—no bugle calls to arms—no knightly challenge is heard. Death is the bearer of his own summons, and he comes in silence to his repast. God of the battle-storm, how terrible art thou !

It was at this moment of repose, that my attention was called to one of my comrades, whose name was M^r Daniel. As I turned to the salutation, I could not help being struck with the contradictory expression of a countenance, scarcely yet marked with the imposing lines of manhood. His appearance was, indeed, remarkably boyish, even for his years, which were few ; and his face was full of blood, and softly and attractively rounded. Still, his person was of the most manly make—sturdy, broad-chested, and athletic. As he spoke there was a degree of tremulous sadness in the tone of his voice, prevailing above the studied gaiety of his address. There was too, a dewy suffusion upon his long eye-lashes, which was sadly at variance with what might be looked for in the expression of a soldier. His object in addressing me was curiously melancholy. It was to make one of those contracts, not unfrequently entered into by soldiers upon the eve of an engagement, when a presentiment of death warns them to a testament of their last wishes and effects. In the trade of blood, such events are of frequent occurrence, and add another to the thousand testimonies against a profession, deriving its character and importance entirely from the miseries of humanity.

“ I shall fall,” said he, mournfully. “ I know it. I have had my warning, and there’s no use to argue with me upon the matter. I am as perfectly convinced that I shall perish in this day’s fight, as if I had seen it written upon the heavens.”

“ And what is the warning you have had—what shape did it assume ; and from what testimonies would you infer its authority thus to prepare you ?”

" You would laugh, perhaps, were I to undertake to array them to your mind, because, to the common thought all evidence not conclusive and substantial, would necessarily be rejected. But I am disposed to believe that there is a higher connection between the worlds of humanity and spirits, than we are generally willing to assert or acknowledge. I am satisfied too, that the soul sometimes asserts its freedom long before its escape from the clay, and taking, in anticipation, the wings to which it shall shortly lay claim, arrives at the conviction of the truth, in advance of its own presence. Perhaps this is now my case, for, beyond the irresistible mental conviction, and one or two positive, but as you will say, trifling circumstances, I have no other reason for the strong faith that is within me."

" And what are these other circumstances ?"

He took his watch from his sob, and pointing to the shattered chrystal, replied—

" As I left my quarters this morning, I took this watch, the gift of my father, from my pocket, simply to ascertain the hour. As I looked upon it, a film overspread my own vision—a sudden dizziness, as it were,—and when objects became again distinct, as in a moment after they did, I found the glass shattered, without stroke or blow, in the manner in which it now appears. This you will, of course, hold a trifle. It may be so, but it has its influence upon me, and leads me to the belief that it is ominous of my approaching fate. If I fall, therefore, which I myself doubt not, carry my farewell to my poor mother, and give her this little bag containing a sum of money, which, though small in itself, will, nevertheless, be an item of

some importance to her. 'The watch you will wear yourself, in return for another favour, which, after death, I shall need at your hands. Have me taken to the city for burial, if that be possible.—I would not like to be thrust rudely into these sand-hills, burrowed after by birds, or laid bare by tempests.'

I found all argument vain; and, indeed, we had not time for much, if any. I received his little deposit at last, and he was satisfied. Our colloquy was discontinued, as we were now called to the performance of our several duties. We were both stationed at the same gun, and many were the glances which I cast upon his countenance, but it had now nothing dispirited in it. The enthusiasm of strife had removed all trace of gloom from his features. The settled determination of true courage, alone, was there to be seen, in the contracted brow, the compressed lip, the distended nostril.

'The signal is at last given—the suspense is over—the action is begun, and one wild interminable terror shakes the late peaceful waters. The iron rattles upon our tottering fabric, whose voice is scarce heard in reply. It is almost silenced, for such is our poverty, that an adequate quantity of powder had not been, and could not be, provided, without too greatly subtracting from the defence of the city. A stern old officer came to us in the wildest of the confusion.

"How now," he exclaimed—"you use up powder as if it were punch; have you no more respect for the enemy than to give them so much powder and so little ball? Your discharges are quite too frequent—it will not do. You must shoot more truly and more

slowly ;" and carefully adjusting our cannon before its discharge, he sighted it himself, and watched its effect, as it unerringly drove through the thick ribs of the huge vessel riding before us. "That will do," said he, as he left us, proceeding in like manner to each cannonier along the battlements. Who would have known the stern, almost apathetic, Moultrie, in the easy, the almost playful alacrity of the veteran who had just left us.

We now regulated the piece by turns—M^r Daniel and myself. It was for my comrade to perform this office. He bent himself along the gun, slightly varied its range, and as he drew his form up to its height, our whole fort reeled beneath a general broadside from the entire fleet of the enemy. Our gun, undischarged, rushed back from the embrasure, throwing me, with several others, upon the rugged platform, some feet below us. A sudden cry of dismay ran like fire along the line. "The flag is shot away—it is down—all is over." I bent my eyes instinctively to the merlin on which it rested. It was indeed gone. I felt, I know not how. I was mad—like the wild boar stung by the serpent; for the loud huzzas of the British could be distinctly heard, as they witnessed what they considered our defeat. On a sudden, however, the flag was again elevated, and waving in the sight of all. A slight dark form was beheld, amidst the hottest fire, binding it upon the staff, with the silk handkerchief which had enveloped his neck. All knew him by that handkerchief, which, from its peculiarity had heretofore identified him. It was Jasper—the daring Sergeant Jasper. He succeeded. The flag

was firmly knotted to the staff, and he descended in safety, after an exposure of several seconds to the most dangerous fire. The shouts were vociferous along our fortress. A faint voice, after all other voices had ceased, repeated the "huzza" at my side. I shuddered, unconsciously, as I heard it, and turning, beheld my comrade almost torn to pieces, "Huzza!" once more exclaimed the dying man—"huzza!—I am dying, but don't let the cause of liberty die with me!"*

The words run through my veins like electricity. I shouted them aloud—and in a moment, "Liberty! liberty or death!" rung terrifically along our battlements. Every voice repeated it; and in that moment of the most savage terror, I felt that we all realised the "rapture of the strife"—an enjoyment not peculiar to Alaric. Every gun was discharged with the shout, and with an effect the most fearful and decided. The vessel of the commodore was almost lifted from the water; her stays were shot away, and she swung round, with her bowsprit directly upon the guns of the fort. A voice went up from the line—all heard it, yet none knew whence it came. "Look to the commodore, my boys—remember M'Daniel." Every gun that could be made to bear upon this fated ship attested the warm recognition given to the direction, and three successive discharges went through her before she could be righted. She was raked fore and aft. Her quarter deck was cleared of every officer but Sir Peter Parker himself, and he fell severely wounded. She was bored in every direction by the bullets, and the blood ran smok-

ing in large streams from her scuppers, and bubbling upon the black and reeling waters around her. Vainly does the gallant chief, bleeding and almost alone, call upon his followers for the honour of old England. The courage of desperation is in his eye—he cheers, fights, soothes, and imprecates, but in vain. They will hear, they will obey him no longer—dead or dying around him, even the name of old England—the recollections of past glory—the recollections of their homes—will arouse them no more. God of battles, how terrible art thou !

The cloud is gone from above the fearful scene. Can it be true ? Have the warriors of Britain deserted the combat, shorn of glory and victory, by such young adventurers in the race of fame ? Look again ! The sight is grateful to freedom. What fitter offering for her shrine than the blood of the oppressor—what incense more grateful than the burning fleets of invasion. They sunk before us as the prairie grass before the fire—they took no laurels on that consuming field. The sling of the shepherd had overthrown the gladiator of war !

Seldom, O ! Victory, hath thy bird of triumph settled down upon the banners of the just. Thou hast followed, with ungenerous spirit, in the wake of empire and aggression. Thy beak hath been whetted upon the hearts of the free, and thy talons are yet dripping with the life-blood of freedom. Thou hadst no wing for liberty. Thou hast carried no weapon for the avenging of human wrong. Thou hast been the ally of bold Tyranny and consuming Carnage, and hast drunken of human suffering as of an ocean, until the old world has

been peopled with the widow and the orphan. Well is it for man and humanity that in the New thou art endeavouring to retrace thy path, and redeem the errors of the Old. There is now a better hope for the nations, since, long obedient to the dictates of usurpation, thou hast deserted him at last. Thou hast given in this, a new guarantee of life and liberty to man, and a new pledge of a more elevated, and a more lasting glory!

* * * * *

"They have fled—they are gone!" I shouted aloud triumphantly. "Ay, ay, sir, both the "Charleston" and "Macon"* have gone three hours ago, and you'll not find a packet now, on any terms;" was the somewhat uncereemonious, and certainly unlooked for, speech of a tall fellow in the United States uniform, who now stood before me. I rubbed my eyes, and as I looked upon the broad sheet of water before me, on which the moon had spread a thin and beautiful garment of fretted silver, I saw through the whole mystery.

"Sir!" said I, half stupid and scarcely well awake, arising from the grassy mound upon which I had lain.

"Ay, sir, the boats have all left you full three hours ago. You will have to sleep on the island to-night, though, to be reasonable, your nap has been something long already. You seemed to enjoy it so well that I could not find it in my heart to wake you."

"Too polite by half," was my involuntary exclamation, as I set off to look out lodgings for the rest of the night.

* The two steamers plying at that period between the city of Charleston and Sullivan's Island.

THE CHOCTAW CRIMINAL.

Among the Choctaws of Mississippi, blood for blood is studiously insisted upon, unless the shedding of it take place in a fair and equal fight. It is made legitimate by this circumstance only. The desire of justice among this people, and in reference to themselves, is productive of frequent events, startling, from their scrupulous morality, to the less exact Christian. An instance of this nature came under my own observation. Travelling in the state of Mississippi, some few years since, I found, after a long and fatiguing ride over bad and lonely roads, that I was at length approaching something that savoured of a human settlement. The marks of man are easily known in the wilderness, long ere you approach his habitations. The long worm fence, the openings between the trees, the unimpeded sweep of the winds through the clear open space, the lowing of distant cattle, and, now and then, the shrill halloo of the farmer's boy, articulated in half the number of instances entirely to diminish the solitude spreading about him, are sufficient indications; and on the present occasion, they became, if not a positive pleasure, an object of no little importance and gratification. My ill humour at my long day's travel began to dissipate; and what with meditating upon the smoking supper at hand, of ham and eggs, fresh butter, and

round and glowing biscuits of new Ohio flour,—and the promise of a sweet night's rest after the fatigues of the day, it appeared to me, that happiness, after all—at least for a time—was no such difficult matter to be met with. At length the cottage appeared in sight—kept by a *half-breed*—the supper ready, and I, nothing loth, busily engaged in its discussion.

I partook of my repast in comparative silence. The character of the Indian is any thing but communicative—as indeed must be the character of every insulated people, whose sole pursuit, like that of the chase, keeps them for ever in solitude. The first step towards their civilisation, must be the change of their occupation;—a matter not so easily effected, as it will call for laborious and new exercises from those who have never seen the necessity of labour before. But I digress. I ate my supper in silence. My host, though only half an Indian, partook, in this particular, of the peculiarities of the people with whom he dwelt; and a sullen independence, by taking from him the necessity of society, throw him upon his own resources, and, while the mind may have still been most actively employed, the tongue had learned to forget its better purposes. The Indian half-breed is, indeed, something more taciturn, and certainly more sullen than the Indian himself. Like this latter, his words are always sparing, very significant, and never uttered unnecessarily—his looks are always ferocious—he possesses, in short, added to the savage mood of the Indian, the cunning, the caution, and the meanness, so markedly the characteristic of the low and huckstering white. Such was my host. He sat before me at the head of the

board, eating only occasionally. His consort, a stout, sullen woman of the tribe, with a flat head and nose, and a most unfavourable aspect, stood behind him during the progress of supper, and waited upon us. The looks of both of these, as well as of two young and rather good looking savages, who sat in one corner of the apartment, were full of a distinct sadness. Though naturally gloomy and stern enough, I could yet see that something unusual had taken place, and accordingly, as soon as the repast was over, I enquired of the youngest of the group as to the cause of present appearances. From him I gathered the following, something novel, and, in my opinion, highly interesting narrative.

There had been, it appears, a practice for some time prevalent with the white planters, having settlements immediately contiguous to the Indians, of planting more cotton than their own slaves could gather ; and when this was the case, Indian women were usually employed in furnishing the necessary additional assistance. In this manner, and for this object, Col. H——, a wealthy planter in the neighbourhood, had given employment to a large body of Indian women and girls, some forty or fifty, on his settlement, and there they had been for some days busily engaged in the several tasks assigned them. Their husbands and brothers occasionally came to amuse themselves, by the contemplation of their labouring relatives—solicitous, as they are always found, of places and occasions for gathering and festivity. Under the usual habits of this region, it was but natural that the worthy colonel, whose hospitality was proverbial, should give some refreshments to his visitors, and this he accordingly did, in the questionable

shape of whiskey and tobacco. The jug was placed before them, and there was no withstanding it. They all, with the exception of a single man, named Mewanto, became, in a short time, completely intoxicated. Mewanto was a wonderful youth, even among his people—one of the most promising of his tribe. To have resisted in this way, alone, and such a dangerous and sweeping influence, of itself, must sustain for him no moderate pretensions to a strong and elevated character. But more than this. Mewanto was not altogether satisfied with being himself abstemious. He exercised his energies to the utmost, in the endeavour to prevent his people from the sad exposure of their weakness, to which they were inevitably tending—but in vain; and with a more individual feeling, the patriotic savage turned his sole attention to a closely intimate and very dear friend—a youth named Oolatibbe, who, led away like the rest by the temptation, had bartered the more manly energies of their primitive character, for the gross indulgence which was defiling them all so rapidly. He strove, even against hope, for a long time, to prevent this youth from continuing the practice so fatally begun. But the influence of the custom, and the example of the many, proved more effective than the wholesome advice, and the warm entreaties of friendship; and Oolatibbe, in despite of all exhortations, became momentarily more and more intoxicated. Mewanto, with some difficulty, led him away from the thicket in which their carousals were carried on, and, in a tone of warmth, sufficiently warranted, as he thought, by the intimacy between them, in the plain language of truth, sought to persuade him of the dan-

ger and error of his present indulgence. He spoke with a good deal of that native eloquence which is said to distinguish the Indian, and for which he himself was greatly distinguished, and did not spare the whites, for the introduction of an agent, which he said had withered their fortunes and nation, even as the blasts of December wither their leaves and flowers. The drunken man heard him with a stupid sort of attention for some time, but starting suddenly at length, as if he had just then encountered some fearful object, he tore the knife from his belt, and without a word, plunged it deeply and fatally into the bosom of his counsellor, who fell dead upon the spot. The murderer, after a momentary stupor, grew conscious and sobered. The body of his friend was before him—the bloody and yet streaming knife in his hand ;—and the liquor, which had heretofore maddened, now left him to a perfectly restored capacity of consciousness. A single shriek or howl, indicative in itself, from long usage, of some horrible matter, and peculiar to the savages, was the result of his first awakening to sense and sensibility. That cry brought all the Indians around, now almost equally sobered with himself. Mewanto was a great chief and well beloved, and they looked upon the spectacle of blood with a general sentiment of terror. A loud and wild cry called the party together, and the criminal preceded them to the great council of the nation. He delivered himself up voluntarily to death, and no restraint was placed upon him. None was deemed necessary.

“To-morrow,” said my informant in conclusion, “he will be shot.”

"And where is he now?" said I to the speaker, anxious to gather from him as much as I could, before his garrulity should be utterly exhausted.

"He sits beside you," was the reply.

I started, and beheld a noble looking youth, not more than twenty years of age, whose fine countenance had caught my attention before sitting down to supper. He sat silent, and seemingly calm and undisquieted, in the corner, speaking occasionally with one who sat beside him. The question rose involuntarily to my lips, for he was perfectly unbound and unguarded.

"And will he not escape, and why do they not confine him?"

"No use. He cannot fly, for the law is so, and he knows that he must die. Oolatibbe is a brave chief."

I was struck with the strong sense of retributive justice which this sentence implied. "Do not unto others which you would not that others should do unto you," seemed here in rather better practice than with some Christian provinces. Curious to ascertain something of, if not entirely to analyse this—to me—strange characteristic of a people, whom, before we altogether understand, we have been taught to despise, I carefully fixed my gaze upon the criminal. What could a spectator, one unacquainted with the circumstances, have met with there?

Nothing of the precise and awful matter of fact, that connected itself with the fortunes and life of the object of observation. I addressed him—I brought him to the subject so deeply interesting to himself. He spoke of it as of those common occurrences which we often speak of unconsciously. He took up the handle

of a tomahawk and employed himself in carving upon it, a space for a bit of flattened silver which he laboured to introduce into it. He spoke in detached sentences, during this little effort. In reply to a question which I put, touching the commission of the crime, and whether he was conscious that he was doing it or not he replied—"Yes—he knew it all—he knew it was the one of himself, the best part—but he had put on a horrible shape and the evil one darkened his eye sight—that while he struck the blow, he knew perfectly well that it was his friend he struck, but that he was made to do it."

We conversed at intervals till a late hour—he seemed to sing at times, or rather muttered, a few broken catches of song, monotonous and highly solemn—at length, the rest having withdrawn, he threw himself upon a bearskin before the door, and I attended the little boy, who was with difficulty aroused from a deep sleep, to my chamber which he pointed out. It may be supposed I slept little that night. I was filled with a thousand discordant fancies on the subject; and could not help the doubt which perpetually beset me, that before day he would be off, and out of all danger. I could not believe in the strange degree of obedience which this rude savage was about to manifest to his stern and primitive, but really equitable laws. Every movement in the household below, led me to the window, in the full expectation that it could indicate nothing less than the flight of the criminal. But I was mistaken. The moral sublime had too unfrequently been the subject of my own experience, to enable me, in this instance, to appreciate it at a glance.

A large crowd the next morning had assembled in the neighbourhood. The open space in front of the house was thickly covered with Indians, all labouring under the natural excitements of the occasion. I hurried on my clothes with as much despatch as possible, and went down among them. The house was crowded as well as the arena before it. After surveying the mass, I looked about for the principal in this extraordinary spectacle—his were the only features unmoved in the assembly. He seemed busily employed in gathering up sundry little articles as well of ornament as necessity in the Indian's life. His dress seemed more studied—it consisted of a pair of pantaloons, seemingly much worn, and probably the cast off donation of some passing traveller. There was a buckskin hunting shirt on him, with several falling capes, all thickly covered with fringe; a belt of wampum, studded with beads of various colours, tolerably well arranged, encircled his waist—whilst his legs, which were well formed, were closely fitted by a pair of leggings fantastically worked and literally loaded with beads. Several other little ornaments, medals, and trinkets hung about him, particularly over his neck and shoulders.

Some difference of sentiment no less than of feeling seemed to operate upon, and to form a division among the assembled multitude. An air of anger, impatience, and exultation, fully indicated the friends of the deceased, thirsting for the blood of his murderer—while on the other hand, sadness and concern were the leading traits of expression in the countenances of those interested in the criminal. At length the victim him-

self made the first open sign of preparation. He arose from the ground where he had been reclining rather than sitting; and giving to a little boy, who stood in attendance, a bundle of beads, arrow-heads, &c. which he had been making up as a part necessary in the burial ceremonial—with the majesty of a chief, he drew the huge bear skin partially over his shoulders, and led the mournful procession. I took the way with the party. The path lay through a long grove of stunted pines; at the end of which we were met, and from thence accompanied to the place of death, by the three executioners, each carrying his rifle unostentatiously beneath his arm. The criminal walked beside them, and in his own language gave them due directions for the performance of their duty. From one, he took the weapon with a smile, and looked hastily at the flint, while uttering a sentence which would seem to have been a jest at the expense of the owner. Never did I behold a man with step so firm on any occasion—head so unbent—a countenance so unmoved, and yet without any of the effort common to most men who endeavour to assume an aspect of heroism upon an event so trying. He walked as to a victory. The triumphal arch seemed above him, and instead of an ignominious death, a triumph over a thousand hearts seemed depicted in his sight.

The grave was now before us. The place of death, the scene, the trial and all its terrors, were at hand. I watched his brow attentively as he looked down upon the fearful paraphernalia; but while I felt the shuddering run like a cold wind through my own frame, I could behold no sign of change in him. After a momentary

pause, he began a low song, apparently consisting of monosyllables only. He grew more impassioned—more deeply warm. I could not understand a single word he uttered—but, even though he stood as firm, proud, and unbending as a Roman might be supposed to have stood, as if he disdained the addition of action to his words, the cadence, the fall, the melody and wild intonation of this high-souled savage's voice was to me an active eloquence, which I could not misunderstand. He paused at length. Then moving with an even pace, he took his place at the head of the grave prepared for him—beckoned the boy near, who had followed him, with the simple utensils of savage life, and when he had retired, motioned the executioners. I saw them prepare their rifles, and take their aim—I looked upon the features of the victim—they were steady and calm—I turned my head away with a strange sickness. I heard the single report of the three rifles, and when I turned my eye again upon the spot, so lately occupied by the unhappy victim of an infatuation which has slain more than the sword, they were slowly shovelling the fresh earth into the grave of the murderer. The following poem is devoted to the same subject.

I was a wanderer long, and loved the wild,
Even as a child his mother. I grew fond
Of the sweet keeping of the wilderness,—
The solemn warmth, the wooing solitude,
And the deep winding and the silent glooms,
Where, troubled not by hungry pioneer,
Nature still keeps her place, even as at birth.
To me, such home is sacred, and when there,
The bonds of social life I straight forget,

And grow a part of that which I survey.
Nor is this solitude as men may deem,
But a wide glance, even in her palace home,
Where still she keeps her mighty sovereignty,
At all existing Nature. There she sits,
Supreme in tangled bow'r, and toppling hill,
And deep umbrageous forest. At her feet,
Lake, wood and rivulet, bird and bud and beast,
Tree, flow'r and leaf, in matchless quietude,
Consorting with her mood. I bend before
Her solemn temple, and I lay me down,
Even at her turfy footstool, while around,
Her mantle, redolent of flow'rs and fruits,
Hangs o'er, and shields me from the noonday beam.

Have I not on that gentle couch reposed,
The lowly plat of green?—a tufted bed
Of leaves and delicate flow'rs beneath my head,
While, sweeter than the soft recorder's voice,
Or lute of ravishing syren, in my ear,
The gentle diapason of the woods,
Soft airs and bending pines and murmuring birds,
Won me to slumber with their strange discourse.
Thus, by that awe-attuning sympathy,—
That spirit language, which, upon mine ear,
Came like the wayward whispers of the sea,
To the coy wind-harp in the hands of Night,—
O'ercome, in that most wild society,—
Far from my home, and human home, I slept,
In a deep Indian forest, where still dwell
The lingering Choctaw—melancholy men,
Who love the woods, their ancient fathers gave,
And in their shelter half forget their shame.

Who speaks?—the dream is sooth—around me stand
The gathering nation; each with solemn brow,
As to a sacrifice—a deed of dread!
They bring the guilty, the proud, self-arraigned,
To judgment and to death. There, he stands forth,

Alone, unaw'd, unbound—and in his eye,
As on his tongue, and in his lofty soul,
No fond, appealing thought—no fear of death!
He speaks, while all is silence, where had been
Howling, and many a horrible voice before.

“I come to die—no vain delay,
I ask for none, to vex my soul—
Prepare, ye fellow chiefs, the way,
And let the storms about me roll—
By me, Mewanto's blood was spilt,
Behold! my hands are red with guilt.

“The tribe has lost its bravest steel—
The arrow from the bow is gone;
I saw the brave Mewanto reel,
And I, the fatal deed have done.
Madly I struck him with my knife,
And tore away the slumbering life.

“He cross'd me in my hour of wrath,
When hell was in my heart and mood;
Spirits of ill were on my path,
And he and they, alike, pursued,—
They look'd the same before mine eye,
And dreadful forms were shouting by.

“My fingers grasped my ready knife—
A struggle—that alone I knew—
I grappled, as it were, for life,
With that dread, dark, infernal crew—
And 'till I struck the fearful blow,
I knew not that my friend was Iow.

“The thought that would have spared him then,
Too late appear'd for his relief—
He stood no more with living men—
And I grew mad with grief.

Yet what is sorrow—can it bring
The spirit to that silent thing?

“Am I not ready—do ye sleep,
Why strike ye not, why pause so long?
Your sorrow like mine own is deep,
Is not your vengeance strong?
His form is by, whom late I slew,
I hear him call for vengeance too.

“Far wandering on the distant hills,
Yet watching for the morning's dawn,
He lingers o'er the western rills,
All anxious to be gone:—
And only waits my kindred shade,
To guide him from the grave I made.

“His hatchet ready for the fight,
When first the war-whoop's cry is heard,
I've placed to meet his waking sight,
When carols forth the bird;
Nor, did my bosom's care forget,
The rifle, knife, and calumet.

“Oh, brother, whom I madly slew,
Then shall our kindred spirits join—
The red-deer's path by day pursue,
The tented camp by night entwine,
Close, at one time, the mutual eye,
And on one blanket's bosom lie.”

No longer spoke the warrior chief,
But sullen sternness clothed his brow—
Whilst fate and anguish, fixed and brief,
Proclaimed him—ready now!
No council spoke—no pray'r was made,
No pomp, no mockery, no parade.

He walk'd erect, unaw'd, unbound,
He stood upon the grave's dread brink,
And look'd with fearless eye around,
Nor did his spirit shrink
In terror from that final test,—
The fearful rifle at his breast.

A moment's pause—no voice is heard—
He only, with unchanging look,
Himself, gave forth the signal word,
With which the valley shook—
And when the smoke had clear'd away,
The dark brow'd chief before me lay.

THE SPIRIT BRIDEGROOM.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Albert Holstein was a student in one of the German universities, the name of which is quite unnecessary to the narration. He was at the time of which we speak just entering his eighteenth year, and had been until his sixteenth, under the guardianship and care of a good and misjudging mother. His father had fallen in a domestic feud with some rival baron, and the son, the only heir and promise of his princely name and dominions, but for a mind and temper naturally excellent, would have been utterly ruined by her various and misconceived indulgences. After the usual preparation, he was admitted, as said above, into a leading university ; where he soon had occasion to test for himself the propriety of that course of education to which he had been so imprudently subjected. It is not our object, however, to dwell upon, or seek to analyse, the impressions of his mind, under the new changes in his condition ; affecting, as they must have done, the whole structure of his early habits, and pruning and converting, as it were, the dead branches of excess into a new and fresh capacity of life. He was saved from ruin in spite of education—nature having been able, a case not very common, to contend with and counteract all

the mistakes of a foolish parent, and a crowd of parasites.

It was on a pleasant evening in the month of June, that a family party was assembled, as usual, in the gardens of D'Arlemont. In this family, Albert had become almost an inmate, and his presence on the occasion was looked for earnestly by all the company, but by none more anxiously than the fair Anastasia D'Arlemont, the only daughter of the high family of that name, and the heiress of all its extensive possessions. This young lady, while holding an almost unlimited sway in the bosom of the young student, acknowledged in his fine and graceful person, his accomplished mind and manners, and that general vivacity of habit which is the greatest charm of society, a corresponding influence. They had, for themselves, just begun to ascertain the nature of those sentiments which had so frequently brought them together; and their eyes were opened to the strength of the attachment, which, in time, was to become so fatal or blissful to them both. A few evenings previous, an opportunity offering for a mutual understanding, in the unconscious delight of the moment, the state of their hearts had been revealed, and it may be supposed, therefore, that the anxieties of Anastasia deepened, as he, who had hitherto been all punctuality, now delayed his appearance long after the accustomed hour. She waited, and looked anxiously and earnestly, and yet he came not. She had turned, all vainly, her dark and dewy eyes along the flowery pathway through which he had been wont to enter; and, wondering at a delay so unusual, her soul was given up to a dread variety of those mysterious fore-

bodings, generally admitted to be at all times so pregnant in the fancy of a German maiden. What made her situation the more painful, and her feelings the more acute, was the doubt whether her sire, one of the noblest and most bigoted among the knighthood of the country, would sanction a closer tie than that of friendship between a daughter who could choose from among the highest, and one who, though noble, had never quartered his arms in a broader field than the small baronial privilege of his scant paternal acres. The doubt was not without its reason. The youth had lain open his soul to the sire of his sweetheart, and the rejection of his suit was coupled with words of contumely and reproach. Nor, if the subsequent events may be taken in evidence, did he rest here. The strong arm frequently in that country, and those times, carried out and continued the feud and force of the stern word; and public opinion did not hesitate to ascribe to the indignant sire the future misery and final fate of the hapless daughter. It was while gazing with desponding hope, and with penetrating but unsuccessful vision, along the garden grove, for the well known and beloved form of her lover, that she heard a sudden shriek as of one in agony—then a deep and hollow groan, and the fall of some heavy body. Lights were brought, and, in a state of mind bordering on insanity, the young and unhappy Anastasia beheld the scarcely less young and beautiful form of her lover, bleeding before her. The stiletto yet remained in his breast—it had penetrated deeply, and he gave no signs of life. Her father, entering at the time and witnessing her emotion, had her borne with stern rebuke to her chamber. At that

time, those around remarked the deep exultation and malignity of his countenance, and made their inferences accordingly. Albert Holstein was borne away to his lodgings, where, after a few days, according to the popular voice, he breathed his last. Enquiry, in a little time, passed over without discovering the assassin ; and, if suspicion did rest any where, the mark was quite too high for the arm of public justice.

A few months had elapsed after the occurrence of this event, and, if grief in the bosom of Anastasia for the loss of her lover had lost some of its violence, it did not, however, forego any of its tenacity in its hold upon her heart. Lingered one evening, long after the family had all retired, at her lattice—indulging in that mournful contemplation of past images, which had now become the all absorbing passion of her spirit—her ear discerned beneath her window the faint tones of music, such as she had been accustomed to hear, at those seasons, when, in this manner, her lover had indicated his affections. The notes were the same ; and words such as he alone had employed, came, arousing in her bosom a feeling of superstitious dread—a sudden and indescribable awe, such as she had never before entertained. The influence became insupportable at length, and she sought, for the time, a safe retreat in the chamber of her attendant. Here she remained until her mind had become somewhat accustomed to the thoughts and associations thus forced upon it, when she returned to her own room, and the sounds were heard no more for that night. A few evenings after, at the same hour, the music was repeated—the same sweet and mysterious air fell upon her senses with an increased, and, if,

Without any solecism in terms, we may be permitted the expression, a warmer melancholy. She was no longer terrified, as at first, and yielding herself, without a struggle, to the irresistible impulse, she gently undid the lattice, and looked out in the direction of the music. Nor did she look in vain. Retreating among the trees of the garden, she discovered a form so nearly resembling that of her departed lover, that she involuntarily uttered his name. A sigh was the only response which the figure gave—but so mournfully sad, that it seemed to rebuke her for the indifference of her grief, and her sorrows burst forth anew. The form had utterly disappeared, and though for hours she looked and lingered, it returned no more that evening. Night after night, for a week succeeding, as the hour of midnight drew near, did she look forth and listen from her lattice. She heard the winds softly rustling among the branches—the fall of the dead leaf—she saw the shadows, with a quiet beauty, waving in the moonlight, but her visiter returned not. At length, when she began to conclude that the spirit was offended, and would not come again, or that her ever restless and excited imagination had deluded her into the belief of the actual presence of one for ever in her mind's eye, she heard again that faint, sad murmuring of song, gentle as the flutterings of an ascending spirit, softly floating on the breeze, and penetrating her lattice. It grew at last more distinct, more full and clear, and with such a tone of true nature to her senses, that she lost all guidance of her reason, and called deliriously upon the name of her lover. Had her voice so much power—had the deity spoken from her lips? Her lover stood

by her side, as in obedience to a spell ; fair and manly, and full of exhilarance and life, as in the gladdest hour of their earliest communion ! She was faint—she trembled, with a love and awe necessarily arising from the belief that she was at that moment in the presence of the dead. His eyes, though clear and intelligent as ever, were sad, and wore a solemn expression—they looked all the divinity of woe—and a mingled love and worship, which she could not restrain, filled and inspired her heart. How gentle were all his tones—how soothing his speech—how true and tender its expression ! With what a voice did he assure her of his existence—of his continued love, while even at the verge of dissolution, and in a deep extremity, from the fatal termination of which he was only saved by the marvellous skill of their family physician. He now informed her of his unsuccessful suit to her father—of his cruel language, and unqualified rejection of his prayers. He was now in danger ; and the most perfect secrecy was necessary to shield him from the hand of that power, which, in striking once, had certainly shown no indisposition, if such were necessary, to strike again. Long did they linger in that silent garden, with no watchers but the stars ; and no hope but in that true love which they seemed to smile upon and sanction. Night after night were his visits, without interruption, repeated ; and the joy of the young lovers increased with the impatience with which they watched—to them—the slow progress of day to night again ; never regretting the sleepless hours of their sacrifice, since the altar was so wooing and attractive, and while the worship was so pure and hallowed.

In the mean while, a nobleman of high birth and gallant achievement, made his appearance as a professed suitor of Anastasia, at the castle of D'Arlemont. He was remotely connected with the family, its equal in all hereditary and honourable respects; and desirous of renewing a former intimacy, and increasing its ties. Count Wallenburg was well known, and ranked highly among the German chivalry. Honourable, high-minded, generous and brave, there were but few qualities essential to what, in that age, was esteemed perfection, which this gentleman did not possess. Shall we wonder that, admiring the beautiful Anastasia, he should find no difficulty on the part of her family? As for the wishes of the lady herself, that was a concern about which barons, at that period, gave themselves no trouble, and, perhaps, no enquiry. They dressed the lamb gaudily up for the sacrifice; and to make more solemn the cruelty, sacrificed it upon the altar. His addresses were paid, and, with a ready compliance, accepted by her father. The anguish of the young girl was excruciating on being instructed to prepare for the nuptials, almost the first intimation which she had of the arrangement; but, assured by her lover, whom she saw nightly, that she should become the bride of none other than himself, she offered no fruitless objection, and, to all eyes, seemed passively resigned to her fate.

The evening appointed for the bridal at length arrived. The chapel of the castle was illuminated; the company had assembled, and every thing was gay confusion and good-humoured clamour. There were aunts and uncles, and cousins and friends—the whole world of various and friendly elements, which such an occasion

so certainly brings along with it. At the head of a long procession of like connections, came the bridegroom, with as much impatience for the ceremony as could well comport with his high dignity and German phlegm. But where was she—the young bride? Why lingered she—why came she not, in glittering robes, heading in gladness the rose-garlanded procession of capricious and laughing damsels? The castle was in commotion, and a strange anxiety was over every countenance. The bridal chamber was empty—the fair Anastasia was not to be found! The castle was searched from turret tops to donjon, but they found her not. The groups dispersed over the gardens and grounds about, with but little success. At length they penetrated the forests. As they advanced the sky suddenly became overcast and dark—vivid flashes of lightning added to, while illuminating and making perceptible the gloom. A storm of frightful energy passed over the wood, prostrating every thing before it, and subsiding with equal suddenness. The sky became instantly clear, and the moon shone forth in purity, unconscious of a cloud. The firmament had not a speck. The bewildered groups proceeded in their search. A soft and gentle strain of melody seemed to embody itself with the winds. They followed the sounds into a dark and gloomy enclosure of high over-arching trees, thickly fenced in with knotted vines and brushwood. The thunderbolt had been there, and it was scorched and blackened. They advanced—the music still leading them onward—until, in a small recess, they found indubitable tokens of the maiden, in the half-burned remnants of her hat and shawl. They now beheld her

destiny. She had become the spirit-bride ! The fiend had triumphed in the garb of the earthly lover, and the unhappy maiden had been the victim of a deceit which had led her to dishonour and destruction !*****

Such is the tradition ; but, about this time, the castle of Holstein became inhabited. Albert, said the popular voice, was restored to life and his habitation ; and, in time, there was a bright maiden singing merrily in its walls, in whom, those who knew, found a strange likeness to the beautiful Anastasia D'Arlemont.

CLEOPATRA.

She lay in death before me, yet so calm—
So sweetly true each feature to the set
Of earliest nature, that I thought it sleep,—
The infant's slumberous sleep, whose gentle breath,
Scarcely articulate, on its young lips hangs,
Even as the zephyr, down among the leaves,
Reposing sweetly in the noontide ray.
Reclined upon a couch, whose draperies fell
Meetly about her, lay her gracile form.—
Disturb'd, in the last terror, ere she died,
Her robe had parted, and her soft white neck,
Gleamed through her shading tresses, which down fell,
As if to honour what they did not hide.
But, wandering to the half-concealed recess,
My eye fell on a slope that gently rose
Into a heaving billow, and there seem'd,
By sudden touch of nature, petrified—
As if the blood, 'til then, endued with life,
Grew cold when all was loveliest. How sweet—
How more than sweet, that picture! One blue vein
Skirted the white curl of the heaving wave,
As if a rainbow-tint had rested there—
While, farther on, and at its swollen height,
A ruby crest, borne upward by the swell,
Grew fix'd into a gem—a living gem—
One of those priceless gems for which men give
Their hearts, their lives, their worship, and then die,
Meetly, as having nothing more to give.
But, as in clide of nature's excellence,
And blotting this fair picture, so beyond,

All human skill, to conjure, as it was,
Beyond all human power to look upon,
Looking, and not to love,—lay a small wound,
Just where the heart had loudest beat with life,
Dabbled with blood, that downward trickling yet,
Made rich and red that spotless drapery :—
A small fine stream : then from beneath her robe,
Crawl'd forth a venomous reptile, and it pass'd,
Over that place of rapture, which then seem'd
Instinct—like some foul, envious cloud,
Blotting the silvery sweetness of the sky.

THE FESTIVAL OF ISIS.

It was the annual festival of Isis, and nothing but the bustle and noise of preparation for this event was to be heard throughout the ancient city of Memphis. It was a religious exhibition well calculated to blind and to dazzle the senses of the ignorant and superstitious. Where this was not the prevailing motive for attendance, curiosity and the love of show brought innumerable thousands. The neighbouring cities were emptied of all those, whom circumstances permitted to leave their habitations; and assembled nations themselves were spectators on the occasion. Greater preparations and an increased expense, promised to render this festival superior to all that had preceded it. The reigning monarch had emptied his palace of its jewels to enrich the temple and add lustre to the appearance of the goddess; and the great Pyramid of Ghiza had been ransacked, and its stores of gold, of silver and of pearl, the treasures of preceding princes, appropriated to this enthusiastic purpose. Unusual anticipations were connected with the present year; and the crowds brought into the city were calculated to excite apprehensions, as to the possibility of providing them with food and lodging. The Arabs, Meccans, and Mamelukes, who, except on these occasions, never leave the desert, now seemed to have brought treble their usual number into the capital.

Nor were the expectations of the people disappointed. The day of celebration had arrived, and the massive doors of the temple of the goddess were thrown open. As the crowds in advance rushed forward to anticipate, as it were, the approach of the deity, they were driven back and blinded by the streams of excessive light, that, prepared by the chemist of their college of the priesthood, served to impart an additional mystery to the religion of the goddess whose temple was thus revealed, "dark with excessive bright." A large sun, before the inner door of the temple, sent forth the richest rays; while innumerable objects of a sacred character among the Egyptians, were prepared to precede the car in which Isis was about to exhibit herself to the assembled multitude. First came a milk-white pigeon, with a golden fillet about its neck, and perched upon a branch, intended to represent the palm, and made of gold, borne by one of the initiated of the year preceding. He was clothed in a garment of the purest white, and bore upon his head a globe, indicative of eternity; a butterfly resting upon it denoted the immortality of the soul. On his shoulder glittered a costly gem, that bound and secured, with an air of graceful negligence, which admirably contrasted with the simple tunic that fell around and enveloped him. He was followed by an hundred others similarly attired; all bearing different emblems of the deity and of the immortality of the soul. As they advanced from the temple, the silence of that mighty and mixed multitude was suddenly broken by one universal burst of admiration; while the seats which had been prepared for the nobler and the higher orders of the people rocked with the emotion of those upon

them. Next came the slaves, bearing censers of gold and scattering incense upon the people. These were blacks, with a girdle of silver cloth around the loins and a collar for the neck, and a cap of the same costly material. Officiates of different castes followed; all variously dressed, and each successive host, if possible, more splendid than the last. Then came the sagas with long white beards, generally old men, who had spent a life in acquiring the principles of their several sciences, and highly revered among the Egyptians. They bore some distinctive characteristic of their profession. To these succeeded the artificers, the painters, the builders; and, at length, the sacred sun, borne by two aged men, advanced into the area followed by the high priest. This office was held by an experienced magian, than whom Egypt could boast of none more renowned or expert in the sacred sciences. His name was Bermahdi. A robe of sable was thrown loosely around him, and a living serpent twined itself about his arm, while he grasped its middle with his hand. As he advanced, the assembled multitude, late still and silent, now burst forth into a mighty shout. The wide area rung with acclamations, and wisdom and science found an acknowledged victory over ignorance and superstition. Lastly came the car of the god, borne upon the back of a camel whose hoofs were coated with gold, and whose body was covered with clothes and jewels of the most costly character, and rendered sacred by previous purification. Around it, danced in wild and lascivious contortions, a troop of priestesses—dressed in a manner calculated to excite the emotions and appetites of the most dull and insensible. These closed the procession,

and as they passed from the doors of the temple, these closed of themselves with a startling and tremendous sound.

Among the crowds assembled to witness this imposing spectacle, the youthful Cleon was neither the least observant, nor the least happy. He was a youth of fine, natural parts, much improved by an acquaintance with the learning of the schools as well as a close observation upon, and a wide intermixture with men, in various travel. A native of the Greek islands, he had come to Egypt to acquire those abstract and usually forbidden sciences taught by the magi of that country, in the voluptuous and secluded walls of their hidden and mysterious pursuits. But the warmth of his heart and the buoyancy of his imagination forbade that close attention to studies, which, however grand and imposing, his good sense enabled him to see had their foundation in a vicious policy of dominion, and were built upon the fears and grovelling superstitions of the common and uninformed. Besides, at his age, there is one pursuit which of all others is most calculated to swallow up any set on foot by mere ambition or desire of supremacy in intellect. This was love. Very soon after his arrival at Memphis, and before he had as yet made himself familiar with the elements of those sciences, for the acquirement of which his journey had been principally undertaken, he had met with and become enamoured of the beautiful Alme, the only heir and hope of one of the highest houses in Egypt. She was soon made acquainted with, and encouraged, his passion with emotions as warm; and as nothing could be urged either against the name, character, or wealth of Cleon, the con-

sent of their parents was not difficult to obtain. On a set day they were splendidly attired, and, attended by a numerous crowd of young friends and relations, they appeared in the temple consecrated to marriage, and were solemnly betrothed by the priestess who officiated and administered the rites. This was, however, only introductory to their full and final espousal, which was fixed to be completed during the continuance of the next moon, provided her appearance be favourable. This, among a people so superstitious as the Egyptians, was a necessary duty; and, however irksome, Cleon was compelled to endure all the anxiety arising from the suspense. Pending this interval, the public rites of the goddess Isis began as before represented; and Cleon, with the fair Alne, were among the most prominent of the admiring spectators on this occasion; he for manly grace and proportion; she for feminine delicacy and attraction.

On these annual festivals, one privilege claimed by the high priest of the Temple of Isis was that of selecting any young women from the spectators whom the goddess had previously designated as her favourites. It was an honour that most of the Egyptian families were proud of; and many were the hearts that beat tumultuously with hope and expectation at this period. No limit was placed upon the demands of the goddess, made through the high priest, and six and eight have been selected at a time, generally from the loveliest of the fair spectators. After performing many rites and oblations, calculated to seduce the reason into the arms of enthusiasm and devotion, the high priest proceeded to the selection of the youthful and trembling divinities.

Every eye followed his slow pace and searching glance around the deeply silent assembly. Many were the mortified looks that succeeded his passage by those whose consciousness of beauty had, in their opinion, secured them a choice; and a low, but not ungracious murmur of compliment, broke from the crowd, as the priest, with a wand of ivory and gold, selected his first priestess, in the person of the fair Alme, by touching her on the brow with its jewelled extremity, and commanding her to follow him. She rose, as if to obey the summons. The scarcely-breathing Cleon, with trembling and convulsive hand, was about to clasp her to himself, when the maiden, with a look of conscious security and happiness, rather unaccountable to those who had considered a selection on this occasion as the highest joy of life, bade him defiance; and throwing back with her snowy finger, through which the blood went and came, the white robe which gracefully encircled her, disclosed the sacred belt of betrothal, given her by the priestess of union and domestic love, which secured her from his demand.

Great was the mortification of the High Priest: he frowned darkly upon her and her lover; and with ill-suppressed looks of anger and rage, he turned to another part of the open amphitheatre, and made his selections from several, more willing than the fair Alme. After the ceremonies of the day had been concluded, according to established usage, the doors of the temple were again thrown open, and the procession returned in the same order as it had issued out of them.

How happy was Cleon that day! Nothing could

have been more calculated to assure him of the love of his betrothed, than the gladness with which she exhibited the badge which secured her to himself. They separated at a late hour ; he to dream of and anticipate future joys, and she to watch for the coming of that moon, whose favourable or unfavourable aspect was to confirm her hopes of immediate happiness, or frustrate them by a longer delay.

But the next morning arose only to destroy the vain hopes of the unfortunate Cleon. His bride was no where to be found. Her chamber was empty, and no traces of the manner in which she had been spirited away, could be obtained. Her family were in sack-cloth and ashes, and lying with their heads covered, upon the threshold of the house. The men were searching for her wherever they thought it possible she had been taken, and Cleon was nearly mad. The day passed over and no tidings of her were to be had. All night he searched for her in vain. Morning broke to discover him more miserable and unhappy than before. At length, a sudden thought revived him : it rushed through his brain like an arrow of fire. "It is he!" he exclaimed, in a voice where hope and phrenzy were oddly blended ; "it is the accursed priest, the villain Bermahdi—I see it now—I see it now!"

His plan was arranged. It could not be put in execution, however, before the night. It was to enter the temple, which, as an initiate, he could easily do ; and knowing many of the private passages, revealed only to its agents, he thought it probable that if his suspicion were well founded, he must necessarily find the object of his search. The day passed over slowly;

too slowly for love, and perhaps too fast for the duration of his lately revived hope. But at length night came; and divesting himself of his accustomed dress, and assuming a disguise, with no other weapon than a short Egyptian dagger, he went forward to the western and least frequented portion of the stupendous and frowning structure, which he believed to confine the object of his devotion and search.

It was midnight. All seemed perfectly silent as he entered the secret wicket, known only to the hierophant and noviciate, who pursued the mysteries of Egyptian science at that period. Through a long and dark gloomy passage-way, cut in the solid wall, he pursued his course. At length, he came to an inner entrance which led him into the very bowels of the earth; for it lay for some distance under the rock on which was reared the frowning and stupendous turrets of the temple. A large body of water shortly appeared in sight, in which a number of young crocodiles were yearly put, fed and preserved, for the use of the goddess. Here the youth, repelled by the excessive darkness, paused for a moment ere he proceeded. The only light upon this dreary scene was admitted through an aperture in the roof of the temple; and the small lantern, curiously formed out of a sea-shell, with which he had provided himself, was insufficient to render light any part of the vast amphitheatre in which he wandered, except for a few feet in advance of his own person. He proceeded, however, warmed and impelled forwards, by the tumult of his thoughts, which would not permit the delay of a moment; and felt the difficulties created by the darkness before him, as ob-

stacles which only served to madden and infuriate him. For a long time he pursued his way, until his eye fell upon a large iron ring in the wall, which he knew as belonging to the passage which led to the main body of the temple, and to the distant apartments of Bermahdi, the High Priest. With a violent effort he succeeded in wrenching it open; and as he entered, it shut of itself with a tremendous sound and horrible jar behind him. He did not pause, but proceeded on until he came to the first trial of the noviciate. This having already passed, he stopped not to think about, but rapidly passed onwards. The wheel of trial to the advanced noviciate at length arrested his attention. He hesitated not, however, but sprung quickly upon it. It whirled suddenly beneath him, and after turning rapidly for several minutes, stopped with a quick shock, and he was thrown stupid and heavy into another apartment. The shock, however, roused him: he rose, and found that his lamp, which, before entering upon this trial, he had cautiously concealed beneath his cloak, had been put out by the rotatory motion of the wheel. He saw, however, the burning plates before him, and prepared for another and more severe trial. A pair of glass shoes lay before them, for the noviciate to put on before passing the flaming bars. He threw off his sandals, hastily put them on, and leapt upon the glowing bars. To this trial, as a noviciate, he had never before advanced, but rather regarded it with apprehension: to his astonishment, he felt no heat. This was another secret of the Egyptian Magi. By a chemical preparation, the glass shoes were prepared as protectors against the seven-times heated bars, over

which he trod uninjured. Several other trials, calculated in appearance to deter most men, and which, on any other occasion, he would have shrunk from, he went through with equal facility. At length he reached the chamber of the High Priest himself. From an aperture, he beheld for the first time, this first among the Magi of Egypt in the privacy of his supernaturally guarded retirement. He now beheld him seated at a large table with a number of mathematical instruments, together with the astrolabe and mirror necessary for the pursuits, computations, and admeasurements of astrology; in which science Bermahdi had made some wonderful improvements, and was, in fact, looked upon as dealing with beings of a different order from those over whom he swayed. His knowledge was immense, and his hard study was incomputable. Books in languages unknown, from among the Scythians and the wise people of Indus, and even remote Africa and Spain, from Persia, and the lands beyond the dominion of the great king, gathered with much care, expense, and labour. Astronomical instruments and signs were before him, and he seemed engaged in some calculations of the heavenly bodies, as Cleon looked from the covered door down upon him. His silver beard and venerable appearance, the character of his studies and yet more, the firm and commanding appearance which he maintained, had the effect of impressing a feeling of awe upon his observer. But this sentiment was only momentary. The emotion which had led him thus far, was not to be bound down now by the mere appearance of sanctity and grace. Accordingly, with some violence, he burst into the apartment. Bermahdi, whose attention seemed intensely fixed upon

the figures before him, never even turned at the interruption, but several living serpents that lay around him in wicker baskets, began to hiss and issue forth from their several cases of earth and mud, in which they lived ; and with forked tongues and open mouths began to assail the youthful adventurer. They were, however, arrested and driven back by the voice of Bermahdi, who, after commanding them to be still, demanded of Cleon, what induced his intrusion, at the late hour in which it was made. The youth rather petulantly observed that he who was able to measure and compute the stars, and to calculate and predict the changes of the weather, and the elements, should certainly be able to compass the thoughts of mere mortality. "My son," replied the old man, "some headstrong passion moves you to this violence, let me know its occasion, and I may be able from my knowledge to afford you some relief : " My wife, Alme, where is she? I demand of you, Bermahdi, tell me, for you must know, either from your heavenly knowledge, or from your own connection with the great mother of earth. I demand of you to let me know, or I shall this instant take from you the remains of your treacherous and unworthy life," said the infuriated Cleon, as he brandished his dagger above the magician. "I know not where she is, rash young man," said the old priest, but scarce had he said the words, when a deep groan issued from the corner of the apartment which was hidden from sight by the silver veil of Isis. In a moment Cleon had placed his hands upon it. The high priest rushed to prevent him, exclaiming, "Hold, young man ! your certain death will follow a violation of the mysteries of yonder sanctuary." But in vain he spoke. The

silver veil was torn down from its place ; and Cleon had just time to behold his bride stretched out upon a couch of the most costly material apparently in a lethargic slumber, as the high priest rushed upon him with the sharp golden compasses which he held in his hands. A violent struggle ensued, which was terminated by Cleon's burying his dagger in the heart of his opponent, who gave but one groan, and fell dead at the feet of the young man. The serpents rushed upon him ; but they were fangless and hurt him not. It was necessary that he should make his escape immediately. How to do this he knew not, burthened with the lifeless body of Alme. With a convulsive grasp he threw her upon his bosom and shoulder, and seizing the golden lamp that burned upon the table he pursued his way. All the trials he passed with little difficulty, except that of the wheel, by which, in endeavouring to support his bride from injury, as she could not support herself, he was stunned for several minutes. Recovering himself, he pursued his way with redoubled vigour. Fear lent him wings ; and a certain intuitiveness which served the place of lamp or guide, (the lamp taken from the priest's table having been extinguished,) aided his flight, and at length he found himself in the pure free air, and under the broad blue and starlit expanse of heaven. A barque was ready for him on the river ; with much care he placed his bride within it, and bore down for Memphis. Here he was joined by the family and parents of his Alme, and before his agency in the death of Bermahdi could be known, they were all safely steering among the free and balmy isles of the Grecian Archipelago.

THE LAST OF THE YEMASSEES.

The Yemasseees were a powerful nation of savages, occupying, in the lower parts of the state of South Carolina, a tract of country extending from Beaufort on the sea coast. Incited to insurrection by Spanish persuasion, they had laid a deep plan for the destruction of the Carolinians, in which, with the cunning of Philip, they had contrived to involve many of the independent neighbouring tribes. Fortunately for the whites, the design was discovered, and in the contest which ensued, the Yemasseees were completely exterminated as a nation. The following lines refer to this event, and the last survivor is here made to furnish the record of their overthrow. That they were exterminated, in that affair, is, however, very doubtful ; and the opinion generally entertained, is, that a number did survive, and in the wildernesses of Georgia and Florida find a shelter from their enemies. They have been traced by some modern writers, indeed, to the vast swamp, called the Ecfanoka of Georgia—a capacious marsh, which occupies a large extent of country in the lower regions of that state ; on whose knolls and islands, thousands of which rise up at every step in this secluded shelter, they are represented as having taken up their abode. One of these, according to Bartram,

the Creeks describe as the most blissful spot of earth. They represent it as inhabited by a peculiar race of Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you, that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game, who, being lost in inextricable swamps and bogs, and on the point of perishing, have been suddenly relieved by beautiful women, who kindly gave them fruits and provisions, and then, putting them on their path, bade them fly, for that their men were very fierce and cruel to strangers, and would certainly destroy them were they to encounter. These hunters describe the settlement, of which they had a distant view, on the elevated banks of an island or promontory in a beautiful lake, but, in their endeavours to approach which, they were involved in perpetual labyrinths, and like enchanted land, it alternately appeared and disappeared as they continued to advance. The young warriors, on hearing this account, set out upon a journey of discovery, but failed, in the thousand intricacies of the swamp, which beset them on every side, to discover the beautiful lake, the island, and the settlements. Such is the tradition. It is thought, that some of this may be true—that the Creek hunters may have lost their way, and stumbling upon the place of retreat, chosen by the few surviving Yemassee, were made to believe a story of danger, told them by the women, who thus represented their people, in order to discourage any enterprise, on the part of the warlike Creeks, for their discovery, which must have ended in their further exile, or in their complete annihilation. Some further use has been made of this tradition in the pre-

sent volume, in which the catastrophe, thus deprecated,
has been made to take place.

He fought his nation's foes 'til night
Had cast her mantle round,
Nor, in the stern, unequal fight,
Where freemen battled for their right,
Gave undisputed ground.
His followers fell before his face—
He stood—the last of all his race.

His brother—him that pride had named
The eagle of his land—
In hunt, as well as battle, famed,
Who once, the furious wolf had tamed,
And with unweaponed hand—
Himself the panther in the fight,
Who sought it with a fierce delight—

Before him fast expiring lay:—
And he—whose name had been
The signal, many a bloody day,
For long and well contested fray—
Known by his uncurb'd mien;
Were then a trophy, worth the toil,
Of young ambition, mad for spoil.

Yet who shall tread the thicket's brake,
And with undaunted heart,
Arouse the coil'd and glittering snake
With fearful fang, and eye awake,
Nor backward shuddering start?
There, coil'd as fate, the serpent lies,
And he, who first approaches, dies.

Thus, o'er his dying brother's brow,
The brave Sanutó bends—

He wails his prostrate nation low,
Lamenting for his kindred now—
His people and his friends—
But, with a fearful burst of grief,
He mourns o'er all, that bleeding chief.

"And thou," he sung in earnest train,
"Shalt seek the hunt no more—
Nor whet the battle knife again,
Nor strike the living, scalp the slain—
Thy battle fields are o'er.
Yet 'mong the western hills alone,
Thou hast not, all-untended, gone.

"Slain by thy self, full many a ghost
Thy journey must partake—
To waft thee to the happy coast,
The spoilers of our land, a host,
O'erspread the ocean lake—
And many a maiden there, for thee,
Shall make the sweet sagamité.

"And I have seen thee bend the bow,
And I have watch'd thee spring,
With gleaming knife upon the foe,
And far and fell the hatchet throw,—
As swallow, swift on wing,
Pursue the triumph with a flight,
Unbroken by the long day's fight.

"And, as becomes the Indian brave,
When, in the battle's strife,
O'erpower'd, he finds a bloody grave,
Thou didst not vainly seek to save
The last remains of life—
Content, if fortune could not give
Thy country freedom, not to live!

"The hunter, when the day is done—
Must bark and dress the pine;
And that the wolf his rest may shun,
When the dark night comes stealing on,
Must bid the fire light shine.
But thou art happy now—I see,
Thy slain foes do this work for thee.

"Upon this bloody rock I stand,
And gaze with ling'ring eye—
Before me is my native land,
Now blazing with the fatal brand—
While round me, the last gallant band,
My fellow warriors, lie.
I may not stand and dwell alone,
When all are perish'd thus, and gone.

"The shaft is fitted to my bow,—
One shade my soul demands,
One gallant brave, one mighty foe,
To cross with me the river's flow,
And seek the happy lands."
He speaks no more—the shaft is gone,
A plume is lost, a chief is down.

Then rose the cry of rage below,
And up the dizzy height,
Burning for vengeance came the foe,
With meditated blast and blow,
Though late all faint with fight.—
With folded arms the warrior stands,
And gazes on the coming bands!

And will he tamely fall or fly,
Survivor—last of all his race?
Recreant, who does not dare to die,
When country, honour, liberty,
All bleed before his face—

Within his grasp, the foremost foe
Goes with him o'er the mountain's brow.

And still by old Salutah's wave,
The boor, with certain hand,
Will point the Indian warrior's grave,
And still from old tradition save
That story of his land—
The fearful fight still known to fame,
And how adown the steeps they came.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

Upon this hint I spake."—*Shakespeare.*

I have never been apt at taking the tide of fortune, when auspiciously setting in the true direction. Somehow, I invariably linger until it is turned or turning, and then my course is an up current one—all *rifles, snags, and sawyers*, like that of a Mississippi steamboat. In large and little concerns alike, it is my fate never to avail myself of opportunities. I can see them well enough when they have gone by—never before. Looking back, they are so many mocking commentaries upon my dilly-dallying disposition, that I cannot complain or repine. They seem to do all that for me, and, in this respect, at least, I am indebted to them. My friends, and enemies, I may add, all know of this failing in my mental make; and with one accord have denominated me, "Topic the Unready." The stage and steamboat leave me, the show is gone, before I look to it—and all things in nature, animate and inanimate alike, seem familiar with my deficiencies, and perpetually take advantage of them.

One of my misfortunes, arising from this unconscious unreadiness, I take more seriously to heart than any other. I loved, and have reason to believe was in a fair way to make a favourable impression. I danced perpetual attendance at the house of the fair one—

escorted her here, and followed her there—wrote song and sonnet in her favour—sighed my love to every zephyr that travelled in the direction of the beauty's abode—did every thing in short, that a lover should do—except perhaps the simple but most necessary duty of all—I never popped the question. I had however determined upon this measure, and had prepared myself accordingly.

The evening came, and I took my place by the centre table in the parlour of Miss Emily's parents. There was something of company present. There was a poet and a painter, and several other persons given to such trifling pursuits. I was, to speak with due modesty, the only philosopher in the room; and I was something more than surprised to find my fair devoting more of her time to my neighbours, than, it struck me, was altogether consistent with good sense and a proper understanding. Above all, I was vexed to find her so attentive to my how-d'ye-do acquaintance, Bill Walton, whom, in order that he should judge of the merits of my chosen, I had myself introduced to her acquaintance. But this attention to him, upon second thought, I set down to her regard for me.

Some fine engravings from Helvetian scenery lay upon the table before us, to which Walton had called her attention.

"We have no such achievements from the hands of our artists, Miss Emily," said he—"indeed we have not the material, we want the scenery itself. Such wondrous indications of her power, nature does not exhibit to our eyes in this country."

"None, none," she replied, with something of a

tone of disappointment and regret, coupled at the same time with an air of unconscious rapidity, which, however, seemed to depart, as Walton, in a whisper, appeared to conclude his remark.

Mr. Cambridge, a member of congress, a gentleman of some pretension and appearance, interfered :

"We are not deficient, however, in the objects of moral contemplation,"—he said with an air of the schools—"though we may lack," he continued, "some few of the physical wonders which are here delineated. Has not 'Liberty' made an effort, and are not her exhibitions in America, upon a scale as magnificent as these rude rocks, and snows, and 'shelvings down?' Her achievements in our land, which, by the way, I must take occasion to say, is just as well supplied with stupendous and striking scenery, as any other, have thrown into a just obscurity the mere physical and animal wonders of the world. Our moral and political stature"—

Here I interposed. I saw what was coming, and could not forbear exclaiming, while falling, unhappily for myself, into the very error of habit, I was seeking to reprove—"Nay, my good sir, let us have no more of this same *ad captandum* about what we are, and what we may be. That would do very well for a Tammany Hall meeting, and would admirably suit and split the ears of the groundlings, but cannot very greatly enlighten or amuse the intellect of a fashionable young lady. What does Miss Emily care whether 'Liberty' prefers ours to all other countries or not? The thing affects her neither one way nor another. Besides, freedom is a word not known in their vocabu-

lary. Ladies have nothing to do with liberty. Their business is conquest and captives. Talk to them of bonds rather, of dungeons in the arms of love : of chains, though they be made of flowers ; and servitude, though it be in the gardens of beauty, and in the cultivation of those plants which are the favourite of that worst of tyrants, love ! Tell them of bands of roses, and shackles of jessamines and honeysuckle, and prisons of moonlighted and leaf-covered bowers : any thing but liberty. We have no liberty. Neither you nor I, nor any of our sex. We are slaves to some despotism or other ; and obtain our emancipation from one, only to run headlong and blind into another. If we are not slaves of women, we are of men, and *vice versa*. We have no liberty. We are as much in bondage as any people under the sun. In fact, there can be no freedom for the great mass. They were never intended to be free. Take from them that restraint, which, if it be not chains actually, is nevertheless so in effect, and they are the veriest brutes and savages that walk. There are some men born expressly to be slaves—liberty would be poison and death to them, as poison in some cases—that of Mithridates of Pontus for instance—is healthful and nutritious.”

“ Dear me, Mr. Topic, how long you can talk on so tedious a subject. I’m sure I have not heard a single syllable of all you have been saying, except one pretty sentence about jessamines and honeysuckles. Your speech has been like a wide wilderness, into which, being a lover of sterile solitude, you have, with a niggardly hand, admitted but a few flowers, and those less for the sake of relief than for their own beauty and

odour." So spake a lively little girl whom I had not before remarked, so earnestly had I been engaged in my observations. "And you, miss," I replied, "have been the industrious bee to ferret and find out those few flowers, without regarding the whole wilderness you speak of beside. Yet is that wilderness, though it forms so trifling an object of our contemplation, spread out in all its variety and loveliness, as, at any time in our country, we may behold it, as abundantly stored with the *materiel* of the sublime, as this bungling and confused succession of clouds and mountains, which, for the last ten minutes, you have all been so gravely admiring."

"Oh, how can you think so?"—exclaimed the lady. "I'm sure these are so *pretty*."

"What an epithet for a scene like this!" whispered the painter, almost audibly in my ear. The young girl, whose admiration, like that of many fashionable people where the arts are concerned, was artificial, seemed herself conscious of her *faux pas* and the malapropos phrase of which she had been guilty, and the blush that suffused her cheek, was a sufficient atonement for the offence. She sidled to an opposite corner of the room, and I proceeded in my address to the fair Emily, but to my surprise, discovered, for the first time, that she was not in hearing, but at the opposite end of the room, in company and close conversation with Walton. To be caught and to catch myself in a soliloquy, as had been the case, so far as she was concerned—was horrible, and I hastily advanced to apologise, when suddenly retreating, she left the room. "Confusion worse confounded!" I turned for

explanation to Walton, who soon satisfied all my enquiries by the following reply.

"A thousand thanks, my dear fellow. You have done me a most gracious service. I can well understand and shall duly appreciate your friendship, in occupying the ears of the company with that smart speech, and thus giving me a chance for which you must know I have been labouring so vainly and so long. In fine, while you spoke, I spoke. I popped the question, my dear fellow, to my sweet Emily, and all's well. She consents to make me happy, and I have nothing more to say, and indeed can say nothing, but bid you to my wedding, which is to take place on the evening of the ensuing Monday, at eight o'clock ; and return you many sincere thanks for the present, long desired, and well employed, opportunity."

DREAMS AND DREAMING.

"Oh! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you—
She is the Fancy's midwife," &c.

To a mere man of the world, dreams may be considered rather troublesome matters. His speculations, if a merchant, sometimes depend upon them, but fortunately, to no very great extent. If betrayed into error by them once, it is rarely the case that he does not get wiser thereon—the warning, serving well, as all matters of experience, to keep him out of farther experiments of a similar description: and, taking the experience which he gets by them into consideration, they may be said to have been rather beneficial to him than otherwise. Not so with the man who lives upon dreams—whose life is made up of them—whom they put to sleep in the day—particularly at lunch or meal-time—and whom they assist to waken up at night, for the purpose of building castles which afford no shelter. Such are your poor-devil poets—the scurvy tribe. To one of these, they prove an active principle of misgovernment. They are agencies, passive it may be, but controlling, directing, and exercising, all of those, on which he depends for his very existence. I know some men who live upon dreams, not as a matter of choice, but of necessity, in a double sense. I don't know but I may be one of that description myself. I

certainly dream myself, sometimes, out of an appetite, and, *vice versa*; particularly when my chop-house bears upon its tessellated but repelling front, the talismanic and awful characters, "no credit," done in the most legible, and not to be mistaken, Roman characters—a not unfrequent event, and, for the remedy of which, my experience in the fine arts—although, of late, a *professeur* in the school of Jeremy Diddler—has, as yet, found nothing. Dreams, on occasions such as these, may be held rather pleasant than otherwise. They, at least, with a due sense of retributive justice, contribute somewhat to silence the appetite they have helped to provoke. With their aid, I can then calculate, to a nicety, the relative distance between a doubt and a negative—the value of a possibility, and the number of these necessary to the formation of a single probability. Hunger and thirst, have you ever remarked, beget an admirable metaphysical propensity; and dreams are not apt to lessen, to any great extent, the organ of speculation. This idea, by the way, is not original. There is a Spanish proverb, from Andalusia, which says,

"When the cook's out o' the way,
The preacher comes in play!"

or something equivalent—I cannot lay my hands on the original. It is curious, however, to observe, that a supper and no supper, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, are productive of the same effect. The omission and commission both bring night-mare. We sleep indeed, but,

"In that sleep, what dreams do come!"

ay, what dreams do come! You have taken a surfeit, have you? and in spite of the hourly and daily exhortations of the Journal of Health against the practice, you have eaten heartily, cormorant-like, of a heavy supper, and gone immediately to bed. Perhaps you have not taken this trouble. We will couple your supposed case with one of our own, which, unfortunately for our comfort at the time, was any thing but supposed. You have passed the night, in imagination at least. The sun looks red and bloody as he rises. A cursed weight appears resting on the hinder part of your skull, while a Parthian soldiery employs itself in hurling heated darts over and throughout the regions of the temples and the brain. These are your actual bodily under-goings. The dreams—those evils which are mental—are worst of all. If you are an imaginative man—I do not mean a scribbler of verse—nothing is more common, than to feel yourself held, by your thinnest and most gossamery hair, over the brink and threshold of some infernal precipice, so deep and capacious, that you may be occupied in falling, a thousand or two years, before you can, by any possibility, arrive at the bottom. Some giant—some Passamonte or Morgante, who,

“Plucks up pines, beeches, poplar-trees and oaks,
And flings them”—

holds and maintains you, by the aforesaid hair; while, with a degree of indulgence, for which you express but little gratitude, your eyes, to your infinite satisfaction, are permitted to go before your person and explore the horrible recesses and depths of the deep beneath you.

There you behold, in most incongruous confusion,adders with green heads and forked tongues ; basilisks, vipers, all sorts of slimy reptiles and monsters, and of wild beasts, an infinite variety ; meant to afford you, possibly, a free choice in the manner of your death. You feel yourself tottering and trembling. Though in other respects, and at any other time, a lean man, you have now learned to dread your own weight and substance ; and are led to entertain a wish, that you had not, during the days of the past year, been so heartily a consumer of the various excellent marketabilities of your good landlady's good table. At this time, you perceive that the gruff and insolent monster, who, with the fiendish grin of an ogre, holds you in this predicament, is exulting over your approaching fate, and playing, like a cat, with your mouse-like terrors, before you are made to feel the final pang, and consummate the dreadful catastrophe. When you are sufficiently familiar with the anticipation of the thing, you behold him leisurely taking a huge carving-knife from his breeches pocket ; always, providing he be no *sans culotte*—no highlander. You watch him with an eye, that calculates to a miracle, the time he occupies in the application of the wire-edge to that gossamery thing of hair, which your heart, all the time, wishes were a chain cable of ten-pound links. He cuts—you feel yourself going, going, gone. You experience a terrible and an uncomfortable shock. There are strange, uncouth, and fearful ringings in your ears—a hideous noise and clamor around, and about, and within you—a weight, as of ten thousand ton of rock upon your breast, and a corkscrew of heated iron, seething and crunching in

your head. Your first thought is, that after sending you down so hastily, your vindictive and merciless tyrant has hurled the entire mass of rock down after and upon you ; a conjecture which tends not very extravagantly towards increasing your comfort or quiet. You attempt to scream in your agony, but the effort dissipates in a weak and husky murmur, the sound of which dies in your throat, incapable of forcing its way through the aperture of your mouth. In vain would you move or stir—your limbs fall relaxed from the effort, as if under the spell of an enchanter. But while you are yet undetermined as to the precise occasion of your present discontent or discomposure, the sounds that stunned your ears, and shattered and distracted your nerves and understanding, suddenly ceased ; the mountain rolls from your chest, and, although the pain does not exactly depart from your head, you feel, to a certain degree, relieved in that quarter.

But, where are you ? That is the question. You look around, and the first thing you perceive—(always supposing your dreams have arisen from repletion, and a hearty supper) and the first natural object your eyes may be expected to rest upon, is your own proper person, of course. You are on the floor stretched off at length, rather quietly and composedly than otherwise, all circumstances considered. The next thing you perceive, for your eyes fail to take in all these things at once, is the large family dining-table at your side, some of the legs of which are civilly resting upon your own. By an ugly abrasion of your right nostril, from which the blood still continues freely to flow, and which you readily recognise and claim as your

own, you perceive that the shin bone of the ham that rests passively before you, has, upon no very remote occasion, been cruelly familiar. A large plate, from which you remember to have eaten an hour or two ago, has quartered itself in epigrammatic angles upon the retouched lines of your face—a decanter and sundry glasses, a further survey has made out to number among the slain ; some utterly and irretrievably demolished—ground to powder. Over all of these, as your senses begin to comprehend the various details, *ad libitum*, you behold the lean and withered form of your weather-beaten landlady, who is blind and deaf, entering the room with a dim lantern in one hand, and a broom stick in the other, adding to your enjoyments by a well sustained application of the latter domesticity to your back, head, sides, front, and so forth, accompanying the physical *development* with a rapid and running commentary of “sis cat,” “sis cat,” “sif cat,” in a family tone, to which, from repeatedly having heard, not one of the whole feline tribe for a mile round, but would have treated with due and unequivocal respect. In vain do you cry out, “Mrs. Jones, it is I ; Mr. — (whatever the name may be) and not the cat. Permit me to assure you, Mrs. Jones, it is not the cat. I am your lodger, my dear madam—you are beating your lodger and not the cat.” The good old lady has a most religious respect for her organs of sight and sense of hearing, however deficient, in reality, they may be ; and continues to belabour away most unmercifully, until, by a violent and extraordinary effort, you at once shake off nightmare, table, and landlady, and bruised, battered, and broom-sticked,

have a more earthly, dollar and cent, and far less spiritual likeness. They are *evokable* in the shapes of bread, beef, beer, and other condiments. Of these we shall speak hereafter. We shall meet at Philippi! When Jim Taylor was carried to jail by the deputy, on some cruel suspicions which went greatly to affect his credit, he barely and briefly soliloquised, "I guessed how it would be, from what I seed last night." Jim had been troubled with dreams, and the insolvent debtor's act gave him an opportunity of rendering to his creditors a schedule of them. By this he had more than enough for the payment of all his debts. He had dreamed, like other specious gentlemen, but when his tailor refused to credit, Jim's dreams proved unavailable. A voyage of discovery, fitted out under his assignment, failed to discover the land of Nod, in which his property lay. In *terra firma* he was equally unfortunate, and like his part biographer, he became a notorious chronicler of the unsubstantials; wrote for the lady public, as we do; but, unlike ourself, and here all comparison ends, through the liberality of reader and publisher, was soon put beyond all farther necessity to dream.

THE END.

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